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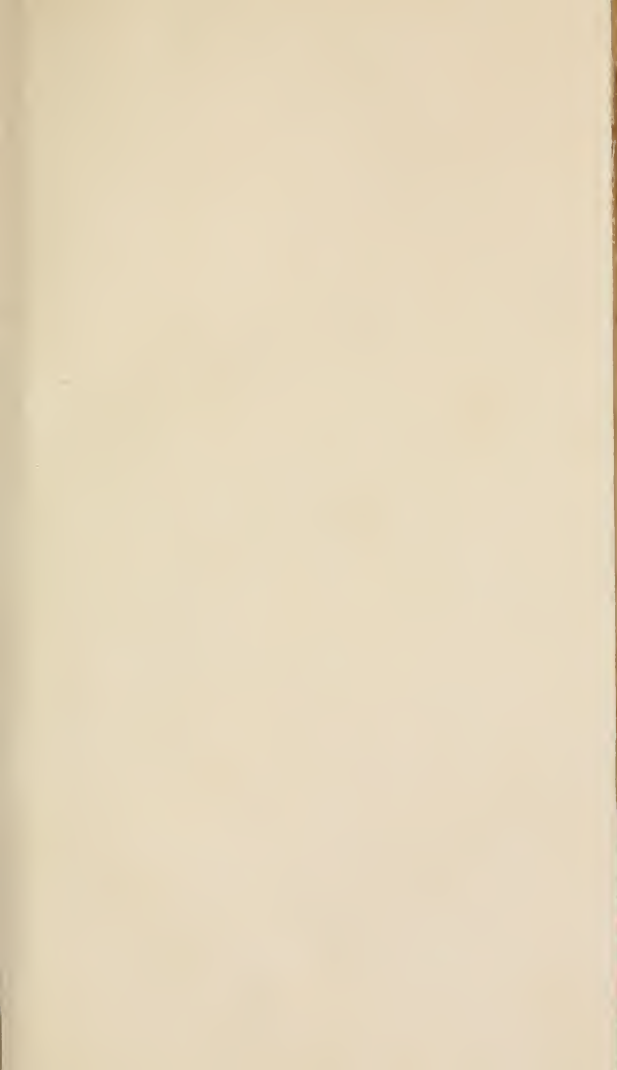
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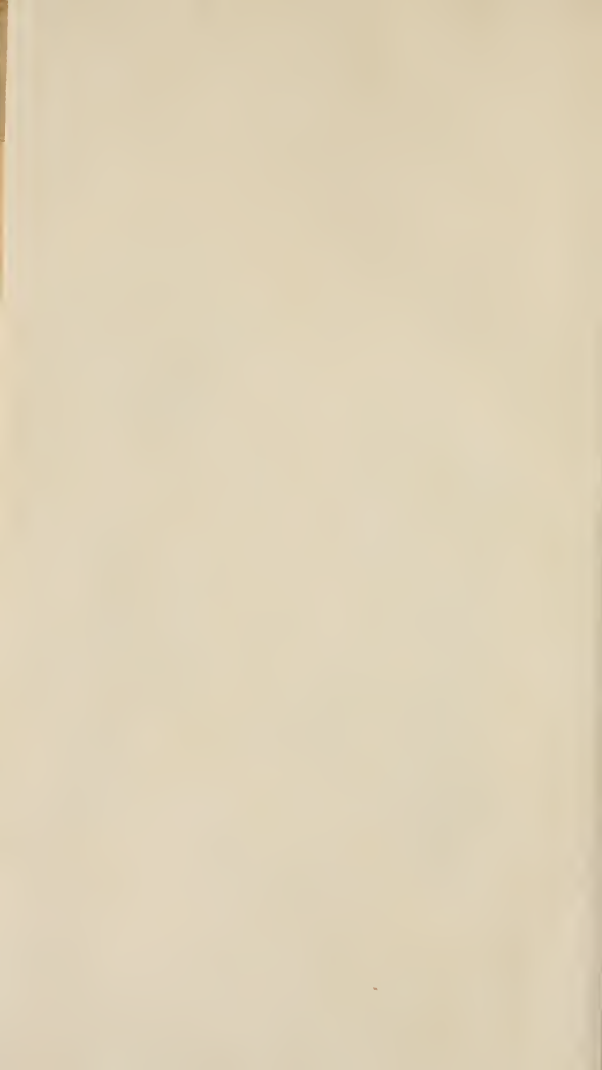




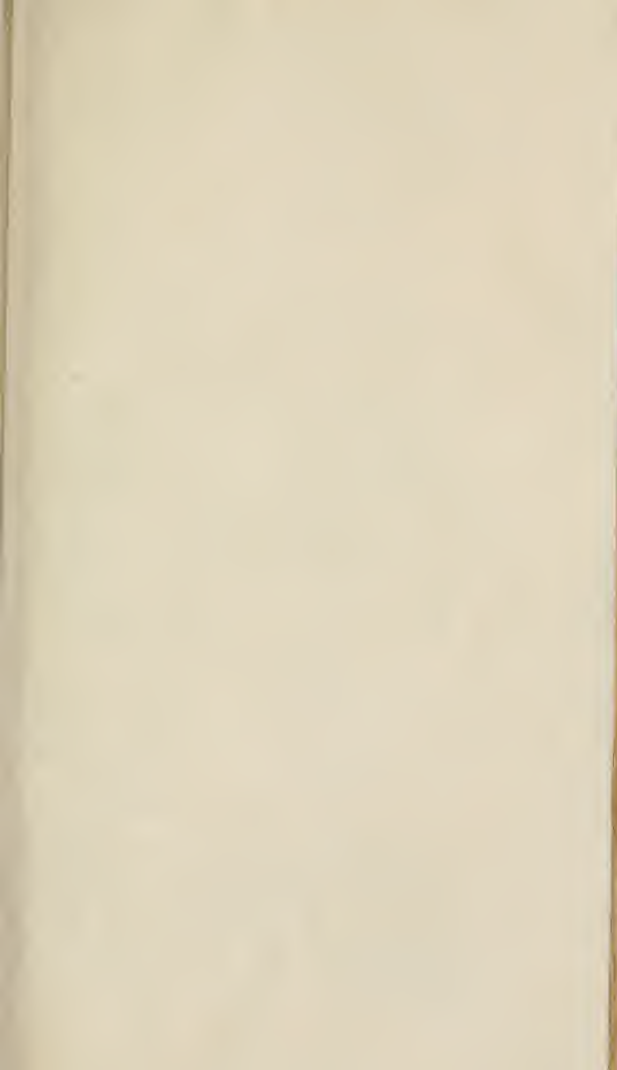


















Then knocking with his angry hands his breast,  
Earth with his feet ; He crys, Oh 'tis confest ;

2 I' have been a *pious fool* a *Woman-King* ;  
Wrong'd by a *Seer* a *Boy*, *every thing*.

3 Eight hundred years of *Death* is not so deep,  
So unconcern'd as my *Lethargick sleep*.

My *Patience* ev'en a *Sacrilege* becomes,  
Disturbs the *Dead*, and open their sacred *Tombs*.

Ah *Benjamin*, kind *Father* ! who for me  
This cursed World endur'd again to see !

All thou hast said, *great vision*, is so true,  
That all which thou command'd'st, and more I'll  
do :

Kill him ? yes *mighty Ghost* the wretch shall dy ;  
Though every *Star* in *Heav'en* should it deny ;

Nor mock th'assault of our just wrath again ;  
Had he ten times his fam'd *ten thousand* slain.

3 Should that bold popular *Madman*, whose design  
Is to revenge his *own disgrace* by *Mine*,

Should my ingrateful *Son* opposeth' intent,  
Should mine *own heart* grow scrup'ulous and  
relent,

Curse me just *Heaven* ( by which this truth I  
swear )

If I that *Seer*, my *Son*, or *Self* do spare.

No gentle *Ghost*, return to thy still home ;

Thither this day mine, and thy *Foe* shall come. .

If that curst object longer vex my sight,

It must have learnt to 'appear as *Thou* to night.

Whilst thus his wrath with threats the *Ty-*  
*rant* fed,

The threatned *youth* slept fear less on his bed ;

Sleep on, rest quiet as they *Conscience* take,

4 For though *Thou* sleep'st thy self, thy *God's* awake.

Above the subtle foldings of the Sky,

Above the well-set *Orbs* soft *Harmony*,

Above those petty *Lamps* that guild the *Night* ;

There is a place o'reflown with hallowed *Light* ;

Where *Heaven*, as if it left it self behind,  
 It stretcht out far, nor its own *bounds* can find :  
 Here *peaceful Flames* swell up the sacred place,  
 25 Nor can the glory contain it self in th'endless  
 space.

For there no twilight of the *Suns* dull ray,  
 Glimmers upon the pure and native day.  
 No pale-fac'd *Moon* does in stoln beams appear,  
 Or with dim *Taper* scatters *darkness* there,  
 On no smooth *Spear* the restles *Seasons* slide,  
 No circling *Motion* doth swift *Time* divide ;  
 Nothing is there *To come*, and nothing *Past*,  
 26 But an *Eternal Now* does always last.

There sits th' *Almighty*, *First* of all, and *End* ;  
 Whom nothing but *Himself* can comprehend.  
 Who with his *Word* commanded *All* to *Be*,  
 And *All* obey'd him, for that *Word* was *He*.  
 Only he spoke, and every thing that *is*  
 From out the womb of *feribile Nothing* ris.  
 Oh who shall tell, who shall describe thy  
 throne,

Thou great *Three One*?

There Thou thy self do'st in full presence show  
 Not absent from these meaner *Worlds* below ;  
 No, if thou wert, the *Elements League* would  
 cease,

And all thy *Creatures* break thy *Natures* peace  
 The *Sun* would stop his course, or gallop back  
 The *Stars* drop out, the *Poles* themselves woul  
 crack :

*Earths* strong foundations would be torn in  
 twain,

And his vast work all ravel out again  
 To its first *Nothing* ; For his *spirit* contains

27 The wel knit *Mass*, from him each *Creature* ga  
*Being* and *Motion*, which he still bestows ;  
 From him th' effect of our weak *Action* flows.

28 Round him vast *Armie* of swift *Angels* stand.

Wh

Which seven triumphant Generals command,  
 They sing loud anethems of his endless praise.  
 And with fixt eyes drink in immortal rayes.  
 29 Of these he call'd out one; all Heav'en did shake;  
 And silence kept whilst its Creator spake.

Are we forgotten then so soon? can He  
 Look on his *Crown*, and not remember *Me*  
 That gave it? can he think we did not hear  
 (Fond Man!) his threats? and have we made  
 the *Ear*

To be accounted *deaf*? No, *Saul*, we heard;  
 And it will cost thee dear; the ills thou'st fear'd,  
 Practis'd, or thought on, I'll all double send;  
 Have *we* not spoke it, and dates *Man* contend!  
 Alas, poor dust! didst thou but know the day  
 1. When thou must lie in blood at *Gilboa*,

*Thou*, and thy *Sons* thou wouldst not threaten  
 still,

Thy trembling Tongue would stop against thy  
 will.

Then shall thine *Head* fixt in curst *Temples* be;  
 And all their *foolish Gods* shall laugh at Thee.  
 That hand which now on *David's* Life would  
 prey.

Shall then turn *just*, and its own *Master* slay;  
 He whom thou *hat'est*, on thy *lov'd Throne* shall  
 sit,

And expiate the disgrace thou do'st to it.  
 Had then; tell *David* what his *King* has sworn,  
 Tell him whose blood must paint this rising  
 Morn.

Yet bid him go securely when he sends;  
 30 'Tis *Saul* that is his *Foe*, and *we* his *Friends*.

The *Man* who has his *God* no aid can lack.  
 And *we* who bid him *Go*, will bring him back.

Hespoke; the *Heavens* seem'd decently to  
 bow,

With all their bright *Inhabitants*; and now

The jocond *Spheres* began again to play,  
 Again each *Spirit* sung *Halleluia*.  
 Only that *Angel* was strait gon; Ev'en so  
 (But not so swift) the *morning Glories* flow  
 At once from the bright *son*, and strike the  
 ground;

So winged *Lightning* the soft air does wound.  
 Slow *Time* admires, and knows not what to  
 The *Motion*, having no *Account* so *fin. all*.

So flew this *Angel*, till to *Dauids* bed  
 He came and thus his sacred *Message* said,  
 31 Awake, young *Man*, hear what thy *King*  
 has sworn;

He swore thy blood should paint this rising  
 Morn.

Yet to him go securely when he tends;  
 'Tis *Saul* that is your *Foe*, and *God* your *Friena*  
 The *Man* who has his *God*, no aid can lack;  
 And he who bids thee *Go*, will bring thee back  
 Up leapt *Jessides*, and did round him stat  
 But could see nought was left but air,  
 Whilst this great *Vision* labours in his thought  
 Lo, the *short Prophecie* 't'effect is brought.

1 Sam.  
 18 10.  
 & 19.9

In treacherous haste he's sent for to the *King*,  
 And with him bid his charming *Lyre* to bring  
 The *King*, they say, lies raging in a *Fit*,  
 Which does no cure but sacred tunes admit;

32  
 1 Sam.  
 16. 23.

And true it was, soft *musick* did appease  
 Th' obscure fantastick rage of *Sauls* disease.  
 Tell me, oh *Muse* (for *thou*, or none can  
 tell

The mystick pow'ers that in blest *Numbers*  
 dwell,

Thou their great *Nature* know'st; nor is it fit  
 This noblest *Gem* of thine own *Crown* t'omit  
 Tell me from whence these heav'nly charms a  
 Teach the dull world t'admire what they desp  
 As first a various uniform'd *Hint* we find



- Rise in some god-like *Poets* fertile *Mind*,  
 Till all the parts and words their places take,  
 And with just matches *verse* and *musick* make ;
- 34 Such was *Gods Poem*, this *Worlds new Essay* ;  
 So wild and rude in its first draught it lay ;  
 Th' ungovern'd parts no *Correspondence* knew,  
 An artless *war* from thwarting *Motions* grew ;  
 Till they to *Number* and fixt *Rules* were brought  
 By the *eternal Minds Postique Thought*.
- 35 *Water* and *Air* he for the *Tenor* chose,  
*Earth* made the *Base*, the *Treble Flame* arose.
- 36 To th' active *Moon* a quick brisk store he gave,  
 To *Saturns string* a touch more soft and grave.  
 The *motions Strait*, and *Round*, and *Swift*, and  
*Slow*,  
 And *Short*, and *Long*, were mixt and woven so,  
 Did in such artful *Figures* smoothly fall,  
 As made this decent measur'd *Dance of All*,  
 And this is *Musick* ; *Sounds* that charm our ears,  
 Are but one *Dressing* that rich *science* wears.  
 Though no man hear't, though no man it rehearse  
 Yet will there still be *Musick* in my *Verses*.
- 37 In this *Great World* so much of it we see ;  
 The *L sser, Man*, is all o're *Harmonie*.  
*Stonebrass* of all *Proportions* ! *single Quire* !  
 Which first *Gods Breath* did tunefully inspire !  
 From hence blest *Musicks* heav'only charms arise,  
 From *sympathy* which *Them* and *Man* allies.  
 Thus they our *souls*, thus they our *Bodies* win,  
 Not by their *Force*, but *Party* that's within.
- 38 Thus the strange *Cure* on our spilt *Blood* apply'd,  
*Sympathy* to the distant *Wound* does guid.
- 39 Thus when to *Bretbren strings* are set alike,  
 To move them *both*, but *one* of them we *strike*.  
 Thus *David's Lyre* did *Sauls* wild rage controul.
- 40 And tun'd the harsh discorders of his *Soul*.

41

*Psalm.*  
114.

When *Israel* was from bondage led,  
 Led by th' *Almighty's* hand  
 From out a forreign land,  
 The great *Sea* beheld, and fled.  
 As men pursu'd, when that fear past they find,  
 Stop on some higher ground to look behind,  
 So whilst through wondrous ways  
 The sacred *Army* went,  
 The *Waves* afar flood up to gaze,  
 And their own *Rocks* did represent,  
*Solid as Waters* are above the *Firmament*.

Old *Jordans* waters to their *spring*  
 Start back with sudden *fright*;  
 The *spring* amaz'd at sight,  
 Asks what *News* from *Sea* they bring.  
 The *Mountains* shook; and to the *Mountains*  
 side,  
 The little *Hills* leapt round themselves to hide;  
 As young affrighted *Lambs*  
 When they ought dreadful *spy*,  
 Run trembling to their helpless *Dams*;  
 The mighty *Sea* and *River* by,  
 Were glad for their *excuse* to see the *Hills* to fly.

What ail'd the mighty *sea* to flee?  
 Or why did *Jordans* tyde  
 Back to his *Fountain* glide?  
*Jordans Tyde*, what ail'd Thee?  
 Wy leapt the *Hills*? why did the *Mountains*  
 shake?  
 What ail'd them their fixt *Natures* to forsake;  
 Fly where thou wilt, O *Sea*!  
 And *Jordans* *Current* cease;  
*Jordan* there is no need of thee,  
 For at *Gods* word, when e're he please,  
 The *Rocks* shall weep new *Waters* forth instead  
 of these.

*Exod.* 17  
6.  
*Num.* 20  
11.

Thus

Thus sung the great *Musician* to his Lyre ;  
 And *Saul's* black rage grew softly to retire  
 But *Envy's* serpent still with him remain'd,  
 And the wise *Charmer's* healthful voice, disdain'd.  
 Th' unthankful *King* cur'd truly of his fit,  
 Seems to lie drown'd and buried still in it.  
 From his past madness draws this wicked use,  
 To sin disguis'd, and *murder* with *excuse* :  
 For whilst the fearless youth his cure pursues,  
 And the soft *Medicine* with kind art renews ;  
 The barb'arous *Patient* casts at him his *spear* ;  
 ( The usual *scepter* that rough hand did bear )  
 Casts it with violent strength, but into th' roome  
 An *Arm* more strong and sure than his was  
 come ;

An *Angel* whose unseen and easie might  
 Put by the *weapon*, and *missed* it *right*.  
 How vain Mans pow' er is ! unless God com-  
 mand,

The *weapon* disobeys his *Masters* hand !  
 Happy was now the error of the blow ;  
 At *Gilboa* it will not serve him so.  
 One would have thought, *Saul* sudden rage t'ha-  
 ve seen,

He had himself by *David* wounded been,  
 He scorn'd to leave what he did ill begin,  
 And thought his *Honor* now engag'd i'th' *Sin* ;  
 A bloody Troop of his own Guards he sends  
 ( *Slaves* to his *Will*, and falsly call'd his *Friends* )  
 To mend his *error* by a surer blow,  
 So *Saul* ordain'd, but *God* ordain'd not so  
 Home flies the *Prince*, and to his trembling *Wife*  
 Relates the new-past hazard of his life,  
 Which she with *decent passion* hears him tell ;  
 For not her own fair *Eyes* she lov'd so well.  
 Upon their *Palace* top beneath a row  
 Of *Lemon Trees*, which there did proudly grow,  
 And with bright stores of golden fruit repay.

The *Light* they drank from the *Suns* neighb'ring  
ray,

(A small, but artful *Paradise*) they walk'd ;  
And hand in hand sad gentle things they talk'd.

Here *Mickol* first an armed Troop espies  
(So faithful and so quick are *loving Eyes*)

Which marcht, and often glister'd through a  
wood,

That on right hand of her fair *Palace* stood ;

She saw them ; and cry'd out ; They're come to  
kill

1 Sam.

19. 16.

My dearest *Lord* ; *Sauls* spear pursues thee still,  
Behold his wicked *Guards* ; Hasten quickly, fly,  
For heavens sake haste ; My dear *Lord*, do not  
dy.

Ah cruel *Father*, whose ill-natur'd rage  
Neither thy *Worth*, nor *Marriage* can assuage !

Will he part those he join'd so late before ?

Were the two-hundred *Forefkins* worth no  
more ?

1 Sam.

28. 27.

He shall not part us ; (Then she wept between)  
At yonder Window thou mayst scape unseen ;  
This hand shall let thee down ; stay not, but  
hast ;

'Tis not my *Use* to send thee hence so fast.

Best of all women, he replies — and this  
Scarce spoke, she stops his answer with a Kiss ;

Throw not away (said she) thy precious breath,  
Thou stay'st too long within the reach of death.

Timely he obeys her wise advice, and streit  
To unjust Force she opposes just deceit.

She meets the Murd'ers with a *vertuous Ly*,

1 Sam.

19. 13.

1 Sam.

19. 14.

And good dissembling Tears ; May he not dy  
In quiet then ? (said she) will they not give

That freedom who so fear lest he should *Live* ?  
Even fate does with your cruelty conspire,

And spares your *guilt*, yet does what you *desire*.

Must he not *live* ? for that ye need not *sin* ;

My much-wrong'd *Husband* speechless lies  
 within,  
 And has too little left of vital breath  
 To know his *Murderers*, or to feel his *Death*.  
 One *hour* will do your work —  
 Here her well-govern'd *Tears* dropt down apace;  
*Beauty* and *Sorrow* mingled in one face  
 Has such resistless charms that they believe,  
 And an *unwilling aptness* find to grieve  
 At what they *came* for; A pale *Statues* head  
 In linnen wrapt appear'd on *David's* bed;  
 Two servants mournful stand and silent by,  
 And on the table med'cinal reliques ly;  
 In the cloose room a well-plac'd *Tapers* light,  
 Adds a becoming horror to the sight.  
 And for th' *Impression* *God* prepar'd their *Sence*;  
 They saw, believ'd all this, and parted thence.  
 How vain attempts *Saul's* unblest anger tries,  
 By his own *hands* deceiv'd, and servants *Eyes*!

It cannot be (said he) no, can it? shall  
 Our great *ten thousand* *Slayer* idly fall?  
 The silly rout thinks *God* protects him still;  
 But *God*, alas, guards not the *bad* from *ill*.  
 Oh may he guard him! may his members be  
 In as full strength, and well-set harmonic  
 As the fresh body of the first made Man  
 E're *Sin*, or *Sins* just meed, *Disease* began.  
 He will be else too *small* for our *vast* *Hate*;  
 And we must *share* in our revenge with *fate*:  
 No; let us have him *Whole*; we else may seem  
 To have snatcht away but some few days from  
 him,  
 And *cut* that *Thread* which would have dropt in  
 two;

Will our great anger learn too stoop so low?  
 I know it cannot, will not; him we prize  
 Of our just wrath the solemn *Sacrifice*,  
 That must not *blemish* be; let him remain

Secure, and *grow up* to our *stroke* again,  
 'Twill be some pleasure then to take his breath,  
 When he shall *strive*, and *wrestle* with his *death*;  
 Go, let him live — And yet — shall I then  
 stay

So long? good and great actions hate delay.

Some foolish piety perhaps, or He  
 That has been still mine *honors Enemy*,  
*Samuel* may change or cross my just intent,  
 And I this *Formal Pity* soon repent.

Besides *Fate* gives him me, and whispers this,  
 That he can fly no more, if we should miss;  
 Miss? can we miss again; go bring him strait,  
 Though gasping out his Soul; if the wish'd date  
 Of his accursed life be almost past,

2 Sam.  
19. 15.

Some *Joy*'twill be to see him breath his last.

The *Troop* return'd, of their *short Virtue*  
 as ham'd, (blam'd

*Sauls* courage prais'd, and their own weakness

But when the *pious fraud* they understood,  
 Scarce the respect due to *Sauls* sacred blood,  
 Due to the sacred *beauty* in it reign'd,

From *Nichols* murder their wild rage restrain'd.

She alleag'd the holiest chains that bind a *wife*,  
*Duty* and *Love*; she alleag'd that her own

3 Sam.  
19. 17.

Life,

Had she refus'd that safety to her Lord,  
 Would have incur'd just danger from his sword.

Now was *Sauls* wrathfull grown; he takes no  
 rest,

A violent *Flame* rolls in his troubled breast.

And in fierce *Lightning* from his *Eye* do's break;  
 Not his own *fav'rites*, and best friends dare  
 speak,

Or look on him; but mute and trembling all,  
 Fear where this *Cloud* will burst, and *Thunder* fall.

So when the *pride* and *terror* of the *Wool*,

A *Lyon* prickt with rage and want of food,

Espies

Espies out from afar some well-fed beast,  
 And bristles up preparing for his feast;  
 If that by swiftness scape his gaping jaws;  
 His bloody eyes he hurls round, his sharp paws  
 Tear up the ground; then runs he wild about,  
 Lashing his angry tail, and roaring out.

*Beasts* creep into their dens, and tremble there;  
*Trees*, though no wind is stirring, shake with  
 feare;

Sam Silence and horror fill the place around.

19. 19. *Eccho* it self dares scarce repeat the sound.

46 Midst a large *Wood* that joyns fair *Ramahs* Town  
 (The neighbourhood fair *Rama's* chief renown)

47 A *Colleg*s stands, where at great *Prophets* feet  
 The *Prophets* Sons with silent dili'gence meet,  
 By *Samuel* built, and mod'erately endow'ed.  
 Yet more to'his lib'ral *Tongue* than *Hands* they  
 ow'ed.

There himself taught, and his blest voice to heare,  
 Teachers themselves lay proud beneath him there.  
 The *House* was a large *Square*; but plain and low;  
 Wise *Natures* use *Art* strove not to outgo.

An inward *Square* by well-rang'd *Trees* was  
 made;

And midst the friendly cover of their shade,  
 A pure, well-tasted, wholesome *Fountain* rose;  
 Which no vain cost of *Marble* did' enclose;  
 Nor thought carv'd *shapes* did the forc'ed waters  
 pass,

*Shapes* gazing on themselves ith' *liquid glass*.

Yet the chaste stream that'mong loose pebbles fell  
 For *Cleanness*, *Thirst*, *Religion* serv'd as well.

48 The *Schollars*, *Doctors* and *Companions* here,  
 49 Lodg'ed all apart in neat small chambers were:  
*Well-furnisht Chambers*, for in each there stood,

50 A narrow *Couch*, *Table* and *Chair* of wood,  
 More is but clog where *use* does bound *delight*;

And those are rich whose *Wealth's* proportion'd  
right

To their *Lifes Form*; more *goods* would but  
becom

A *Burden* to them, and contract their *room*.

A second *Court* more sacred stood behind,

Built fairer, and to nobler use design'd :

The *Hall* and *Schools* one side of it possess ;

The *Library* and *Synagogue* the rest.

Tables of plain-cut Firre adorn'd the Hall ;

51 And with beasts skins the *beds* were cov'rd all,

52 The reverend *Doctors* take their seats on high.

Th' *Elect Companions* in their bosoms ly.

The *Schollars* far below upon the ground,

On fresh-strew'd rushes place themselves  
around.

With more respect the *wise* and *ancient* lay ;

But eat not choicer *Herbs* or *Bread* than they,

Nor purer *Waters* drank, their constant feast ;

But by great days, and *Sacrifice* encreast.

The *Schools* built round and higher, at the end.

With their fair circle did this side extend ;

To which their *Synagogue* on th'other side,

And to the *Hall* their *Library* replide.

The midst tow'ard their *Gardens* open lay,

To admit the joys of *Spring* and *early day*.

In th' *Library* a few choice *Authors* stood,

Yet 'twas well stor'd, for that small store was  
*good* ;

*Writing*, Mans *Spir'itual Physick* was not then

*It self*, as now, grown a *Disease* of Men.

*Learning* ( *young Virgin* ) but few *Suitors* knew ;

The common *Prostitute* she lately grew,

And with her *spurious brood* loads now the *Press* ;

*Laborious effects* of *Idleness* !

Here all the various forms one might behold

How *Letters* sav'd themselves from *Death* of

old ;



- 53 Some painfully engrav'd in thin wrought *plates*,  
 Some cut in *wood*, some lightlier trac'd on *slates*;  
 54 Some drawn on fair *Palm leaves*, with short  
 live'd toyl,  
 Had not their friend the *Cedar* lent his *Oyl*.  
 55 Some wrought in *Silks*, some writ in tender *barks*;  
 Somethe sharp *Stile* in waxen *Tables* marks ;  
 56 Some in beasts *skins*, and some in *Bibles* read ;  
 Both new rude arts, with age and growth did  
 need.

The *Schools* were painted well with usefull skill ;  
*Stars*, *Maps*, and *Stories* the learn'd wall did fill.  
 Wise wholesome *Proverbs* mixt around the  
 roome,

- 57 Some writ, and in *Egyptian Figures* some,  
 Here all the noblest *Wits* of men inspir'd,  
 From earths slight joys, and worthless toils  
 retir'd,

Whom *Samuels* Fame and *Bounty* thither lead,  
 Each day by turns their solid know ledge read.

- 58 The course and pouer of *Stars* great *Nathan*  
 thought,  
 And home to man those *distant Wonders* brought,  
 How toward both *Poles* the *Suns* fixt journey  
 bends,

And how the *Year* his *crooked walk* attends.  
 By what just steps the *wandering Lights* advance,  
 And what eternal measures guid their *dance*.

Himself a *Prophet* ; but his *Lectures* shew'd  
 How litile of that *Art* to them he ow'd.

*Mahel* th' inferior worlds fantastick face,  
 Though all the turns of *Matters Maze* did trace,  
 Great *Natures* well-set *Clock* in pieces took ;  
 On all the *Springs* and smallest *Wheels* did look  
 Of *Life* and *Motion* ; and with equal art  
 Made up again the *Whole* of ev'ry *Part*.

The *Prophet Gad* in learned *Dust* designs  
 Th' immortal solid rules of fanc'ed *Lines*.

Of *Numbers* too th' unnumber'd *wealth* he  
 shewes,

And with them far their *endless* journey goes.

59 *Numbers* which still encrease more high and wide  
 From *One*, the *root* of their *turn'd* *Pyramide*.

Of *Men*, and *Ages* past *Seraiah* read;

*Embal'm'd* in longliv'd *History* the *Dead*.

Show'd the *steep* *falls*, and slow *ascent* of *States*;

What *Wisdom* and what *Follies* make their *Fates*.

*Samuel* himself did *Gods* rich *Law* display;

Taught *douting* men with *Judgment* to *obay*.

And of this ravish't *Soul* with sudden flight

Soar'd above *present* *Times*, and humane sight.

These *Arts* but welcome *strangers* might appear,

*Musick* and *Verse* seam'd *born* and *bred* up here;

Scarce the blest *Heav'n* that rings with *Angels*

voyce,

Does with more constant *Harmony* rejoyce.

The sacred *Muse* does here each breast inspire;

*Heman*, and sweet-mouth'd *Asaph* rule their

*Quire*:

Both charming *Poets*, and all strains they plaid,

By artful *Breath*, or nimble *Fingers* made.

The *Synagogue* was drest with care and cost,

(The onely place where that they' esteem'd not

lost)

60 The glittering roof with gold did daze the view;

The sides refres h't with silks of sacred blew.

Here thrice each day they read their perfect *Law*;

Thrice pray'ers from willing *Heav'n* a blessing

draw;

Thrice in glad *Hymns* swell'd with the *Great Ones*

praise,

61 The plyant *Voice* on her sea'en steps they raise,

Whilst all th' *enlivened* *Instruments* around

To the just feet with various concord sound;

Such things were *Muses* then, *contemn'd* low

earth;

*Decently proud, and mindful of their birth.*

'Twas *God* himself that here tun'd every *Toung*;  
And gratefully of him alone they sung.

62 They sung how *God* spoke out the worlds vast  
ball;

From *Nothing*, and from *No where* call'd forth  
*All*.

No *Nature* yet, or *place* for't to possess,

But an unbottom'd *Gulf* of *Emptiness*.

Full of *himself*, th' *Almighty* sat, his own

63 *Palace*, and without *Solitude Alone*.

But he was *Goodness* whole, and all things will'd ;

Which ere they *were*, his *active word* fulfill'd ;

And their astonisht heads o'th' sudden rear'd ;

An unhap'ed kind of *Something* first appear'd ;

Confessing its new *Being*, and undrest

As if it stept in hast before the rest.

Yet buried in this *Matters* darksome womb,

Lay the rich *Seeds* of ev'ery thing to com.

From hence the chearful *Flame* leapt up to high ;

Close at its heels the nimble *Air* did fly ;

Dull *Earth* with his own weight did downwards  
pierce

To the fixt *Navel* of the *Universe*,

And was quite lost in *waters*: till *God* said

To the proud *Sea*, I shrink in your ins'olent head,

See how the gaping *Earth* has made you place,

That durst not murmur, but I shrink in apace.

Since when his bounds are set, at which in vain

He foams, and rages, and turns back again.

With richer stuff ne bad *Heavens* fabrick shine,

And from him a quick spring of *Light divine*

Swell'd up the *Sun*, from whence his che'rish  
flame

Fills the whole world, like *Him* from whom it  
came.

He smooth'd the rough-cast *Moons* imperfect  
mold,

28 Davideis, *A sacred Poem* I. Book.

And comb'd her beamy locks with sacred gold ;  
 Be thou ( said he ) *Queen* of the mournful night ;  
 And as he spoke, she'arose clad o're in *Light*,  
 With thousand *stars* attending on her train ;  
 With her they rise, with her they set again.

Then *Herbs* peep'd forth, new *Trees* admiring  
 stood,

And smelling *Flow'ers* painted the infant wood.

Then flocks of *Birds* through the glad ayr did  
 flee,

Joyful, and fake before *Mans Luxurie*,  
 Teaching their *Maker* in their untaught lays :  
 Nay the *mute Fish* witness no less his praise.

For those he made, and cloath'd with silver  
 scales ;

From *Minoes* to those *living Islands*, *Whales*.

*Beasts* too where his command : what could he  
 more ?

Yes, *Man* he could, the *bond* of all before ;  
 In him he all things with strange order hurl'd ;  
 In him, that *full Abridgment* of the *World*.

This, and much more of *Gods* great works  
 they told ;

His *mercies*, and some *judgments* too of old :  
 How when all earth was deeply stain'd in sin ;  
 With an impetuous noyse the waves came rushing  
 in.

Where *birds* e're while dwellt, and securely sung ;  
 There *Fish* ( an unknown *Net* ) entangled hang.

The face of *Shipwrackt Nature* naked lay ;  
 The *Sun* peep'd forth, and beheld nought but *Sea*,

This men forgot, and burnt in lust again ;  
 Till show'ers, strange as their Sin, of *fiery rain*,  
 And scalding brimstone, dropt on *Sotoms* head ;

*Alive* they felt those *Flames* they fry in *Dead*.

No better end rash *Pharaohs* pride besel.

When *wind* and *Sea* wag'd war for *Israel*.  
 In his gilt chariots amaz'd *fishes* sat,

And.

And grew with corps of wretched *Princes* fat.  
 The waves and rocks half eaten bodies stain;  
 Nor was it since, call'd the *Red-sea* in vain.  
 Much too they told of faithful *Abrams* fame,  
 To whose blest passage they owe still their  
 64 *Name* :  
 Of *Moses* much and the great seed of *Nun*;  
 What wonders they perform'd, what lands they  
 won.  
 How many *Kings* they slew or *Captive* brought;  
 They held the *Swords*, but *God* and *Angels*  
 fought.  
 Thus gain'd they the wise spending of their  
 days;  
 And their whole *Life* was their dear *Makers*  
 praise.  
 No minutes rest, no swiftest thought they sold  
 To that beloved *Plague* of *Mankind*, *Gold*.  
*Gold* for which all mankind with greater pains  
 Labour towards *Hell*, then those who dig its  
 veins.  
 Their *wealth* was the *Contempt* of it; which more  
 They valu'd then rich fools the shining *Ore*  
 The *Silk worm's* pretious death they scorn'd to  
 wear,  
 And *Tyrian Dy* appear'd but sordid there.  
*Honor* which since the price of *Souls* became,  
 Seem'd to these *great ones* a low idle *Name*.  
 Instead of *Down*, hard beds they chose to have,  
 Such as might bid them nor forget their *Grave*.  
 Their *Board* dispeopled no full *Element*,  
 Free *Natures* bounty thriftily they spent  
 And spar'd the *Stock*; nor could their bodies  
 say  
 We owe this *Crudeness* t' *Exces*s yesterday.  
 Thus *Souls* live *cleanly*, and no soiling fear,  
 But entertain their welcome *Maker* there.  
 The *Senses* perform nimbly what they're bid,  
 And

And *honestly*, nor are by *Reason* chid.

And when the down of *sleep* does softly fall,

65 Their *Dreams* are heavenly then, and mystical

With hasty wings *Time present* they outfly,

And tread the doubtful *Maze* of *Destiny*.

There walk and sport among the *years to come*;

And with quick *Eye* pierce ev'ery *Causes womb*.

Thus these *Saints* enjoy'd their *Little All*;

Free from the spight of *much-mistaken Saul*;

For if mans *Life* we in just ballance weigh,

*David* deserv'd his *Envy* less than *They*.

Of this retreat the hunted *Prince* makes choice,

Adds to their *Quire* his nobler *Lyre* and *Voice*.

But long unknown even here he could not lye;

So bright his *Lustre*, so quick *Envies Eye*!

1 Sam.  
19, 20

Th' offend *Troop*, whom he escap'd before,

Pursue him here, and fear mistakes no more;

Belov'd revenge fresh rage to them affords;

Some part of him all *promise* to their *Swords*.

They came, but a new spirit their hearts  
possess,

Scattering a sacred calm through every breast:

The furrows of their brow, so rough erewhile,

Sink down into the dimples of a *Smile*.

Their cooler veins swell with a peaceful tide,

And the chaste streams with even current glide.

A sudden *day* breaks gently through their eyes,

And *Morning-blushes* in their cheeks arise.

The thoughts of war, of blood, and murder  
cease;

In peaceful tunes they adore the *God of Peace*.

1b. v. 21 New Messengers twice more the *Tyrant* sent,  
And was twice more mockt with the same event.

His heightned rage no longer brooks delay;

1b. v. 23 It sends him there himself; but on the way

His *Foolish Anger* a *wise Fury* grew,

And *Blessings* from his mouth *unbidden* flew.

His Kingly robes he laid at *Naiob* down,

Began

Began to *understand* and *scorn* his *Crown*;  
Employ'd his mounting thoughts on nobler  
things;

And felt more *solid joys* than *Empire* brings.  
Embrac'd his wondring *Son*, and on his head  
The *balm* of all past *wounds*, kind *Tears* he shed.

Num. 22

So cov'etous *Balam* with a fond intent  
Of *Cursing* the *blest Seed*, to *Moab* went.

1b. v. 28

But as he went his *fatal tongue* to sell;  
His *Ass*s taught him to *speak*, *God* to *speak well*.

Num.

24. 5.

How comely are thy *Tents*, Oh *Israel*!  
( Thus he began ) wat conquests they foretel!  
Less fair are *Orchards* in their *autumn* pride,  
Adorn'd with *Trees* on some fair *Rivers* side.  
Less fair are *Valleys* their green mantles spread!  
Or *Mountains* with tall *Cedars* on their head!  
'Twas *God* himself ( thy *God* who must not fear ? )  
Brought thee from *Bondage* to be *Master* here.  
*Slaughter* I shall wear out these; new *Weapons* get;  
And *Death* in triumph on thy darts shall sit.  
When *Judah's* *Lion* starts up to his prey;  
The *Scalts* shall hang their ears, and creep away.  
When he lies down, the *Woods* shall silence  
keep,  
And dreadful *Tygers* tremble at his *sleep*.  
Thy *Curjers*, *Jacob*, shall twice *curst* be;  
And he shall bless *himself* that blesses *Thee*.

# NOTES

## UPON THE FIRST BOOK.

**T**He custom of beginning all *Poems*, with a *Proposition* of the whole work, and an *Invocation* of some God for his assistance to go through with it, is so solemnly and religiously observed by all the ancient *Poets*, that though I could have found out a better way, I should not ( I think ) have ventured upon it. But there can be, I believe, none better ; and that part, of the *Invocation*, if it became a *Heathen* is no less Necessary for a *Christian Poet*. *A Foræ Principium Musæ* ; and it follows then very naturally, *Foris omnia plena*. The whole work may reasonably hope to be filled with a *Divine Spirit*, when it begins with a *Prayer* to be so. The *Grecians* built this *Portal* with less state, and made but one part of these *Two* ; in which, and almost all things else, I prefer the judgment of the *Latins* ; though generally they abused the *Prayer*, by converting it from the *Deity*, to the worst of *Men*, their *Princes* : as *Lucan* addresses it to *Nero*, and *Statius* to *Domitian* ; both imitating therein ( but not equalling ) *Virgil*, who in his *Georgicks* chuses *Augustus* for the *Object* of his *Invocation*, a *God* little superior to the other two.

**2** I call it *Judab's*, rather than *Israel's Scepter* ( though in the notion of distinct *Kingdoms*, *Israel* was very much the greater ) First, because *David* himself was of that *Tribe*. Secondly, because he was first made *King of Judab*, and this *Poem* was designed no farther than to bring him to his *Inauguration* at *Hebron*. Thirdly, because the *Monarchy of Judab* lasted longer



ger, not only in his Race, but out-last'd all the several Races of the Kings of *Israel*. And lastly, and chiefly, because our *Saviour* descended from him in that *Tribe*, which makes infinitely more considerable than all the rest.

I hope this kind of boast (which I have been taught by almost all the old *Poets*) will not seem immodest; for though some in other Languages have attempted the writing a *Divine Poem*; yet none, that I know of, has in *English*: So *Virgil* says in the 3. of his *Georgicks*,

*Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis  
Raptat amor, juvat ire jugis, quâ nulla priorum  
Castaleam molli decernitur orbita clivo.*

Because none in *Latin* had written of that Subject. So *Horace*;

*Libera, per vacuum posui vestigia princeps;  
Non aliena meo pressi pede. ———*

And before them both *Lucretius*,

*Arvia Pieridum per agro loca, nullius antiè  
Trita solo, juvat integros accedere fontes  
Atq; baurne ———*

And so *Nemesianus*,

*————— Ducitq; per arvia, quâ sola nunquam  
Trita rotis ———*

Though there he does wrong to *Gratius*, who treated of the same Argument before him. And so *Oppian*,  
1. *Ven.*

"Ερρο κῆ τραχέϊαν ἐπισείσω μὲν ἄταρ πόν  
Τῶ μερόπων ἐπὼ πῆς εἴης ἐπάτησεν ἄοιδ' αἶ.

My own allusion here is to the passage of the *Israelites* through the *Wilderness*, in which they were guided by a *Pillar of Flame*.

Though there have been three *Temples* at *Jerusalem*, the first built by *Salomon*, the second by *Zorobabel*, and the third by *Herod* (for it appears by *Josephus* that *Herod* pluckt down the old *Temple*, and built a new one) yet I mention only the first and last, which  
were

were very much superiour to that of *Zorobabel* in riches and magnificence, though that was forty six years a building, whereas *Herods* was but eight, and *Solomons* seven, of all three the last was the most ita- tely; and in that, and not *Zorobabel's Temple*, was fulfilled the Prophecie of *Hagai*, that the glory of the last House should be greater than the first.

5 To be made an *Apostle* for the conversion of *Poets* to *Christianity*, as *S Paul* was for the conversion of the *Gentiles*; which was done not only by the *Word*, as *Christ* was the *Eternal Word* of his *Father*; but by becoming a *Particular Word* or *Call* to him. This more fully explained in the *Latin Translation*.

6 It was the same case with *Hercules*; and therefore I am not afraid to apply to his subject that which *Seneca* makes *Juno* speak of him in *Hercul. Eur.*

*Superat, & crescit malis,  
Itaq, nostrâ fructus, in laudes suas  
Mea vertet odia, dum nimis sava impero.  
Patrem probavi; gloriae feci locum.*

And a little after.

*Minorq; labor est Herculi jussa exequi,  
Quàm m. h. jubere —*

7 In the publique *Games* of *Greece*, *Palm* was made the sign and reward of *Victory*, because it is the nature of that *Tree* to resist, overcome and thrive the better for all pressures,

— *Palmaq; nobilis*

*Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos.* *Hor. Od. 1.*  
From whence *Palma* is taken frequently by the *Poets* and *Orators* too, for the *Victory* it self. And the *Grammarians* say, that *νικτω* (too overcome) is derived from the same sense, *παρὰ τὸ μὴ ἔχειν, ἀ non cendo.*

8 *Shore* is properly spoken of the *Sea*, and *Banks* of *Rivers*: and the same difference is between *Littus* and *Ripa*; but yet *Littus* is frequently taken among

the best *Latin Authors* for *Ripa*, as I do here *Shore* for *Banck*; *Virgil*.

*Littora quæ dulces auras diffunditis agris,*  
Speaking of *Minæus*.

That the Matter of *winds* in an *Exhalation* arising out of the concavities of the earth, is the opinion of *Aristotle*, and almost all *Philosophers* since him, except some few who follow *Hippocrates* his doctrine, who defined the wind to be *Air in Motion*, or flux. In those concavities, when the *Exhalations* (which *Seneca* calls *Subterranean Clouds*) overcharge the place, the moist ones turn into water, and the dry ones into *Winds*; and these are the secret *Treasuries*, out of which God is in the Scripture said to bring them. This was also meant by the *Poets*, who feigned that they were Kept by *Æolus*, imprisoned in deep caves,

— *Hic vasto Rex Æolus antro*  
*Luctantes ventos tempestatessq; sonoras*  
*Imperio premit, ac vinclis & carcere frænat.*

Upon which methinks, *Seneca* is too critical, when he says, *Non intellexit, nec id quod clausum est, esse adhuc ventum, nec id quod ventus est, posse claudi; nam quod in clauso est, quiescit, & aeris statio est, omnis in fuga ventus est:* For though it get not yet out, it is wind as soon as it stirs within, and attempts to do so. However my Epithete of *unstetcht Tempests* might pals with him; for as soon as the *wings* are grown, it either flies away, or in case of extream resistance (if it be very strong) causes an *Earthquake*. *Juvenal Sat. 5.* expresses very well the *South Wind*, in one of these dens.

— *Dum se continet Ausler,*  
*Dum sedet, & siccatur madidas in carcere pennas.*

To give a probable reason of the perpetual supply of waters to *Fountains* and *Rivers*, it is necessary to establish an *Abyss* or deep gulph of waters, into which the *Sea* discharges it self, as *Rivers* do into the *Sea*; all which maintain a perpetual *Circulation* of water, like that of *Blood* in mans body: For to refer the original

of all *Fountains* to condensation, and afterwards dissolution of vapors under the earth, is one of the most unphilosophical opinions in all *Aristotle*. And this *Abyss* of waters is very agreeable to the *Scriptures*. *Jacob* blesses *Joseph* with the blessing of the Heavens above, and with the Blessings of the Deep beneath: that is, with the dew and rain of Heaven, and with the *Fountains* and *Rivers* that arise from the Deep; and *Esdra*s conformably to this, asks, What habitations are in the heart of the Sea, and what veins in the root of the *Abyss*? So at the end of the *Deluge*, *Moses* says, that God stopt the windows of Heaven, and the fountains of the *Abyss*.

And indisturb'd by Moons in silence sleep. For I suppose the *Moon* to be the principal, if not sole cause of the *Ebbing* and *Flowing* of the Sea, but to have no effect upon the waters that are beneath the Sea it self.

- 11 This must be taken in a Poetical sense; for else, making *Hell* to be in the *Center* of the earth, it is far from infinitely large, or deep; yet, on my conscience, where e're it be, it is not so strait, as that *Crowding* and *sweating* I should be one of the *Torments* of it, as is pleasantly fancied by *Bellarmin*. *Lessus* in his Book *de Morib. Divinis*; as if he had been there to survey it, determines the *Deameter* to be just a *Dutch* mile. But *Ribera*, upon (and out of the *Apocalypse*) allows *Pluto* a little more elbow-room, and extends it to 1600 furlongs, that is 200 *Italian* miles. *Virgil* (as good a *Divine* for this matter as either of them) says it is twice as deep as the distance betwixt Heaven and Earth:

Bis patet in praeceptis tantum tenditq; sub umbras  
Quantus ad aethereum caeli suspensus Olympum.

*Hesiod* is more moderate,

Τὸ ὄσεν ἐν ἑπτὰ πῶδες γῆς ὄσον ἐγγυόσ' ἐς ἀπὸ γαίης.

*Statius* puts it very low, but is not so punctual in the distance: He finds out an *Hell* beneath the vulgar one,

Indesperta tamen vobis qui Tartara, quorum  
Vos estis superi

Which

Which sure *Æschylus* meant too by what he calls *Τάρταρος νέεσθαι αἰδῶ* the *Scripture* terms it *Utter darkness*, *Σκότος ἐξώτερον*, & *Ζόφον σκότους*.

2 There are two opinions concerning *Samuels* anointing of *David*: one (which is *Josephus's*) that he did it privately, and that it was kept as a secret from *David's* Father and Brethren; the other, that it was done before them, which I rather follow; and therefore we use the word *Boldly*: nay I believe, that most of the people, and *Jonathan*, and *Saul* himself knew it, for so it seems by *Saul's* great jealousy of his being appointed to succeed him; and *Jonathan* avows his knowledge of it to *David* himself; and therefore makes a *Covenant* with him, that he should use his family kindly when he came to be *King*. Anointing did properly belong to the *Inauguration of High Priests*; and was applyed to *Kings* (and likewise even to *Prophets*) as they were a kind of extraordinary *High Priests*, and did often exercise the duties of their Function, which makes me believe that *Saul* was so severely reprov'd and punish'd; not so much for offering *Sacrifice* (as an usurpation of the *Priests* Office) as for his infidelity in not staying longer for *Samuel*, as he was appointed by *Samuel*; that is by *God* himself. But there is a Tradition out of the *Rabbins*, that the manner of anointing *Priests* and *Kings* was different; as, that the *Oyl* was pour'd in a *Cross*, (*decussatim*, like the figure of T and X) upon the *Priests* heads, and Round in fashion of a *Crown* upon their *Kings*; which I follow here, because it sounds more poetically (*The royal drops round his enlarged head*); not that I have any faith in the authority of those *Authors*.

3 The Prophecie of *Jacob* at his death concerning all his Sons, *Gen* 49. v. 10. The *Scepter* shall not depart from *Judah*, nor the *Lawgiver* from between his feet, till *Shilo* come, and to him shall belong the assembling of Nations. All *Interpreters* agree, that by *Shilo* is meant the *Messias*; but almost all translate

is differently. The *Septuagint*, *donec veniant*, τὸ ἀπακείμενον αὐτῷ, *quæ reposita sunt ei*. *Tertullian*, and some other Fathers, *Donec veniat cui repositum est*. The vulgar Edition, *Qui mittendus est*; some of the Rabbies. *Filius ejus*; others *Filius mulieris*; others, *Rex Messias*; others *Sospuator*, or *Tranquillator*; ours and the French Translation retain the word *Shilo*, which I choose to follow.

14 Though none of the *English Poets*, nor indeed of the ancient *Latin*, have imitated *Virgil*, in leaving sometimes half-verses (where the sense seems to invite a man to that liberty) yet his authority alone is sufficient, especially in a thing that looks so naturally and gracefully: and I am far from their opinion, who think that *Virgil* himself intended to have filled up those broken, *Hemistiques*: There are some places in him, which I dare almost swear have been made up since his death by the putid officiousness of some *Grammarians*; as that of *Dido*,

—— *Moriamur inultæ?*

*Sed moriamur, ait* ——

Here I am confident *Virgil* broke off; and indeed what could be more proper for the passion she was then in, then to conclude abruptly with that resolution nothing could there be well added; but if there were a necessity of it, yet that which follows, is of all things that could have been thought on, the most improper, and the most false,

*Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras;*

Which is contrary to her sense; for to have dyed revenged, would have been.

*Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.*

Shall we dye (says she) *unrevenged*? That's all that can make death unpleasant to us: but however it is necessary to dye. I remember, when I made once this exception to a friend of mine, he could not tell how to answer it, but by correcting the Print, and putting a note of *Interrogation* after the first *Sic*.

*Sic? sic juxat ire sub umbras:*

Which does indeed a little mend the sense; but then the expression (to make an *Interrogation* of *Sic* alone) is lame, and not like the *Latin* of *Virgil*, or of that age: But of this enough. Though the *Ancients* did not (as I said) imitate *Virgil* in the use of these broken verses; yet that they approved, appears by *Ovid*, who (as *Seneca* reports in the 16 *Controv. rsie*) upon these two verses of *Varro*,

*Desierant latrare canes urbesq; silebant,*

*Omnia noctis erant placida composita quiete,*

Said they would have been much better, if the latter part of the second verse had been left out; and that it had ended,

*Omnia noctis erant ----*

Which it is pity that *Ovid* saw not in some of his own verses, as most remarkably in that,

*Omnia potens erant, deerant quoq; littora ponto.*

All things was *Sea*, nor had the *Sea* a *Shore*.

Where he might have ended excellently with

*Omnia pontus erat -----*

But the addition is superfluous, even to ridiculousness.

15 An *Aposiopæsis*, like *Virgil's*

*Quos ego --- Sed motos prestat componere fluctus.*

This would ill befit the mouth of any thing but a *Fury*; but it were improper for a *Devil* to make a whole speech without some lies in it; such are those precedent exaltations of the *Devils* power, which are most of them false, but not *All*, for that were too much even for a *Fury*; nor are her boasts more false, than her threatenings vain, where she says afterwards, 'Tis not thy *God* himself-- yet *Seneca* ventures to make a man say as much in *Her. Fur*:

*Amplere aras, nullus eripiet Deus*

*Te mihi -----*

16 *Cain* was the first and greatest example of *Envy* in this world; who slew his *Brother*, because his *Sacrifice* was more acceptable to *God* than his own, at which

the Scripture says, *He was sorely angered, and his countenance cast down.* It is hard to guess what it was in *Cain's Sacrifice* that displeased God; the *Septuagint* make it to be a defect in the *Quality*, or *Quantity* of the *Offering*,  
 ὅτι, ἐὰν ὀρθῶς ὡσευενέ, κης, ὀρθῶς ἢ μὴ διέλης, ἡμαρτες;  
 If thou hatt offered right, but not rightly divided, hatt thou not sinned? but this Translation, neither the *Vulgar Edition*, nor ours, nor almost any follows. We must therefore be content to be ignorant of the cause, since it hath pleased God not to declare it; neither is it declared in what manner he slew his Brother: And therefore I had the Liberty to chuse that which I thought most probable; which is, that he knockt him on the head with some great stone, which was one of the first ordinary and most natural weapons of Anger. That this stone was big enough to be the *Monument* or *Tombstone* of *Abel*, is not so *Hyperbolical*, as what *Virgil* says in the same kind of *Turnus*,

———— *Saxum circumspicit ingens,*  
*Saxum antiquum ingens; campo qui fortè jacebat*  
*Limes agro positus, item ut discerneret Ἐ agris,*  
*Vix illud lecti bis sex cervice subirent,*  
*Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus,*  
*Ille manu raptum trepidâ torquebat in hostem:*

Which he takes from *Homer*, but adds to the *Hyperbole*.

Ὅ δ' ἔδ' ὄνο ἄνδρε φέρειεν,

Ὅιοι νῦν βροτοί εἰσιν, ὁ δὲ μιν ῥέ' ἀπίδαε ἢ αἶ. ll. 21.

*Ovid* is no less bold, *Metamorph.* 12.

*Codice qui misso quem vix juga bina moverent*  
*Functa, Phololeniden à summo vertice fregit.*

- 17 Though the *Jews* used to bury, and not to Burn the Dead, yet it is very probable that some Nations, even so anciently, practised Burning of them, and that is enough to make it allowable for the *Fury* here to allude to that custom: which if we believe *Statius*, was received even among the *Græcians* before the *Theban War*.



18 *Belzebub*. That one evil Spirit presided over the others, was not only the received opinion of the Ancients, both *Jews* and *Gentiles*; but appears out of the *Scriptures*, where he is called, *Prince of this world*, *John* 12. 31. *Prince of this age*, *1 Corinth.* 2. 6. *Prince of the Power of the Air*, *Ephes.* 2. 2. *Prince of Devils*, *Matt.* 12. 24. by the express name of *Belzebub*; which is the reason why I use it here *Porphyrus* says his name is *Serapis*, Μήποτε ἔτοί ἐσιν ἄν ἀρχὸς ὁ Σάραπις ἢ τέτων Σύμμολον ὁ τρικάρην κύων, τῆτ' ἔπν ὁ ἐν τοῖς τριπύσι χείοις, ὕψι π, γῆ, ἀέρι πονηρὸς δαίμων. According to which *Statius* calls him *Triplicis mundi summum*; but names him not: for he adds, *Quem sine nefastum est*. This is the Spirit to whom the two Verses, cited by the same *Porphyrus* address themselves,

Δαῖμον ἀλιτρον ὄαν ψυχῶν διάδημα λελογχῶς

Ἡερίων ὑπὲρθε μουχῶν, χθονίων τ' ἐφ' ὑπερθεν.

O thou Spirit that hast the command of guilty souls, beneath the vaults of the Air, and above those of the Earth; which I should rather read, *χθονίων τ' ὑπέ ερθε*; And beneath the Vaults of the Earth too.

Now for the name of *Belzebub*, it signifies the *Lord of Flies*; which some think to be a name of *scorn* given by the *Jews* to this great *Jupiter*, of the *Syrians*, whom they called *Βεελσάμην*, *id est*, *Δίος ἕραμιον*, because the Sacrifices to his *Temple* were infested with multitudes of *Flies*, which by a peculiar privilege, notwithstanding the daily great number of Sacrifices, never came (for such is the *Tradition*) into the *Temple* at *Jerusalem*. But others believe it was no mock-name, but a *Surname* of *Baal*, as he was worshipt at *Eksion*, either from bringing or driving away swarms of *Flies*, with which the Eastern Countrys were often molested; and their reason is, because *Abaxiab* in the time of his sickness (when it is likely he would not railly with the *God* from whom he hoped for relief) sends to him under the name of *Belzebub*.

- 19 That even insensible things are affected with hor-  
 rour at the presence of *Devils*, is a frequent exaggera-  
 tion of stories of that kind; and could not well be  
 omitted at the appearance of *Poetical Spirits*.

*Tartaream intendit vocem, quæ protinus omne  
 Contremuit nemus; & sylvæ in tonuere profunda,  
 Audiit & Trivia longe lacus, &c.* -- Virg. *Æneid.* 7.

And *Seneca* nearer to my purpose in *Thyestes*: *Sensit in-  
 troitus tæxos Domus, & nefando tota contactu horruit---*  
*Iam tum mæsta pedem Terræ gravantur, Cernis ut  
 fontes liquor Intraorsus actus linquat, ut regio vacent, &c.*  
 And after, *Imo mugit è fundo solum, Tonat dies serenus  
 ac totis domus ut fracta tectis crepuit, & moti Lares  
 vertere vultum.* When *Statius* makes the Ghost of  
*Laius* to come to *Eteocles* to encourage him to the war  
 with his *Brother*, I cannot understand why he makes  
 him assume the shape of *Tiresias*, *Longævi vatis opacos  
 Induitur vultus, vocemq; & velleræ*, since at his going  
 away he discovers him to be *Laius*,

———— *Ramos, ac velleræ fronti  
 Diripuit confessus avum* ———

Neither do I more approve in this point of *Virgil's*  
 method, who in the 7 *Æneid*, brings *Alecto* to *Turnus*  
 at first in the shape of a *Priestess*,

*Fit Calybe Funonis anus; ———*

But at her leaving of him, makes her take upon her,  
 her own figure of a *Fury*, and so speak to him; which  
 might have been done, methinks, as well at first, or  
 indeed better not done at all; for no person is so im-  
 proper to persuade man to any undertaking, as the  
*Devil* without a disguise: which is the reason why I  
 make him here both, come in, and go out too in the li-  
 keness of *Benjamin*, who as the first and chief of *Saul's*  
*Progenitors*, might the most probably seem concer'nd  
 for his welfare, and the easiliest be believed and  
 obeyed.

- 20 Itancy here that the *statue* of *Benjamin* stood in  
 manner of a *Colossus* over *Saul's Gate*; for which per-  
 haps

haps I shall have some *Criticks* fall severely upon me; it being the common opinion, that the use of all *Statues*, nay, even pictures, or other representations of things to the sight, was forbidden the *Jews*. I know very well, that in latter ages, when they were most rigid in observing of the *Letter* of the *Law* (which they began to be about the time when they should have left it) even the *civil use* of *Images* was not allowed, as now among the *Mahumetans*. But I believe that at first it was otherwise: And first, the words of the *Decalogue* forbid the making of *Images*, not absolutely, but with relation to the end of *bowing down*, or *worshipping them*; and if the *Commandment* had implied more, it would bind us *Christians* as well as the *Jews*, for it is a *Moral one*. Secondly, we have several examples in the *Bible*, which shew that *Statues* were in use among the *Hebrews*, nay, appointed by *God* to be so, as those of the *Cberubins*, and divers other *Figures*, for the ornament of the *Tabernacle* and *Temple*; as that likewise of the *Brazen Serpent*, and the *Lions* upon *Salomons Throne*, and the *statue* of *David*, placed by *Michol* in his *Bed*, to deceive the *Souldiers* who came to murder him; of which more particularly hereafter. *Vasques* says, that such *Images* only were unlawful, as were *Ereda aut constituta modo accommodato adorationi*, made, erected, or constituted in a *Manner* proper for *Adoration*; which *Modus accommodatus adorationis*, he defines to be, when the *Image* is made or erected *Per se*, for its own sake, and not as an *Appendix* or addition for the ornament of some other thing; as for example, *Statues* are *Idols*, when *Temples* are made for *them*; when they are only made for *Temples*, they are but *Civil Ornaments*.

21 *Enchanted Vertues*. That is, whose operation is stopt, as it were, by some *Enchantment*. Like that *Fascination* called by the *French*, *Nouement d'esquillette*, which hinders the natural faculty of *Generation*.

22 So *Homer*, 'Αχιδὲς ἐκ' ἱτ' Ἀχαιῶν.

And *Virg.* O verè Phrygiæ; neq; enim Phryges:

23 The number of years from *Benjamin* to *Sauls* reign; not exactly: but this is the next *whole number*, and *Poetry* will not admit of *broken ones*: and indeed, though it were in prose, in so passionate a speech it were not natural to be punctual.

24 In this, and some like places, I would not have the Reader judge of my opinion by what I say; no more than before in divers expressions about *Hell*, the *Devil*, and *Envy*. It is enough that the Doctrine of the *Orbs*, and the *Musick* made by their motion had been received very anciently, and probably came from the *Eastern* parts; for *Pythagoras* (who first brought this into *Greece*) learnt there most of his *Philosophy*. And to speak according to common opinion, though it be false, is so farr from being a fault in Poetry, that it is the custom even of the Scripture to do so; and that not only in the Poetical pieces of it; as where it attributes the *members* and *passions* of mankind to *Devils*, *Angels* and *God* himself; where it calls the *Sun* and *Moon* the two *Great Lights*, whereas the latter is in truth one of the smallest; but is spoken of, as it *seems*, not as it *is*, and in too many other places to be collected here. *Seneca* upon *Virgils* Verse,

*Tarda venit seris factura nepotibus umbram,*

Says in his 86. *Epistle*, That the Tree will easily grow up to give shade to the *Planter*: but that *Virgil* did not look upon, what might be spoken most *Truly*, but what most *gracefully*; and aimed more at *Delighting* his *Readers*, than at *instructing* *Husbandmen*: Infinite are the examples of this kind among the *Poets*; one there is, that all have from their *Master Homer*; 'tis in the description of a *Tempest* (a common place that they all ambitiously labour in) where they make all the four winds blow at once, to be sure to have enough to swell up their Verse,

*Unde Eurisq; Notusq; ruunt, creberq; procellis  
Africus ———— And Stanius,*

*Quaalter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurus.*

And

And so all the rest. Of this kind I take those Verses to be of *Statius* to *Sleep* in his fifth *Sylva*, which are much commanded, even by *Scaliger* himself,

— *Jacet omne pecus, volucresq; feræque,  
Et simulant fessus curvata cacumina somnos.*

Hither to there is no scruple; for he says only, *The bowing Mountains seem to nod.* He adds,

*Nec truibus fluviis idem sonus, occidit horror  
Æquoris & terris maria inclinata quiescunt;*

Which is false, but so well said, that it were ill changed for the *Truth*.

I am sorry that it is necessary to admonish the most part of *Readers*, that it is not by *negligence* that this verse is so loose, long, and as it were, *Vast*; it is to paint in the number the nature of the thing which it describes, which I would have observed in divers others places of this *Poem*, that else will pass for very careless verses: as before, *An.lover-runs the neighb'ring fields with violent course.* In the second Book, *Down a precipice deep, down he cast, them all - and, And fell a down his shoulders with lose care.* In the 3. *Brass was his Helmet, his Boots Brass, and ore his breast a thick Plate of strong Brass he wore.* In the 4. *Like some fair Pine ore-looking all th'ignobler Wood; and, Some from the Rocks cast themselves down headlong; and many more: but it is enough to instance in a few.* The thing is, that the disposition of words and numbers should be such, as that out of the order and sound of them, the things themselves may be represented. This the *Greeks* were not so accurate as to bind themselves to; neither have our *English Poets* observed it, for ought I can find. The *Latins* (*qui musas colunt severiores*) sometimes did it, and their *Prince, Virgil*, always. In whom the examples are innumerable, and taken notice of by all judicious men, so that it is superfluous to collect them.

26 *Eternity* is defined by *Boet. Lib. 5. de Consolat. Interminabilis vitæ tota simul & perfecta possessio.* The

whole and perfect possession, ever all at once, of a Being without beginning or ending. Which *Definition* is followed by *Tho. Aquin.* and all the *Schoolmen*; who therefore call *Eternity Nunc stans*, a standing *Now*, to distinguish it from that *Now*, which is a difference of *time*, and is alwayes in *Fluxu*.

27 *Seneca*, methinks; in his 58. *Epist.* expresses this more-divinely than any of the *Divines*: *Manent enim cuncta, non quia aeterna sunt, sed quia defenduntur curâ regentis, Immortalia tutore non egent; hæc conservat Artifex, fragilitatem materia vi sua vincens.* And the *Schoolmen* all agree (except, I think, *Durandus*) that an immediate *concourse of God* is required as well now for the *Conservation*, as at first it was necessary for the *Creation* of the world, and that the nature of things is not left to it self to produce any action, without a concurrent act of God; which when he was pleased, to omit, or suspend, the fire could not burn the three young men in the red-hot Furnace.

28 The Book of *Tobias* speaks of *Seven Angels*: superior to all the rest; and this has been constantly believed according to the Letter, by the ancient *Jews* and *Christians*. *Clem. Alexand. Stromat. 6. Ἐπὶ τὸν μέγιστον δυνάμει ἔχοντας πρωτογενεὺς ἀγγελῶν.* The *Seven* that have the greatest power, the *Firstborn Angels*, *Tob. 12. 15. I am Raphael, one of the Seven holy Angels, which prefer the Prayer of the Saints, and which go in and out before the glory of the Holy one; and this Daniel may very well be thought to mean, when he says, Chap. 10. 13. Lo Michael one of the chief Princes came to help me.* That some *Angels* were under the command of others, may be collected out of *Zachar. 2. 3.* where one *Angel* commands another; *Run, speak to this young man, &c.* and out of *Rev. 12. 7.* where *Michael* and his *Angels*, fought with the *Dragon* and his *Angels*. The number of just *seven* supream *Angels*, *Grotius* conceived to be drawn from the *seven chief Princes* of the *Persian Empire*, but I doubt whether the

the *seven* there were so ancient as this *Tradition*. Three names of these seven the *Scripture* affords, *Michael*, *Gabriel*, & *Raphael*; but for the other four, *Orphiel*, *Zachariel*, *Samael*, & *Anael*, let the Authours of them answer, as likewise for their presiding over the *Seven Planets*,

The Verses attributed to *Orpheus* have an expression very like this of the *Angels*.

Τῶδε θρόνω πορόντι παρεστῶσιν πολύμοχοι

Ἄγγελοι, ὅσι μέμλεθ' ὄροτοῖς ὡς, πάντα τελεῖται.

So *Gabriel* is called *Luke* 1. 19. ὁ παρεστὴς ἐν ὀπίον ἔθει. He that stands before the face of God. And *Daniel* had his vision interpreted by one, ἑβραϊστών, of the standers before God.

29 The Poets are so civil to *Jupiter*, as to say no less when he either *Spoke*, or so much as *Nodded*. *Hom.*

Μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ὀλυμπον.

*Virgil.* *Annal.* Et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.  
Stat — Placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu.

30 *Friends* in the plural, and an intimation of the *Trinity*, for which cause he uses sometimes *We*, and sometimes *I*, and *Me*.

31 I do not like *Homers* repeating of long Messages just in the same words: but here I thought it necessary, the Message coming from *God*, from whose words no creature ought to vary, and being delivered by an *Angel*, who was capable of doing it punctually. To have made him say a long, eloquent, or figurative speech, like that before of *Envy* to *Saul*, would have pleased perhaps some *Readers*, but would have been a crime against τὸ πρέπον, that is, *Decency*.

42 That *Timotheus* by *Musick* enflamed and appeased *Alexander* to what degrees he pleased, that a *Musician* in *Denmark* by the same art enraged King *Ericius*, even to the striking of all his friends about him; that *Pythagoras* taught by the same means a woman to stop the fury of a young man, who came to set her House on fire; that his Scholar *Empedocles* hindred another from murdering his Father, when the Sword was

drawn for that purpose; that the fierceness of *Achilles* his nature was allayed by playing on the Harp (for which cause *Homer* gives him nothing else out of the Spoils of *Eëtion*), that *Damon* by it reduced wild and drunken Youths: and *Asclepiades*, even seditious multitudes to Temper and Reason; that the *Corybantes* and effeminate Priests of *Cybele*, could be animated by it to cut their own flesh (with many more examples of the like kind) is well known to all men conversant among Authors. Neither is it so wonderful, that sudden passions should be raised or suppressed (for which cause *Pindar* says to his Harp, Τὸν αἰχμηάτων κέραυτὸν τῶεννύεις. Thou quenchest the raging Thunder.) But that it should cure settled Diseases in the Body, we should hardly believe, if we had not both Humane and Divine Testimony for it. *Plin. lib. 28. cap. 1. Dixit Homerus profluvium sanguinis vulnerato femine Ulysseni inbibuisse carmine, Theophrastus Ischiadicis sanari, Cato prodidet luxatis membris carmen auxiliari. Mar. Varro Podagris;* Where *Carmen* is to be understood as joyned with *musical notes*. For the cure of the *Sciatick*, *Theophrastus* commends the *Phrygian Musick* upon the *Pipe*, and *A. Gell.* for giving ease to it, *Ut memoria proditum est*, as it is (says he) reported. *Apollon.* in his Book *de Miris* speaks thus It is worthy admiration, that which *Theophrastus* writes in his Treatise of *Enthusiasm*, that *Musick* cures many passions and diseases, both of the Mind and Body, Καθάωρε λειποθυμίας, φόβος δὲ τὰς ἐπιμακρόν, γίννηθρίας. Ἐ Διανοίας ἐκτρέσεις. ἰᾶται γάρ φησιν ἡ καὶ βύλησις ἢ Ἰχιάδα ἢ Ἐπιληψίαν. And the same author witnesses, that many in his time, especially the *Thebans* used the *Pipe* for the cure of several sicknesses, which *Galen* calls καὶ αὐλεῖν ἔ τὸ πρ, *Super loco affecto tibiâ canere*; or, *Loca dolentia decantare*. So *Zenocrates* is said to have cured Mad men, *Periander* and *Arion* divers other Maladies. But if it were not for this example of *David*, we should hardly be convinced of this *Physick*, unless it be



be in the particular cure of the *Turantism*, the experiments of which are too notorious to be denyed or eluded, and afford a probable argument that other Diseases might naturally be expelled so too, but that we have either lost, or not found out yet the Art. For the explication of the reason of these cures, the Magicians fly to their *Cohodes*; the *Platoniques*, to their *Anima Mundi*; the *Rabbies* to Fables and Prodigies not worth the repeating. *Baptista Porta* in his *Natural Magick*; seems to attribute it to the *Magical Power of the Instrument*, rather than of the *Musick*; for he says, that *Madneß* is to be cured by the harmony of a *Pipe* made of *Hellebore*, because the *Juice* of that Plant is held good for that purpose; and the *Sciaticque* by a *Musical Instrument* made of *Poplar*, because of the virtue of the *Oyl* of that Tree to mitigate those kind of pains. But these, and many *Sympathetical* experiments are so false, that I wonder at the negligence or impudence of the *Relators*. *Picus Miranti* says, That *Musick* moves the *Spirits* to act upon the *Soul*, as Medicines do to operate upon the *Body*, and that it cures the *body* by the *Soul*, as *Physick* does the *Soul* by the *Body*. I conceive the true natural reason to be, that in the same manner as *Musical* sounds move the outward air, so that does the *Inward*, and that the *Spirits*, and they the *Humours* (which are the seat of *Diseases*) by *Condensation*, *Rarefaction*, *Dissipation*; or *Expulsion of Vapours*, and by Vertue of that *Sympathy of Proportion*, which I express afterwards in Verse. For the producing of the effect desired, *Athan Kircherus* requires four conditions? 1. *Harmony* 2. *Number* 3. *Proportion*. and *Efficacious* and parthetical words joyned with the *Harmony* (which (by the way) were fully and distinctly understood in the *Musick* of the *Ancients*.) And 4. An adopting of all these to the *Constitution*, *Disposition*, and *Inclinations* of the *Patient*. Of which, and all things on this subject, he is well worth the diligent reading, *Liber de arte magni Consoni & Diffoni*.

33 Scaliger in his *Hypercrit.* blames *Claudian* for his excursion concerning the burning of *Ætna*, and for enquiring the cause of it in his own person. If he had brought in, says he, any other person making the relation, I should endure it. I think he is too *Hypercritical* upon so short a *Digression*; however, I chuse here upon this new occasion, by the by to make a new short *Invocation* of the *Muse*, and that which follows, *As first a various unform'd*, is to be understood as from the person of the *Muse*: For this second *Invocation* upon a particular matter, I have the authority of *Homer* and *Virgil*; which nevertheless I should have omitted, had the digression been upon any subject but *Musick*, *Hom. Il. 2.*

Ἔσπετε γύν μοι Μῆσοι Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχουσι

Ἵμῆσι γὰρ θεοὶ ἔστε, πάρεστε τε, ἴσῃ τε πάντῃ.

Ἡμῆσι δὲ κλέος οἷον ἀκρόμαθι, εἰ δὲ καὶ ἰδμαθι.

And *Virgil* twice in the same Book. (*Æn. 7*)

*Nunc age qui Reges, Erato* ———

*Tu vatem tu Diva mone, &c.*

And a little after,

*Pandite nunc Heliconæ Deæ, contúsq; ciete* ———

*Et meministis enim Divæ, & memorare potestis,*

*Ad nos vix tenuis fama perlabitur aura.*

34 I have seen an excellent saying of *S. Augustines*, cited to this purpose, *Ordinem sæculorum tanquam pulcherrimum Carmen ex quibusdam quasi ambithetis honestavit Deus --- sicut contraria contrariis opposita sermonis pulchritudinem reddunt, ita quãdam non verborum sed rerum eloquentiã contrariorum oppositione sæculi pulchritudo componitur.* And the *Scripture* witnesses, that the *World* was made in *Number*, *Weight*, and *Measure*; which are all qualities of a good *Poem*. This order and proportion of things is the true *Musick* of the world, and not that which *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Tully*, *Macrobius*, and many of the *Fathers* imagined, to arise audibly from the circumvolution of the *Heavens*. This is their *musical* and loud voice, of which *David* speaks, *Pf. 19. The Heavens declare the glory of the Lord ---*

*There*

There is no Speech nor Language where their voice is not heard. Their sound is gone out through all the Earth, and their words to the end of the world — Or as our Translation nearer the Hebrew (they say) renders it, Their Line is gone out, *Linea, vel amuffis eorum*: To shew the exactness of their proportion.

35 Even this distinction of sounds in the art of Musick, is thought by some to have been invented from the consideration of elementary qualities: In imitation of which, *Orpheus* is said to have formed a Harp with four strings, and set them to different Tunes: The first to *Hypate*, to answer to the *Fire*. The second to *Parhypate*, for the *Water*. The third to *Paranete*, for the *Air*. And the fourth to *Nete*, for the *Earth*.

36 Because the *Moon* is but 28. days, and *Saturn* above 29 years in finishing his course.

37 There is so much to be said of this subject, that the best way is to say nothing of it. See at large *Kircherus* in his 10. Book *de Arte Consoni & Dissoni*.

38 The *Weapon-Salve*.

39 The common Experiment of *Sympathy* in two *Unisons*; which is most easily perceived by laying a straw upon one of the strings, which will presently move upon touching the other.

40 Here may seem to want connexion between this verse and the *Psalms*. It is an *Elleipsis*, or leaving something to be understood by the *Reader*; to wit, *That David sung to his Harp, before Saul, the ensuing Psalm*. Of this kind is that in *Virgil*,

*Fungimus hospitio dextras, & tecta subimus.*

*Templa Dei saxo venerabar structa vet uslo.*

*Da propriam Thymbrae domum, &c. —*

Where is understood *Et venerans dixi*, or some such words, which methinks, are more gracefully omitted, than they could have been supplied by any care. Though *Scaliger* be of another mind in the 4. Book of *Poesie*, where he says, that there are some places in *Virgil*, where the sense is discontinued & interrupted by

by the leaving out of some verses, through the over-much severity of his judgment (*morosissimo iudicio*) with an intent of putting in better in their place; and he instances in these, where for my part I should be sorry that *Virgil* himself had filled up the gap. The like *Elleipsis* is in his 5 Book, upon the death of *Palinurus*

*Multa gemens casuq; animum percussus amici  
O nimium cælo & pelago confise sereno,  
Nudus in ignotâ Palenure jacebis arenâ.*

And such is that in *Statius*, 2 *Theb.*

—— *Ni tu Tritonia Virgo  
Consilio degnata virum --- State gente superbi  
Oeneos, absentes cui dudum vincere Thebas  
Annuiimus ---*

And why do I instance in these, since the examples are so frequent in all Poets?

For this liberty of inserting an *Ode* into an *Heroick Poem*, I have no authority or example; and therefore like men who venture upon a new coast, I must run the hazard of it. We must sometimes be bold to innovate,

*Nec minimum meruere decus vestigia Græca  
Ausî deserere --- Hor.*

*Psal.* 58. 5, *They are like the deaf Adder, that stoppeth her ear, which will not hearken to the voice of the Charmer, charm he never so wisely.* So *Jerem.* 8. 17. *Behold I will send Serpents, Cockatrices among you, which will not be charmed: Serpentes Regulos quibus non est Incantatio:* which Texts are ill produced by the *Magick-mongers* for a proof of the power of *Charms*: For the first is plainly against them, *Adder* being there taken for *Serpent* in general, not for one *Species* of *Serpents*, which alone had a quality of resisting *Incantations*: and the other is no more than if the Prophet should have said, *Though you practise Magick Arts, like other Nations; and think like them, that you can charm the very Serpents, yet you shall find with all your Magick, no remedy against those which I shall send among you; for nothing*

nothing in all the whole humane, or diabolical Illusion of *Magick* was so much boasted off as the power of Spells upon *Serpents*, they being the creatures most *antipathetical* and terrible to humane nature.

*Frigidus in pratis cantantulo rumpitur anguis.* Virg.

*Vipereas rumpo verbis & carmine fauces.* Ovid.

*Inq; pruinoso coluber distenditur arvo.*

*Viperei coeunt abrupto corpore nodi,*

*Humanoq; cadit Serpens afflata veneno.* Lucan.

Nothing is more notorious (for it was accounted one of the wonders of the *World*) than the κήπεον or παρδεισον κρημνισ, rendred by the *Latines*, *Hortus pensilis* at *Babylon* which was planted on the top of prodigious buildings, made for that purpose, fifty Cubits high, four square, & each side containing four Acres of ground. It was planted with all sorts of Trees, even the greatest, and adorned with many Banqueting-Houses. The particular description see in *Diodor. Sicul. l. 11.* and out of him in *Qu. Curt. l. 5.* It was built, they say, by a *Syrian King* (to wit, *Nabuchodonosor*, for so *Josephus l. 10.* and *Suidas* expressly say) in favour of a *Persian Wife*, of his who as *Q. Curt.* speaks, *Desiderio nemorum sylvarumq; in campestribus locis virum compulsi naturæ genium amœnitate hujus operis imitari.* And *D. Chr. soptome* mentions an other of the like kind at *Susæ*, in his *Sermon of Riches*, Οὐδ' ἂν γίνοντο παρὲς ἄνθρωποι ἰουδαίμενος ἀνόητοι καὶ ἄφρονες εἰδ' ἂν τὸ ἐν Σέσσοις παράδεισοι οἰκοδομήσωσι, ὅς ἢ ὡς φασί, μετέωρον ἄπυς These were miracles of their kind; but the use of Gardens made upon the top of Palaces, was very frequent among the ancients, *Seneca, Trig. Act. 3. Thyest.*

*Nulla culminebus meis Imposita nutat sylva.* Sen.

*Epist. 122.*

*Non vivunt contra naturam qui pomaria in summis turribus serunt? quorum silvæ in tectis domorum ac fastigiis nutant, inde ortis radicibus, quò improbè cacumina egissent.* *Plin. In tectis olim Romæ scandeant silvæ;*

Which

Which luxury, as all others, came out of *Asia* into *Europe*; and that it was in familiar use among the Hebrews, even in *David's* time, several Texts of Scripture make me conjecture, 2 *Sam.* 26. 22. They spread for *Absalom* a Tent upon the Top of the House, and *Absalom* went into his Fathers Concubines in the sight of all *Israel*, 2 *Sam.* 11. 2. And it came to pass in an evening, that *David* arose from off his bed, and walked upon the roof of the Kings house; and from the roof he saw a woman washing her self. And 1 *Sam.* 9. 25. *Samuel* communed with *Saul* upon the top of the House. And again, verse 26.

44 1 *Sam.* 19. 13. And *Michol* took an image, and put it in the bed, and put a pillow of goats hair for his Bolster, and covered it with a cloath, An Image, the Hebrew is *Theraphim*, a word much disputed of, and hardly ever used in a good sense but here. The Images that *Rachel* stole from *Laban*, are so called; which there the *Septuagint* translate by *Ἐιδωλον*, in other places by *Θεραφεῖν*. or *Θεραφῖν*, sometimes by *γλυπτόν*, here by *κενοπέφισον* the most improperly of all, *Herse*, or the representations of the Dead, laid upon *Herses*. The *Latin* use *Simulachrum*, or *Statua*, and *Aquila*, *μορφώματα*. The fancy of *Josephus* is extraordinarily *Rabbinical*. He says, that *Michol* put between the cloathes the Liver of a She-Goat, newly cut out, and shewed the palpitation of it under the coverlet to the Souldiers saying that it was *David*, and that he had not slept all night: How come such men as he to have such odd dreams? *Ribera* upon *Hosea* says thus, What *Statue* was it that she placed in the bed? Certainly no Idol: for those were not to be found in the house of *David* nor any *Astronomical Image*, made for the reception of celestial influences, which *R. Abraham* believes for those were not allowable among the Jews; but she made some figure like a man, out of several cloaths, which she stuf with other things, like *Scarrows* or those figures presented to wild Bulls in the  
Thea

Theaters, or those that are placed upon great mens *Horses*. And she put the skin of a she-Goat about his head, to represent his red hair, which last is most ridiculous, and all before only improbable: For what time had she to make up such a *Puppet*? I do therefore believe, that she had a statue of *David* in the house, and laid that in the bed, pretending that he was speechless, and even this deceit I am forced to help, with all the circumstances I could imagine, especially with that most material one, *And for th' impression God prepared their sense*. And now concerning the *Civil use* of *Images* among the *Jews*, I have declared my opinion before, which whether it be true or no, is not of importance in *Poetry*, as long as it hath any appearance of probability.

5 It was a necessary condition required in all Sacrifices, that they should be without *Blemish*. See *Levit. 1.* and this was observed too among the *Heathen*.

6 *Rama*, or *Ramatha*, and *Naioth*, were not several Towns, but *Naioth* was a place in, or close by *Rama*, where there were wont to be solemn Religious meetings. *Adricom*

7 The Description of the *Prophets Colledge* at *Naioth*, looks at first sight, as if I had taken the pattern of it from ours at the *Universities*; but the truth is, our (as many other *Christian* customs) were formed after the example of the *Jews*. They were not properly called *Prophets*, or foretellers of future things, but Religious persons, who separated themselves from the business of the world, to employ their time in the contemplation and praise of God; their manner of praising him was by singing of Hymns, and playing upon Musical Instruments: for which cause 1 *Sam. 10. 5.* they carryed with them a *Psaltery*, *Tabret*, *Pipe*, and *Harp*; These it is probable were instituted by *Samuel*; for the 19, and 20. they saw the company of *Prophets* prophesying (that is, saw them together in *Divine Service*) and *Samuel* standing,

as

as appointed over them, *Stantem super eos*; which the Chaldee interprets *Stantem docentem eos*; Preaching to them. These are the first *Religious Orders* heard off in Antiquity, for whom *David* afterwards composed *Psalms*. They are called by the *Chaldee Scribes*, because they laboured in reading, writing, learning and teaching the Scriptures; and they are called *Filii Prophetarum*, as *2 King. 2. 3.* The Sons of the *Prophets* that were at *Bethel*; and *v. 5.* the *Sons of the Prophets* that were at *Fericho*: out of which may be collected, that *Colledges* of them were founded in several Towns. They are thus named (*Sons of the Prophets*) either because they were taught by *Samuel*, *Elias*, *Elisha*, or some of the great and properly called *Prophets*, or in the sense that the *Greeks* term *Physitians* ἰατρῶν παῖδας, The *Sons of the Physitians*; and the *Hebrews* Men, the *Son of Men*; but I rather believe the former, and that none but the young Scholars or Students are meant by this appellation. To this alludes *S. Matth. 11. 19.* *Wisdom is justified of her Children.* And the *Masters* were called *Fathers*, as *Elisha* to *Elijah*, *2 King. 2. 12.* *My Father, my Father, &c.*

48 For the several Sprinklings and Purifications by water, commanded in the Law of *Moses*, and so often mentioned in the Books of *Exod. Levit. Numb.* and *Deutero.* the omission of which, in some cases was punished with no less than death, *Exod. 30. 20.*

49 I have learned much of my *Masters*, or *Rabbies*, more of my *Companions*, most of my *Scholars*, was the speech of an ancient *Rabbi*, from whence we may collect this distinction, of *Scholars*, *Companions*, and *Rabbies*, or *Doctors*. The chief *Doctors* sate in the *Synagogues*, or *Schools*, in high chairs (perhaps like *Pulpits*) the *Companions* upon Benches below them, and the *Scholars* on the ground at the feet of their *Teachers*, from whence *S. Paul* is said to be brought up at the feet of *Gamaliel*; and *Mary* sate at *Jesus* his feet, and heard his word, *Luk 10. 39.* After the *Scholars* had made



made good progress in learning, they were *Elected* and made, by imposition of hands, *Companions* to the *Rabbies*, like our *Fellows* of *Colleges* to the *Masters*, which makes me call them *Th' Elected Companions*.

The furniture of the *Prophet Elisha's* chamber, 2 *Kings*, 4. 10.

It was the ancient custom to cover the *Seats* and *Table Beds* with beasts skins: So *Eumæus* places *Ulysses* *Odyss* 13.

Ἐπέσειν δ' ἐπὶ δέσμαϊ ἰονῆυδ' ἄγχι αἰγῆς.

*Collocavit super pellem villosam silvestris caprae.*

So *Eumæus* *Aeneas*, 8 *Aeneid*.

*Præcipuumq; toro et villosi pelle Leonis*

*Accipit Aeneas* —

*Ovid. Qui poterat pelles a Idere dives erat.*

There is a great dispute among the *Learned*, concerning the antiquity of this custom of *Lying down* at meat; and most of the *Critiques* are against me, who make it here so ancient. That the *Romans* at first used *sitting* at table, is affirmed by *Pliny*; that the *Graecians* did so too, appears by *Athenaus*, l. 7 c. 15. That in our Saviours time (long before which the *Romans* and *Graecians* had changed *sitting* into *lying*) the *Jews* lay down is plain from the several words used in the *New Testament* upon this occasion, as ἀναπίπτειν, *Luke* 12 ἀνακείθαι *Matth* 26. κατακείθαι *Luke* 14. ἀνακλιθῆναι, *Matth*. 26, so *John* is said to lean on *Jesus* *v. 10.*, *Johan*. 13. 23. that is, lay next to him at the *Feast*; and alluding to this custom, *Christ* is said to be in the *bosom* of his *Father*, and the *Saints* in the *bosom* of *Abraham*. So I think the *Jews* took this fashion from the *Romans* after they were subdued by them, but that is a mistake; for the *Romans* rather took it from the *Eastern* people: even in the *Prophets* time we have testimony of this custom, *Ezek*. 23. 41. *Thou satest upon a stately bed, and a table prepared before it*, *Amos*. 2. 8. *They lay themselves upon clothes laid to pledge by every Altar*; that is, they used garments laid

laid to pledge instead of *Beds*, when at the Altars they eat things sacrificed to *Idols*. What was the fashion in *Samuels* time, is not certain; it is probable enough for my turn, that *Discubation* was then in practice and long before; for the plucking off their shoe when they went to *Table*, seems to imply it, that being done to preserve the *Beds* clean. And why had the *Jews* a strick particular command to have their shoe on their feet at the eating of the *Passover*, but because they were wont to have their shoes off at other meals

53 There is no matter capable of receiving the marks of *Letters*, that hath not been made use of by the Ancients for that purpose. The *twelve Tables* of the *Roman Laws* were ingraven in *Brass*; so was the League made with the *Latines*, *Liv. Dec. j. Lib. 2.* and *Talus* amongst the *Cretans* was feigned to be a Man made of *Brass* by *Vulcan* ( of whom they reported many ridiculous stories ) because he carried about in that Country the Laws graven in brass, and put them severely in execution. *Pausan.* in *Bæotic.* makes mention of the whole Book of *Hesiods* Ἐργα καὶ ἡμετέων written in Lead which kind of plates *Sueton* in *Nerone* calls *Charta plumbea*, *Leaden paper*. The fashion was in use before *Jobs* time; for he says, *Job 19. 23. 24.* *Obtained my words were graven with an Iron pen and Lead in the Rock for ever.* *Rock*, that is, the *Leaden plates* should be placed upon *Rocks* or *Pillars*. They likewise anciently engraved the very pillars themselves; as those two famous ones of *Enoch*, one of which was extant even in *Josephus* his days. And *Iamblicus* avows that he took the principles of his mystical Philosophy from the *Pillars of Mercurie*. *Plin. l. 7. 56.* reports that the *Babylonians* and *Assyrians* write their Laws in *Cottis lateribus*, that is. *Pillars of Brick*, *Moses* his in *Stone*. *Horace,*

*Non incisa notis marmora publicis.*

But of this kind of writing, I was not to make mention in a *private Library*. They used also of old *Plates* of  
Leave

Leaves of Ivory; from whence they were termed *Libri Eliphantini*; not as some conceive, from their bigness. Mart.

*Nigra tibi niveum littera pingat ebur.*

As for Wood and Slates, we may easily believe, that they and all other capable materials were written upon. Of thin shavings of wood the *Longobards* at their first coming into *Italy*, made *Leaves* to write on: some of which *Pancirellus* had seen and read in his time.

4. See *Plin l. 13. 11.* From whence *Letters* are called *Phœnicean*, not from the *Country*, but from *φοίνιξ*, a *Palm tree*. But *Guiland de Papyro* thinks that *Phœnicea* in *Pliny* is not the same with *φοίνιξ*, and has a long discourse to prove that *Palm Leaves* were not in use for writing, and that we should read *Malvarum* instead of *Palmarum*, which is a bold correction upon very slight grounds. It is true, they did anciently write too upon *Mallows*, as appears by *Isidor.* and the *Epigram* of *Cinna* cited by him:

*Hæc tibi Arateis multùm invigilata lucernis*

*Carmina queis ignes novimus athereos,*

*Lævis in arilulo Malvæ descripta libello*

*Prusiæ ævexi munera naviculâ.*

But this was a *rarity*; for *Mallows* are too soft to be proper for that use. At *Athens* the names of those who were expelled the Senate; were written in some kind of *Leaf*, from whence this sentence was call'd *Ἐκφυλλοφόρησις*, as the names of those banish'd by the people were in *Shells*, but at *Syracuse*, it was in *Olive Leaves*, and called *Πεγάλιμοι δ' ἔπειτα ἰλαίας*. And in this manner wrote *Virgils Sibylla*,

*Folis tantum ne carmina manda.*

*Pliny* testifies that the Books of *Numa* continued so long a time under ground unperish'd, by having been rubbed over with the Oyl of *Cedar*, *Horace. de Ar Pho.*

—— *Speramus carmina fingi*

*Posselinenda Cedro, aut lævi servanda Cupresso?*

Q

Ovid.

Ovid. — *Nec Cedro charta notetur* ; and,  
 — *Cedro digna locutus* ;

Who speaks things worthy to be preserved always by Cedar Oyl ; which was likewise used in the Elbalming of dead Bodies.

55 Of *Linen Books* Livy makes often mention : They were called *Libri Lintei* , and were *Publique Records* , by others termed too *Lintia Mappa* , and *Carbasina volumina* , Silken Volumns, *Claud. de B. Got.*

— *Quid carmina poscat*

*Fatidico custos Romani carbasus avi.*

And *Sym. l. 4. Epist.* *Monitus Cumanos lintea texto sumpserunt.* And *Pliny* says, the *Parthians* used to have Letters woven in their cloaths.

55 *Tender Bark*s. The thin kind of skin between the outward Bark and the body of the Tree. The paper used to this day in *China* and some part of the *Indies* , seems to be made of the same kind of stuff. The name of *Liber*, a Book, comes from hence.

*Some the sharp style*, &c. These waxen Table-books were very ancient , though I am not sure there were any of them in the *Library at Naisoth.* *Iliad. 6. Prætus* sent a Letter in such Tablebooks by *Bellerophon*. The *Style* or *Pen* with which they wrote , was at first made of Iron , but afterwards that was forbid at *Rome* , and they used *styles* of Bone ; it was made sharp at one end to cut the Letters, and flat at the other to deface them ; from whence *stylum vertens*.

56 *Pliny* says , that *Paper* ( so called from the Name of the Reed of which it was made ) or *Charta* ( termed so of a Town of that name in the Marshes of *Egypt* ) was not found out till after the building of *Alexandria* ; and *Parchment* , not till *Eumenes* his time , from whose Royal City of *Pergamus* it was denominated *Pergamena*. In both which he is deceived ; for *Herod.* in *Terps.* says , that the *Fonians* still call *Paper-skins* , because formerly when they wanted Paper , they were forced to make use of *skins* , instead of it. See *Mel. h.*

*Gui-*

*Guiland. de Pap.* upon this argument. And the *Diphthera* of the *Grecians* were nothing else but the skins of beasts, that wherein *Jupiter* is feigned to keep his Memorials of all things was made of the She-Goat that gave him milk. And many are of opinion, that the famous *Golden-Eleece* was nothing but a Book written in a *Sheep-Skin*. *Diod. Sicul. l. 2.* affirms that the *Persian Annals* were written in the like Books; and many more Authorities, if needful, might be produced: however, I call *Parchment* and the *Paper of Egypt* new Arts here: because they were later than the other. *Hieroglyphicks*. The use of which it is very likely the *Jews* had from *Egypt* where they had lived so long, *Lucan. l. 3.*

*Nondum flumineas Memphis contexere Biblos.*

*Noverat, & saxis tantum volucresq; feraq;*

*Sculptaq; servabant magicus animalia linguas.*

*Nathan* and *Gad* were famous *Prophets* in *David's* time; and therefore it is probable they might have lived with *Samuel* in his *Colledge*, for their particular *Professorships*, the one of *Astronomy*, the other of *Mathematicks*, that is a voluntary gift of mine to them; and I suppose the places were very lawfully at my disposing. *Seraia* was afterwards *Scribe* or *Secretary* to *David*, called *1 Kings 4. 3*. *Sisba*, and *1 Chron. 18. 16.* *Shaufha*. *Mabol* the *Reader of Natural Philosophy*, is mentioned, *1 Kings 4. 31.* *Heman* and *Asaph* are often spoken of in the Scripture, *1 Kings 4. 1 Chron. 15. 17, 19.* and *16. 5.* and *37. 41, 42.* and *25.*

9 A *Pyramide* is a figure broad beneath, and smaller and sharper by degrees upward, till it end in a point, like our *Spire Steepels*. It is so called from *Πῦρ*, *Fire*, because *Flame* ascends in that Figure. *Number* is here called a *Turn'd Pyramide*, because the bottom of it is the point *One* (which is the beginning of *Number*, not properly *Number*, as a *Point* is of *Magnitude*) from whence it goes up still larger, just contrary to the nature of *Pyramidical Ascension*.

60 *Sacred blew*. Because of the use of it in the *Curtains* of the *Tabernacle*, the *Curtain* for the *Door*, the *Vail*, the *Priests Ephod*, *Breast-Plate*, and briefly all sacred *Ornaments*. The reason of chusing *Blew*, I suppose to have been in the *Tabernacle* was an *Enblem*, *Numbers* 15. 38. The *Jews* are commanded to make that lace or ribband of *Blew*, werewith their fringes are bound to their cloaths; and they have now left off the very wearing of *Fringes*; because, they say, the art is lost of dying that kind of *Blew*, which was the perfectest sky-colour. *Cæruleus* is derived by some, *Quasi cæluleus*.

61 *Virg. l. 6. Æn.*

*Obloquitur numeris septem discrimia vocum.*

From which *Pancirollus* conjectures that, as we have now six notes in *Musick*, *Ut. Re. Mi. Fa. So. La.* (invented by a *Monk* from the *Hymn* to *S. John*, beginning every line with those syllables) so the ancients had *seven*; according to which *Apollo* too instituted the *Lyre* with seven strings, & *Pindar* calls it *ἑπτάτοπον*, his Interpreter, *ἑπτάμιτον*, the *Argives* forbade under a penalty, the use of more strings.

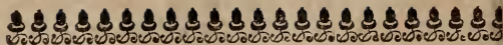
62 *Porphyrus* affirmed, as he is cited by *Eusebius*, 2. *Præpar. Evang.* that the *Egyptians* (that is, the *Thebans* in *Egypt*) believed but *one God*, whom they called *Κνήφ*, whom *Plutarch* also names *de Is & Osyr. & Strabo* l. 17. *Cnuphis*) and that the image of that God was made with an *Egg* coming out of his mouth, to shew that he *Spoke out the world*, that is, made it with his *word*; for an *Egg* with the *Egyptians* was the *symbol* of the *world*. So was it too in the mystical *Ceremonies* of *Bacchus*, instituted by *Orpheus*, as *Plut. Syn. pos.* l. 11. *Quæst.* 3. and *Macrobius* l. 7. c. 16. whence *Proclus* says upon *Timæus*, *Τὸ Ὀρφεϊκὸν ὠὸν ἐστὶ τὸ Ἑ Πλάτωνος ὄν*, to be the same things. *Ves. de Idæ.*

63 *Theophil. ad vers. l. 2. Gent.* Θεὸς ἔχωρεῖται, ἀλλ' ἀντίκειται τόπος ἑ ἐλθῶν, God is in no place, but is the *Place*

of all things; and *Philo*, Ἀυτὸς ἰαυτῷ τόπος; καὶ αὐτὸς ἰαυτῷ πλήρης. Which is the same with the expression here.

4 Gen. 14. 13. *And there came one that had escaped; and told Abram the Hebrew, &c.* which Text hath raised a great controversie among the Learned, about the derivation of the name of the *Hebrews*: The general opinion received of old was, that it came from *Ebor*; which is not improbable, and defended by many learned men, particularly of late by *Rivet* upon Gen. 11. The other, which is more followed by the late Critiques, as *Arpennius*, *Grotius*, and our *Selden*, is, that the name came from *Abrabams* passage over *Euphrates* into *Canaan* (as the name of *Weich* is said to signify no more than *strangers*, which they were called by the people amongst whom they came, and ever after retained it) which opinion is chiefly grounded upon the Septuagint Translation in this Text, who render *Abram* the *Hebrew*, τῷ περὶ τῆς *Passenger*; and *Aquila*, Περασίτη.

5 For even these *Sons of the Prophets* that were Students in Colledges did sometimes likewise foretel future things, as to *Elisba* the taking up of *Elijah*, 2 King. 2. 3, &c.



T H E  
C O N T E N T S

**T**He Friendship betwixt Jonathan and David; and upon that occasion a digression concerning the nature of Love. A discourse between Jonathan and David, upon which the latter absents himself from Court, and the former goes thither, to inform himself of Sauls resolution. The Feast of the New-moon, the manner of the Celebration of it; and therein a Digression of the History of Abraham. Sauls Speech upon Davids absence from the Feast, and his anger against Jonathan. Davids resolution to fly away; he parts with Jonathan, and falls asleep under a Tree. A Description of a Phansie; an Angel makes up a Vision in Davids head; the Vision itself, which is, A Prophecie of all the successions of his Race till Christs time, with their most remarkable actions. At his awaking, Gabriel assumes an humane shape and confirms to him the truth of his Vision.



## DAVIDEIS.

*The second Book.*

**B**Ut now the early birds began to call  
The morning forth; up rose the *Sun* and  
*Saul*;

Both, as men thought, rose fresh from  
sweet repose;

But both, alas, from restless labours rose.  
For in *Saul's* breast, *Envy*, the toilsome *Sin*,  
Had all that night active and tyrannous bin,  
She' expell'd all forms of *Kindness*, *Virtue*, *Grace*;  
Of the past day no footstep left or trace,  
Of the past day no footstep left or trace.

The new-blown sparks of his old rage appear,  
Nor could his *Love* dwell longer with his *fear*.  
So near a storm wise *David* would not stay,  
Nor trust the glittering of a faithless *Day*.

He saw the *Sun* call in his beams apace,  
And angry *Clouds* march up into their place.  
The *Sea* it self smooths his rough brow a while,  
Flattering the greedy *Merchant* with a smile;  
But he, whole ship-wrackt *Barque* it drank before,  
Sees the deceit, and knows it would have more.  
Such is the *Sea*, and such was *Saul*.

But *Jonathan* his *Son*, and *Only Good*,  
Was gentle as fair *Jordan's* useful *Flood*.

Whose innocent stream as it in silence goes.

1 Fresh *Honours*, and a sudden spring bestows  
On both his banks to every flower and tree;  
The manner *How* lies hid, th'effect we see.

But more than *all*, more than *Himself* he lov'd  
The man whose worth his *Fathers* Hatred mov'd.  
For when the noble *youth* at *Dammun* stood  
Adorn'd with *sweat*, and painted gay with *Blood*,

1 Sam.  
18. 1.

*Jonathan* pierc'd him through with greedy Eye  
 And understood the future *Majestie*  
 Then destin'd in the glories of his look ;  
 He saw, and strait was with amazement strook,  
 To see the strength, the feature, and the grace  
 Of his young limbs ; he saw his comely face  
 Where Love and Rev'ence so well mingled  
 were ;

- 2 And *Head*, already crown'd with golden haire-  
 He saw what *Mildness* his bold *Sp'irit* did tame,  
 Gentler than *Light*, yet powerful as a *Flame*.  
 He saw his *Va'our* by their *Safety* prov'd,  
 He saw all this, and as he saw, he *Lov'd*.

What art thou, *Love*, thou great mysterious  
 thing ?

From what hid stock does thy strange *Nature* spring?  
 'Tis thou that mov'est the *world* through every  
 part

And holdst the vast frame close, that nothing start  
 From the due *Place* and *Office* first ordain'd.

- 3 By *Thee* were all things *Made*, and are *sustain'd*.  
 Sometimes wee see the *fully* ; and can say  
 From hence thou took'est thy *Rise*, and went'st  
 that way ;

But oftner the short beams of *Reasons* Eye,  
 See onely, *There thou art*, not *How*, nor *Why*.

How is the *Loadstone*, *Natures* subtle pride,  
 By the rude *Iron* woo'd, and made a *Bride* ?

How was the *Weapon* wounded ? what hid *Flame*  
 The strong and conqu'ring *Metal* overcame ?

- 4 *Love* (this *Worlds* *Grace*) exalts his *Natural* state ;  
 He feels thee, *Love*, and feels no more his *Weight*.

- 5 Ye learned *Heads*, whom *Ivy* garlands grace,  
 Why does that twining plant the *Oak* embrace ;  
 The *Oak* for courtship most of all unfit ;  
 And rough as are the *Winds* that fight with it ?  
 How does the absent *Pole* the *Needle* move ?  
 How does his *Cold* and *Ice* beget *hot* *Love* ?

Which

Which are the *Wings of Lightness* to ascend?  
Or why does *Weight* to th'*Centre* downwards  
bend?

Thus Creatures void of *Life* obey thy *Laws*,  
And seldom *We*, they never know the *Cause*.  
In thy large state, *Life* gives the next degree,  
6 Where *Sense*, and *Good Apparent* places thee,  
But thy chief *Palace* is *Mans Heart* alone,  
7 Here are thy *Triumphs*, and full glories shown;  
Handsome *Desires*, and *Rest* about thee flee,  
*Union, Inherence, Zeal* and *Extasie*.  
Thousand with *Foys* cluster around thine head,  
O're which a gall-less *Dove* her wings does spread;  
A gentle *Lamb*, purer and whiter farre  
Than *Consciencs* of thine own *Martyrs* are,  
Lies at thy feet; and thy right hand does hold  
The mystick *Scepter* of a *Cross* of Gold.  
Thus do'est thou sit (like *Men* e're sin had fram'd  
A guilty blush) *Naked*, but not *Asham'd*.  
What cause then did the fab'ulous *Ancients* find;  
When first their *superstition* made the *blind*?  
'T was *They*, alas, 't was *They* who could not see,  
When they mistook that *Menster, Lust*, for *Thee*;  
Thou art a bright, but not consuming *Flame*;  
Such in th'amazed *Bush* to *Moses* came;  
0.23. When that secure its new-crown'd head did rear,  
And chid the trembling *Branches* needles fear.  
Thy *Darts* of healthful *Gold*, and down wards fall  
Soft as the *Feathers* that they're fletcht withal.  
Such, and no other, were those secret *Darts*,  
Which sweetly toucht this noblest pair of *Hearts*;  
Still to one end they both so justly drew,  
As courteous *Doves* together jok'd would do.  
No weight of *Birth* did on one side prevaile,  
Two *Twins* less even lie in *Natures Scale*.  
They mingled *Fates*, and both in each did share,  
They both were *Servants*, they both *Princes* were.  
If any *Joy* to one of them was sent,

It was most his, to whom it least was meant,  
 And fortunes, malice betwixt both was crost,  
 For striking one, it wounded th' other most.  
 Never did *Marriage* such true *Union* find,  
 Or mens desires with so glad violence bind?  
 For there is still some tincture left of *Sin*,  
 And still the *Sex* will needs be stealing in.  
 Those joys are full of dross, and thicker farre;  
 These, without matter, clear and liquid are.  
 Such sacred *Love* does heaven bright *Spirits* fill,  
 Where *Love* is but to *Understand* and *Will*,  
 With swift and unseen *Motions*; such as We  
 Some what express in heightned *Charitie*.  
 O ye blest one! whose *Love* on earth became  
 So pure that stil in *Heav'n*'t is but the same!  
 There now ye sit, and with mixt souls embrace,  
 Gazing upon great *Loves* mysterious Face,  
 And pity this base world where *Friendship*'s  
 made

A bait for sin, or else at best a *Trade*.

Ah wondrous *Prince*! who a true *Friend* could' st  
 be,

When a *Crown* Flatter'ed, & *Saul* threated Thee!  
 Who held' st him dear, whose *Stars* thy birth did  
 cross!

And bought' st him nobly at a *Kingsdoms* loss!  
*Isra'els* bright *Scepter* far less glory brings;  
 There have been fewer *Friends* on earth than  
*Kings*.

To this strange pitch their high affections flew;  
 Till *Natures* self scarce look'd on them as *Two*.  
 Hither flies *David* for advice and ayde,  
 As swift as *Love* and *Danger* could perswade,  
 As safe in *Jonathans* trust his thoughts remain  
 As when *Himself* but *dreams* them o're again.

My dearest *Lord*, farewell (said he) farewell;  
 He'aven bless the *King*; may no misfortune tell  
 Th' injustice of his hate, when I am dead;

They're

They're coming now, perhaps; my guiltless head  
 Here in your sight, perhaps, must bleeding ly,  
 And scarce your own stand safe for being nigh.  
 Think me not scar'd with *Death*, howe'er't ap-  
 pear,

I know thou can'st not think so: 't's a fear  
 From which thy *Love*, and *Dammin* speaks me  
 free;

I have met him face to face, and ne're could see  
 One terrour in his looks to make me fly  
 When *Vertue* bids me stand; but I would dy  
 So as becomes my *Life*; so as may prove  
*Sauls Malice*, and at least excuse your *Love*.

He stopt, and spoke some passion with his  
 eyes.

Excellent *Friend* (the gallant *Prince* replies)  
 Thou hast so prou'd thy *Virtues*, that they're  
 known

To all good men, more then to each his *own*.  
 Who lives in *Israel*, that can doubtful be  
 Of thy great actions? for he lives by *Thee*.

Such is thy *Valour*, and thy vast *success*,  
 That all things but thy *Loyalty* are less.  
 And should my *Father* at thy rùine aim,

'T would wound as much his *Safety* as his *Fame*:

Think them not coming then to slay thee here,  
 But *doubt* mishaps, as little as you *fear*.

For by thy loving God who e're design  
 Against thy *Life* must strike at it through *Mine*:

But I my royal *Father* must acquit

From such base guilt, or the low thought of it.

Think on his softness when from death he freed:

The faithless *King* of *Am'alecks* cursed seed;

Can he to 'a *Friend*, to 'a *Son* so bloody grow,

He who ev'n sin'd but now to spare a *Foe*?

Admit he could; but with what strength or art

Could he so long close, and seal up his heart?

Such counsels jealous of themselves become,

And

And dare not fix without consent of some.

Few men so boldly ill, great sins to do,

Till licens'd and approv'd by others too.

1 Sam,  
20, 2.

No more (believe 't) could he hide this from me,  
Then I, had he discover'd it, from Thee.

Here they embraces join, and almost tears;

Till gentle *David* thus new prov'd his fears.

The praise you pleas'd (great *Prince*) on me to  
spend

Was all out-spoken when you stil'd me *Friend*.

That name alone does dang'rous glories bring,  
And gives excuse to th' *Envy* of a *King*.

What did his Spear, force, and dark plots impart  
But some eternal rancour in his heart?

Still does he glance the fortune of that day

When drown'd in his own blood *Goliath* lay,

And cover'd half the plain; still hears the sound

How that vast *Monster* fell, and strook the  
ground:

The *Dance*, and, *David* his ten thousand slew,  
Still wound his sickly soul, and still are new.

Great acts t'ambitious *Princes Treasons* grow,

So much they hate that *Safety* which they ow,

*Tyrants* dread all whom they raise high in place,

From the *Good*, danger; from the *Bad*, disgrace.

They doubt the *Lords*, mistrust the *Peoples* hate,

Till *Blood* become a *Principle of State*.

Secur'd nor by their *Guards*, nor by their *Right*,

But still they *Bear* ev'en more then they *Affright*!

Pardon me, *Sir*, your Father's rough and stern:

His *Will* too strong to bend, too proud to learn.

Remember, *Sir*, the *Honey's* deadly sting;

Think on that savage *Justice* of the *King*.

When the same day that saw you do before

Things above Man, should see you Man no  
more.

'T is true th'accursed *Agag* mov'd his truth,

He pitied his tall Limbs and comely youth

Had seen, alas the proof of heav'ens fierce hate,  
 And fear'd no mischief from his powerless fate.  
 Remember how th' old Seer came raging down,  
 And taught him boldly to suspect his Crown.  
 Since then his pride quakes at th' *Almighties* rod,  
 Nor dares he love the man belov'd by *God*.  
 Hence his deep rage and trembling *Envy* springs;  
 Nothing so wild as *Jealousie* of *Kings*.

Whom should he counsel ask, with whom advise;

Who *Reason* and *Gods* counsel does despise,  
 Whose head-strong will no *Law* or *Conscience*  
 daunt,

Dares he not sin, do'you think, without your grant?

Yes, if the truth of our fixt love he knew,  
 He would not doubt, believe't, to kill ev'en you

The Prince is mov'd, & straight prepares to find  
 The deep resolves of his griev'd Fathers mind.

The danger now appears, *Love* can shoon show't,  
 And force his *Stubborn* piety to know't

They agree that *David* should conceal'd abide,  
 Till his great friend had the Courts temper try'd,

Till he had *Sauls* most secret purpose found,  
 And searcht the depth and rancour of his wound.

'T was the years seventh-born *Moon*; the so-  
 lemn *Feast*

That with most noise its sacred mirth exprest.  
 From op'ning Morn till night shuts in the day,  
 On *Trumpets* and *shrill Horns* the *Levites* play.

9 Whether by this in mystick *Type* we see  
 The *New-years-Day* of great *Evernitie*,  
 When the chang'd *Moon* shall no more changes  
 make,

And scatter'd *Deaths* by *Trumpets* sound awake,

Or that the *Law* be kept in *Mem'ory* still,  
 Giv'en with like noise on *Sina's* shining Hill,

11 Or that (as some men teach) it did arise

Sam.  
 O, 5,  
 c,  
 2v, 13.  
 4,  
 v, 26.  
 10  
 2, 19.  
 11

- From faithfull *Arams* righteous *Sacrifice*,  
 Who whilst the *Ram* on *Isaac's* fire did fry,  
 His *Horn* with joyful tunes stood sounding by.  
 Obscure the *Cause*; but *God* his will declar'd;  
 And all nice knowledge then with ease is spar'd
- 12 At the third hour *Saul* to the hallowed Tent  
 Midst a large train of *Priests* and *Courtiers* went;  
 Thee sacred *Herd* marcht proud and softly by;  
 Too fat and gay to think their deaths so nigh.
- 13 Hard fate of *Beasts*, more innocent then *We*!  
 Prey to our *Lux'ury*; and our *Pietie*!  
 Whose guiltless blood on *boards* and *Altars* spilt,  
 Serves both to *Make*, and *Expiate* too our guilt!  
 Three bullocks of free neck, two gilded *Rams*,
- 14 Two well-washt *Goats*, and fourteen spotless  
 Lambs,  
 With the three vital fruits, *Wine*, *Oyl*, and *Bread*,  
 (Small fees to heav'n of all by which we're fed)  
 Are offerd'd up; the allowed flames arise,  
 And faithful pray'rs mount with them to the  
 skies.
- 15 From thence the *King* to th'outmost Court is  
 brought,  
 Where heav'nly things an inspir'd *Prophet*  
 taught,  
 And from the sacred Tent to his Palace gates,  
 With glad kind thoutsth' Assembly on him wai-  
 tes;
- The chearful *Horns* before him loudly play,  
 And fresh-strewd' flowers paint his triumphant
- 48 way.
- Thus in slow State to th' *Palace Hall* they go,  
 Rich drest for solemn *Luxury* and *Show*;
- 16 Ten pieces of bright *Tapest'ry* hung the room,  
 The noblest work e're stretcht on *Syrian* loom;  
 For wealthy *Adri'el* in proud *Sydon* wrought  
 And giv'n to *Saul* when *Sauls* best gift he  
 sought



The bright-ey'd *Morab*; for that mindful day.  
 No ornament so proper seem'd as thay.

27 There all old *Abrams* story you might see;

18 And still some *Angel* bore him companie.

His painful, but well-guided Travels, show  
 The fate of all his *Sons*, the *Church* below.

20 Here beauteous *Sara* to great *Pharao* came,  
 He blusht with sudden *passion*, she with *shame*;  
 Troubled she seem'd, and lab'oring in the strife  
 'T wixt her own *Honor*, and her *Husbands Life*.

Gen. 14.

Here on a conqu'ring *Host* that careless lay,  
 Drown'd in the joys of their new gotten prey,  
 The *Patriarch* falls; well mingled might you  
 see

20 The confus'd marks of *Death* and *Luxury*.

21 In the next piece blest *Salems* mystick King

22 Does sacred Presents to the *Victor* bring;

Gen. 14.

18.

Like him whose *Type* he bears, his rights recei-  
 ves;

Strictly-requires his *Due*, yet freely *gives*,

Ev'en in his port, his habit, and his face;

The *Mild*, and *Great*, the *Priest* and *Prince* had  
 place.

Gen. 15.

Here all their starry host the heavens display;

And, Lo, an heav'only *Youth*, more fair then  
 they,

Gen. 17.

Leads *Abram* forth; points upwards; such said  
 he,

So bright and numberless thy *Seed* shall be.

23 Here he with God a new *Alliance* makes,

24 And in his flesh the marks of *Homage* takes;

Here he the three mysterious *persons* feasts;

25 Well gayd with joyful tidings by his *Guests*.

Gen.

3. 2.  
 er. 10.  
 en. 18.

Here for the *wicked Town* he prays, and near  
 Scarce did the *wicked town* through *Flames* ap-  
 pear.

3.  
 en. 19.  
 4.

And all his *Fate*, and all his *Deeds* were  
 wrought,

Since

74 of the Troubles of David. Book II.

Since he from \* *Ur* to \* *Ephrons* cave was brought.

26

\* *Gen.*

11. 31.

\* *Gen.*

But none 'mongst all the forms drew then their eyes

25. 9.

*Gen* 22.

Like faithful *Abrams* righteous *Sacrifice*.

27

*Ver.* 3.

The sad old man mounts slowly to the place,

With *Natures* power triumphant in his face

O're the *Minds* courage; for in spight of all

*Ver.* 6.

From his swoln eyes resistless waters fall.

28

The inno'cent *Boy* his cruel burthen bore.

With smiling looks, and sometimes walk'd before.

And sometimes turn'd to talk; above was made

*Ver.* 9,

The *Altars* fatal *Pile*, and on it laid

29

The *Hope* of *Mankind*; patiently he lay,

And did his *Syre*, as he his *God*, obey.

*Ver.* 10,

The mournful *Syre* lifts up at last the knife,

And on one moments string depends his *life*

In whose young *loyns* such broodings wonders ly.

A thousand *Spir'its* peep'd from th'affrighted sky.

Amaz'd at this strange *Scene*; and almost fear'd.

For all those joyful *Propbesies* they'd heard.

*Ver.* 11,

Till *one* leapt nimbly forth by *Gods* command

Like *Lightning* from a *Cloud*, and stopt his hand:

The gentle *Spirit* smil'ed kindly as he spoke,

New beames of joy through *Abrams* wonder broke.

*Ver.* 13,

The *Angel* points to'a tuft of bushes near,

Where an entangled *Ram* does half appear;

And struggles vainly with that fatal net,

Which though but slightly wrought, was firmly set.

For, lo, anon, to this sad glory doom'd;

The useful *Beast* on *Isaac's* *Pile* consum'd;

Whilst

Whilst on his *Horns* the ravsom'd couple plaid,  
And the glad *Boy* danc'd to the tunes he made.

Near this *Halls* end a *Shittim Table* stood;  
Yet well-wrought plate strove to conceal the  
wood,

For from the foot a golden vine did sprout,  
And cast his fruitful riches all about.

Well might that beauteous *Ore* the *Grape* ex-  
press,

Which does weak Man intoxicate no less.

Of the same wood the gilded beds were made;

And on them large embroidered *carpets* laid,

From *Egypt* the right thop of *Follies* brought,

30 But *Arts* of *Pride* all *Nations* soon are taught.

Behold sev'en comely blooming *Youths* appear;

31 And in their hands sev'en silver *washpots* bear,

Curl'd, and gay clad; the choicest Sons that be

Of *Gibeons* race, and *Slaves* of high degree.

Seven beauteous *Maids* marcht softly in be-  
hind;

Bright scarfs their cloathes, their hair fresh Gar-  
lands bind,

And whilst the *Princes* wash, they on them shed

32 Rich *Oyntments*, which their costly odours  
spread.

O're the whole room; from their small *prisons*  
free

With such glad haste through the wide air they  
flee.

33 The *King* was plac'd alone, and o're his head

am, A well-wrought *Heav'en* of silk and gold was  
25. spread.

Azure the ground, the *Sun* in gold shone bright,  
But pierc'd the wandring *Clouds* with silver  
light.

The right hand bed the *Kings* three Sons did  
grace,

The third was *Abners*, *Adriels*, *Dauids* place.

And

76 of the Troubles of David. Book I.

And twelve large Tables more were fill'd below  
With the prime men *Sauls Court* and *Camp* coul  
show;

34 The palace did with *mirth* and *musick* sound,  
And the crown'd *goblets* nimbly mov'd around  
But though bright joy in every guest did shine,  
The plenty, state, musick, and sprightful wine  
Were lost on *Saul*; an angry care did dwell  
In his dark brest, and all gay forms expell.

1 Sam.  
20. 26.  
27.  *Davids* unusual absence from the feast,  
To his sick Spir'it did jealous thoughts suggest.  
Long lay he still; nor drank, nor eat, nor spoke  
And thus at last his troubled silence broke.

Where can he be? said he; It must be so:  
With that he paus'd awhile; Too well we know  
His boundless pride: he grieves and hates to see  
The solemn *triumphs* of my *Court* and *Me*.

Believe me, friends, and trust what I can show  
From thousand proofs, th'ambitious *David* now  
Does those vast things in his proud soul design  
That too much *business* give for *Mirth Wine*.

He's kindling now perhaps, rebellious fire  
Among the *Tribes*, and does ev'n now conspire  
Against my *Crown*, and all our *Lives*, whilst we  
Are loth ev'en to *suspect*, what we might *See*.

35 By the *Great Name*, 't is true.

With that he strook the board, and no man  
there

1 Sam.  
20 28.  
19. But *Jonathan* durst undertake to clear  
The blameless *Prince*; and scarce ten words he  
spoke,

When thus his speech th'enraged *Tyrant* broke.

36  
W. 30.  
31. Disloyal *Wretch*! thy gentle *Mothers shame*  
Whose cold pale *Ghost* ev'en blushes at th  
*name*!

Who fears lest her chaste bed should doubted be  
And her white fame stain'd by black deeds c  
*thee*!

Can't

Book II. *of the Troubles of David.* 77

Can'st thou be *Mine*? a *Crown* sometimes does  
hire

Ev'en *Sons* against their *Parents* to conspire,  
But ne're did story yet, or fable tell  
Of one so wild, who meerly to *Rebel*  
Quitted th'unquestion'ed *birthright* of a *Throne*,  
And bought his *Fathers* ruine with his *own*:  
Thou need'st not plead th'ambitious *youths* de-  
fence;

Thy crime clears his, and makes that *Innocence*.  
Nor can his foul *Ingratitude* appear,  
Whilst thy *unnatural guilt* is plac'ed so near.  
Is this not noble *Friendship* you pretend?  
*Mine*, thine own *Foe*, and thy worst *Enemies*  
*Friend*?

If thy low spirit can thy great *birthright* quit,  
The thing's but just, so ill deserv'est thou it.  
*I*, and thy *Brethren* here have no such mind;  
Nor such prodigious worth in *David* find,  
That we to him should our just rights resign,  
Or think *Gods choice* not made so well as *Thine*.  
*Shame* of thy *House* and *Tribe*! hence, from mine  
Eye,

To thy false *Friend*, and servile *Master* fly;  
He's ere this time in arms expecting thee;  
Haste, for those arms are rais'd to ruine *Me*.  
Thy sin that way will *nobler* much appear,  
Then to remain his *Spy* and *Agent* here.

When I think this, *Nature* by thee forsook;  
Forsakes me too. With that his spear he took  
To strike at him; the mirth and musick cease;  
The guests all rise this sudden storm t'appease;

37 The *Prince* his *danger*, and his *duty* knew;  
Ver. 34. And low he bow'd, and silently withdrew.

To *David* strait, who in a forest nigh  
Ver. 35. Waits his advice, the royal *Friend* does fly.  
The sole advice, now like the danger clear,  
Was in some foreign land this storm t'outwear.

78 Davideis, *A Sacred Poem*. Book II

All marks of comely grief in both are seen;  
 And mournful kind discourses past between.  
 Now generous tears their hasty tongues restrain,  
 Now they begin, and talk all o're again.

A reverent *Oath* of constant love they take,  
 And *Gods* high name their dreaded *witnes*  
 make;

Not that at all their *Faiths* could doubtful  
 prove;

But 't was the tedious *zeal* of endless *Love*.

Thus e're they part, they the short time bestow  
 In all the pomp *Friendship* and *Grief* could  
 show,

And *David* now with doubtful cares oppress,  
 Beneath a shade borrows some little rest;

When by command divine thick *mists* arise,  
 And stop the *Sense*, and close the conqu'ring  
 eyes.

38 There is a place which *Man* most high doth  
 rear,

The *small Worlds Heav'n*, where *Reason* moves  
 the *Sphere*.

Here in a robe which does all colours show,  
 (Th'envy of birds, and the clouds gawdy bow)  
*Phansie*, wild *Dame*, with much lascivious  
 pride

By twin *Camelions* drawn, does gaily ride.

Her coach there follows, and throngs round  
 about

Offshapes and airy *Forms* an endless rout.

A Sea rowls on with harmless fury here;  
 Straight 't is a *field*, and trees and herbs appear.

Here in a moment are vast *Armies* made,

And a quick *Scene* of war and blood displaid.

Here sparkling *wines*, and brighter *Maid*s come  
 in,

The *barws* for *sense* and lying baits of *sin*.

Some

39 Some things arise of strange and quarr'elling  
kind,  
The forepart *Lyon*, and a *Snake* behind ;  
Here golden *mountains* swell the cove'tous  
place,

40 And *Cenazures* ride *Themselves* a painted race.  
Of these slight wonders *Nature* sees the store,  
And onely then accounts herself but *poore*.

Hither an *Angel* comes in  *Davids* trance ;  
And finds them mingled in an antique dance ;  
Of all the numerous forms fit choice he takes,  
And joyns them wisely, and this *Vision* makes.

First *David* there appears in Kingly state,  
Whilst the twelve *Tribes* his dread commands  
await ;

23-  
6. Straight to the wars with his joyn'd strength he  
goes,

Settles new *friends*, and frights his ancient *Foes*.

To *Solima*, *Cana'ans* old head, they came,  
(Since high in note, then not unknown to  
*Fame*)

41  
im. The *Blind* and *Lame* th'unboubted wall de-  
fend,

And no *new* wounds or dangers apprehend.

The busie *image* of great *Joab* there

Disdains the mock, and teaches them to fear.

He climbs the *airy* walls, leaps raging down,

New-minted shapes of slaughter fill the town.

They curse the guards their mirth and bravely  
chose ;

All of them now are slain, or made like *those*.

42  
im. 5 Farthrough an inward *Scene* an *Army* lay,

18. Which with full banners a fair *Fish* display.

20. From *Sidon* plains to happy *Egypt's* coast

22. They seem all met; a vast and warlike *Host*.

ren. 8. Thither hasts  *Davids* to his destin'd prey,

*Honour*, and noble *Danger* lead the way;

The

- 43  
Ver 22. The conscions *Trees* shook with a reverent fear  
23, 24. Their *unblown* tops? *God* walkt before him  
1 Chro. there.  
14. 14.
- 44  
2 Sam. Slaughter the wearied *Riphaims* bosom fills,  
8. 3. Dead corps *imboss* the *vail* with little *hills*.  
1 Chro. On th'other side *Sophenes* mighty King  
18 3. Numberless troops of the blest *East* does bring:  
Twice are his men cut off, and chariots ta'ne,  
*Damascus* and rich *Adad* help in vain.
- 45 Here *Nabathæan* troops in battel stand,  
46 With all the lusty youth of *Syrian* land;  
Ver. 5. Undaunted *Joab* rushes on with speed,  
2 Sam. Gallantly mounted on his fiery steed;  
10. 6. He hews down all, and deals his deaths around;  
1 Chron. He hews down all, and deals his deaths around;  
19. 6. The *Syrians* leave, or possess *dead* the ground.  
19. 8. On th'other wing does brave *Abishai* ride  
Ver. 10. Reeking in blood and dust; on every side  
The perjur'd sons of *Ammon* quit the field,  
Some basely *dye*, and some more basely *yield*.  
Through a thick wood the wretched *Hanun* flies  
And far more justly then fears *Hebrew Spies*.
- 47 *Moloch*, their bloody God, thrusts out his head,  
2 Sam. Grinning through a black cloud; him they'd long  
10. 4. fed  
1 Chro. In his sev'n *Chambers*, and he still did eat  
19. 3. New-roasted *babes*, his dear, delicious meat.  
Ver. 15. Again they'rise, more ang'red than dismaid;  
1 Chron. *Euphrates*, and *Swift Tigris* sends them aid:  
19. 16. In vain they send it, for again they're slain,  
48 And feast the greedy birds on *Helay* plain.  
49 Here *Rabba* with proud towers affronts the sky  
50 And round about great *Joabs* trenches ly.  
2 Sam. They force the walls, and sack the helpless town  
11. 1. On *David's* head shines *Ammons* massy Crown.  
1 Chron. Midst various torments the curst race expires,  
20. *David* himself his severe wrath admires.  
1 Sam. Next upon *Isra'els* throne does bravely sit  
12. 30. A comely *Youth* endow'd with wondrous wit.  
1 Chro. A comely *Youth* endow'd with wondrous wit.  
20. 2.



3 Far from the *parched Line* a royal *Dame* ,  
 1 To hear his tongue and boundless *wisdom* came.  
 2 She carried back in her triumphant *womb*  
 1 The glorious stock of thousand *Kings* to come.  
 Here brightest forms his pomp and wealth display ,

Here they a *Temples* vast foundations lay.  
 A mighty work; and with fit glories fill'd.  
 For *God*'s *inhabit* , and that *King* to *build*.  
 Some from the quarries hew out massy stone ,  
 2 Some draw it up with cranes, some breathe and  
 1 grone

In order o're the anvil ; some cut down  
 Tail *Cedars*, the proud *Mountains* ancient crown;  
 6 Some carve the Trunks , and *braathing* shapes  
 7 bestow ,

Giving the *Trees* more *life* then when they *grow* ;  
 But, oh (alas) what sudden cloud is spread  
 About this glorious *Kings* *eclipsed* head ?  
 It all his fame benights, and all his store ,  
 Wrapping him round , and now he's seen no  
 more.

When straight his *Son* appears at *Sichem*  
 crown'd.

With young and heedless *Council* circled round ;  
 Unseemly object ! but a falling state  
 Has always its *own* errors joyn'd with *fate*.

Ten *Tribes* at once forsake the *Fessian* throne ,  
 And bold *Adoram* at his *Message* stone ;  
 3 *Brethren of Israel* ! ——— more he fain would  
 4 say ,

But a flint stop his mouth, and speech j'th' way.  
 Here this fond *Kings* disasters but begin ,  
 He's destin'd to more shame by' his *Fathers* sin.  
 4 *Susack* comes up, and under his command  
 A dreadful *Army* from scorcht *Africks* sand  
 As *numberless* as *that* ; all is his prey ,  
 The *Temples* sacred wealth they bear away ;

- 55  
 1 King. 12. 10.  
 2 Chron. 10. 10.  
 1 King. 15. 1.  
 2 Chron. 13. 1.  
 56  
 2 Chron. 13. 17.  
 3.  
 2 Chron. 13. 17.  
 2 King. 15. 9.  
 57  
 2 Chron. 14. 1.  
 ver. 13.  
 2 Chron. 14. 3.  
 58  
 2 Chron. 14. 9.  
 59  
 2 Chron. 16. 2.  
 ver. 18.  
 2 Chron. 16. 8.  
 2 King. 15. 25.  
 22.  
 43.  
 2 Chron. 17.  
 2 Chron. 17. 11.  
 2 Chron. 20, 17.  
 2 King. 22. 30.  
 2 Chron. 18, 19.  
 60
- Adrazars* shields and goldens loss they take ;  
 Ev'n *David* in his dream does sweat and shak  
 Thus fails this wretched *Prince* ; his *Loyns* appe  
 Of less weight now, then *Solomons* *Fingers* we  
*Abijah* next seeks *Isra'el* to regain ,  
 And wash in seas of Blood his *Fathers* stain ;  
 N'ere saw the aged *Sun* so cruel fight ,  
 Scarce saw he *this*, but hid his bashful light.  
*Nebats* curst son fled with not half his men ,  
 Where were his *Gods* of *Dan* and *Bethel* then ?  
 Yet could not this the fatal strife decide ;  
 God *punisht one* , but *blest not* th'other side.  
*Asan* a just and vertuous Prince succeeds ;  
 High rais'd by fame for great and Godly deed  
 He cut the solemn groves where *Idols* stood ,  
 And *Sacrific'ed* the *Gods* with their *own wood*.  
 He vanquisht thus the proud weak powers  
 hell,  
 Before him next their doating servants fell.  
 So huge an Host of *Zerabs* men he slew ,  
 As made ev'en that *Arabia Desert* too.  
 Why fear'd he then the perjurd *Baasha's* fight  
 Or bought the dangerous ayd of *Syrian's* might  
*Conquest* Heavens gift , cannot by man be sol  
 Alas, what *weaknesstrusts* he ? *Man* and *Gold*.  
 Next *Josaphat* possesseth the royal state ;  
 An happy *Prince*, well worthy of his fate ;  
 His oft *Oblations* on Gods *Altar* made ,  
 With thousand flocks , and thousand herds a  
 paid,  
*Arabian* *Tribute* ! what mad troops are those,  
 Those *mighty* *Troops* that dare to be his foes ?  
 He *Prays* them dead ; with mutual wounds th  
 fall ;  
 One fury brought, one fury slays them all.  
 Thus sits he still , and sees himself to win ;  
 Never o'recome but by's Friend *Ababs* sin ;  
 On whose disguise fates then did onely look ;

3. And had almost their *Gods* command *mistook*.  
 3. Him from whose danger heav'n securely brings,  
 8 And for his sake two ripely wicked *Kings*.  
 11 Their *Armies* languish, burnt with thirst at *Seers*,  
 3. *Sighs* all their *Cold*, *Tears* all their *Moisture* there.  
 24 They fix their greedy eyes on th'empty sky,  
 16. And fan<sup>sic</sup> *clouds*, and so become *more dry*.  
 5. *Elisba* calls for waters from afarre  
 21 To come; *Elisba* calls, and here they are  
 1.1 In helmets they quaff round the welcome flood;  
 0. And the decrease repair with *Moabs blood*.  
 10. *Jehoram* next, and *Ochoziab* throng  
 62 For *Judahs* Scepter; both *short-liv'd too long*.  
 53 A *Woman* too from *Murther* Title claims;  
 12. Both with her *Sins* and *Sex* the *Crown* she shames.  
 24. Proud cursed *Woman!* but her fall at last  
 To doubting men *clears* heav'n for what was past.  
*Joas* at first does bright and glorious show;  
 110. In lifes fresh morn his *fame* did early crow.  
 1. Fair was the promise of his dawning ray,  
 12. But *Prophets* angry blood o're cast his day.  
 0. From thence his clouds, from thence his storms  
 23. begin,  
 14. It cries aloud, and twice let's *Aram* in.  
 125 So *Amaziab* lives, so ends his reign;  
 64 Both by their *Trait'rous* servants *justly slain*.  
 65 *Edom* at first dreads his victorious hand,  
 147 Before him thousand *Captives* trembling stand.  
 11. Down a prec'ipice deep, down he casts them all,  
 512 The *mimick shapes* in several postures fall.  
 14. But then (mad fool!) he does those *Gods* adore.  
 66 Which when pluckt down, had *worshipt* him be-  
 14 fore.  
 110. Thus all his life to come is less and shame;  
 23. No help from *Gods* who themselves helpt not, came.  
 15.1  
 26. me.  
 15.5  
 67 All this *Uzziabs* strength and wit repairs,  
 68 Leaving a well-built greatness to his *Heirs*.  
 110. Till leprous scurf o're his whole body cast,  
 19. Takes him at first from *Men*, from *Earth* at last.  
 K. 15.

- 69 As vertuous was his *Son*, an happier far;  
2 Ch. 27 *Buildings* his *Peace*, and *Trophies* grac'd his *War*.  
2 Ch. 27 But *Achaz* heaps up sins, as if he meant  
4. To make his worst forefathers *innocent*.  
2 Kin. 16. 1. He burns his *Son* at *Hinon*, whilst around  
70 The roaring child drums and loud Trumpets sound  
2 Ch. 28. This to the boy a *barb'arous* mercy grew,  
2 K. 16. 3 And snatcht him from all miseries to ensue.  
2 Ch. 28 Here *Peca* comes, and hundred thousands fall,  
3. Here *Rexin* marches up, and sweeps up all:  
2 Kin. 16. 5. Till like a Sea the *Great Belochus* Son  
71 Breaks upon both, and both does over-run.  
2 Chr. 28. 6. The last of *Adams* ancient stock is slain,  
2 K. 16. *Isra'el* captiv'ed, and rich *Damascus* ta'ne.  
7 All this wild rage to revenge *Jud'as* wrong;  
2 K. 16. But woe to Kingdoms that have Friends too strong  
9. & 15  
27. 72 Thus *Hezechiah* the torn Empire took,  
2. Chro. 28. 20. And *Affurs* King with his worse *Gods* forsook,  
2 K. 18. Who to poor *Juda* worlds of Nations brings;  
2 Ch. 29 There rages; utters *vain* and *Mighty* things,  
2 K. 18. Some dream of triumphs, and exalted names,  
7. Some of dear gold, and some of beauteous dames  
2 K. 18. Whilst in the midst of their huge *sleepy* boast,  
17. An *Angel* scatters death through all the hoast,  
2 Ch. 32 73 Th'affrighted *Tyrant* back to *Babel* hies,  
74 There meets an end far worse then that he flies.  
1 Sa. 36. Here *Hezekiabs* life is almost done!  
2 K. 19. So good, and yet, alas! so short'tis spunne.  
35. Th'end of the *Line* was ravell'd, weak and old;  
2 Chron. 32. 21. *Time* must go back, and afford better hold  
2 K. 19 To tye a new thread to't, of fifteen years;  
37. 'Tis done; Th'*almighty* power of prayer and tears!  
2 Ch. 32 75 Backward the *Sun*, an unknown motion, went;  
76 The *Stars* gaz'ed on, and wondred what he meant:  
76 *Manasses* next (forgetful man!) begins;  
e K. 20. Enslav'ed, and sold to *Asshur* by his sins.  
2 Ch. 32 Till by the rod of *learned* misery taught,  
24. Home to his *God* and *Countrey* both he's brought.  
2 K. 20. It taught not *Ammon*, nor his hardness brake;  
77 He's made th'*Example* he refus'd to take.  
11  
2 Ch. 32  
2 K. 21.  
2 Ch. 33

21. Yet from this root a goodly *Cyon* springs ;  
 33 *Iosiah* best of *Men* , as well as *Kings*.  
 77 Down went the *Calves* with all their gold and cost ;  
 22 The *Priests* then truly griev'd , *Osyris* lost ,  
 23 These mad *Egyptian* rites till now remain'd ;  
 23 Fools ! they their worser thraldome still retain'd !  
 lb.v. In his own *Fires Moloch* to ashes fell ,  
 78 And no more flames must have besides his *Hell*.  
 79 Like end *Astartes* horned *Image* found ,  
 80 And *Baals* spired *Stone* to dust was ground.  
 81 No more were *Men* in female habit seen ,  
 Or *They* in *Mens* by the lewd *Syrian Queen*.  
 82 No lustful *Maid*s at *Benos* *Temple* sit ,  
 And with their bodies shame their marriage gēt.  
 83 The double *Dagon* neither nature saves ,  
 Nor flies *She* back to th' *Erythæan* waves.  
 84 The trav'elling *Sun* sees gladly from on high  
 King. His *Chariots* burn , and *Nergal* quenched ly.  
 3. 11. The *Kings* impartial *Anger* lights on all ,  
 85 From fly-blown *Acca'ron* to the thundring *Baâl*.  
 Here *David*s joy unruly grows and bold ;  
 Nor could *Sleeps* silken chain its violen'ce hold ;  
 Had not the *Angel* to seal fast his eyes  
 The humors stirr'd , and bad more mists arise :  
 When straight a *Chariot* hurries swift away ,  
 And in it hood *Iosiah* bleeding lay.  
 One hand's held up , one stops the wound ; in vain  
 They both are us'd ; alas ; *he's slain* , *he's slain*.  
 King. *Ieboias* and *Ieboikim* next appear ;  
 3. 31. Both urge that vengeance which before was near.  
 lb.v. 26  
 86 He in *Egyptian* fetters captive dies ,  
 87 Thus by more courteous anger murder'd lies.  
 1 Chr. His Son and Brother next do bonds sustain ,  
 36. 1. *Israels* now solemn and imperial *Chain*.  
 5. Her'es the last *Scene* of this proud *Cities* state ;  
 2 K. 23. All ills are met ty'ed in one knot of *Fate*.  
 34  
 88 Their endless slavery in this tryal lay ;  
 2 Chro. Great God had heapt up *Ages* in one *Day* :  
 36. 4. Strong works around the wall the *Caldees* build ,  
 Jer. 56. The *Town* with grief and dreadful bus'iness fill'd.  
 50.

2 King. To their carv'd *Gods* the frantick women pray,  
 25. 1. *Gods* which as near their *ruine* were as *they*.  
 Jer. 52. At last in *rushes* the prevailing foe,  
 4. Does all the mischief of proud *conquest* show.  
 The wondring babes from mothers breasts are rent  
 2 Ch. 36. And suffer ill they neither *fear'd* nor *meant*.  
 17. No silver rev'rence guards the stooping age,  
 No rule or method ties their boundless rage  
 The glorious *Temple* shines in *flame* all o're,  
 2 Chron. Yet not so bright as in its *Gold* before.  
 36. 19. Nothing but fire or slaughter meets the eyes.  
 2 King. Nothing the *ear* but groans and dismal cries.  
 25. 9. The walls and towers are levied with the ground,  
 And scarce ought now of that vast *Cities* found  
 But *shards* and *rubbish* which weak *sings* might kee  
 Of forepast glory, and bid *Trav'ellers* weep.  
 Thus did triumphant *Affur* homewards pass,  
 And thus *Jerusalem* left, *Jerusalem* that was.  
 Thus *Zedechiah* saw, and this not all;  
 2 King. Before his face his *Friends* and *Children* fall,  
 25. 7. The sport of ins'olent *victors*; this he viewes,  
 Jer. 52. A *King* and *Father* once; ill fate could use  
 10. His eyes no more to do their master spight;  
 All to be seen she took, and next his *Sight*.  
 89 Thus a long *death* in prison he outwears;  
 Bereft of griefs *last solace*, ev'n his *Tears*.  
 Then *Jeconiabs* son did foremost home;  
 Mat. 1. And he who brought the captiv'd nation home;  
 12. A row of *Worthies* in long order past  
 Luk. 3. O're the short stage; of all old *Joseph* last.  
 Fair *Angels* past by next in seemly bands,  
 All gilt, with gilded *basquets* in their hands.  
 Some as they went the blew ey'd *violets* strew,  
 Some spotless *Lilies* in loose order threw.  
 Some did the way with full-blown *roses* spread;  
 Their smell divine and colour strangely red;  
 Not such as our dull gardens proudly wear,  
 Whom *weathers* taint, and winds *rude kisses* tear.  
 Such, I believe, was the first *Roses* hew,  
 Which at *Gods* word in beauteous *Eden* grew.

*Queen of the Flowers*, which made that *Orchard* gaily  
The morning blushes of the *Springs new Day*.

With sober place an heav'ently *Maid* walks in,  
Her looks all fair; no sign of *Native sin*  
Through her whole body writ; *Immoderate Grace*  
Spoke things far more then humane in her face.  
It casts a dusky gloom o're all the flow'rs

91 And with full beams their mingled *Light* devours.

An *Angel* straight broke from a shining clowd,  
And prest his wings, and with much reve'rence bow'd  
Again he bow'd, and grave approach he made,  
And thus his sacred *Message* sweetly said:

128 Hail, full of *Grace*, thee the whole world shall call  
Above all blest; thee, who shalt bless them all.

Thy *Virgin womb* in wondrous sort shall shrowd  
*Jesus the God*; (and then again he bow'd)

*Conception* the great *Spirit* shall breathe on thee;

92 Hail thou, who must *Gods Wife*, *Gods Mother* be!  
With that, his seeming form to heav'n he rear'd;  
She low obeisance made, and disappear'd.

Lo a new *Star* three eastern *Sages* see;

129 (For why should onely *Earth* a *Gainer* be?)

They saw this *Phosphors* infant-light, and knew  
It bravely usher'd in a *Sun* as New.

They hasted all this rising *Sun* to adore;

93 With them rich myrrh, and early spices bore.

Wise men: no fitter gift your zeal could bring;

You'll in a noisome *stable* find your *King*.

Anon a thousand *Devils* run roaring in;

Some with a dreadful smile deform'dly grin.

Some stamp their cloven paws, some frown and tear

The gaping *Snakes* from their black-knotted hair.

As if all grief, and all the rage of hell

Were doubled now, or that just now they fell.

But when the dreaded *Maid* they entring saw,

All fled with trembling fear and silent aw.

In her chaste arms th' *Eternal Infant* lies,

Th' *Almighty* voyce chang'd into feeble cries.

Heav'n contain'd *Virgins* oft, and will do more;

Never did *Virgin* contain *Heav'n* before.

*Angels* peep round to view this mystick thing,  
 And *Hallelujah* round, all *Hallelujah* sing  
 No longer could good *David* quiet bear,  
 The *unwieldy pleasure* which ore-flow'd him here.  
 It broke the fetters, and burst ope his ey.  
 Away the tim'rous *Forms* together fly.  
 Fixt with amaze he stood; and time must take,  
 To learn if yet he were at last awake.  
 Sometimes he thinks that heav'en this *Vision* sent,  
 And order'd all the *Pageants* as they went.  
 Sometimes, that onely 'twas wild *Phancies* play,  
 The loole and scatter'd *reliques* of the *Day*.

94 When *Gabriel* (no blest *Spirit* more kind or fair)

95 Bodies and cloathes himself with thickned ayr.  
 All like a comely *youth* in lifes fresh bloom;  
 Rare workmanship, and wrought by heavenly loom  
 He took for skin a cloud most soft and bright,  
 That e're the midday Sun pierc'd through with light  
 Upon his cheeks a lively blush he spred;  
 Washt from the morning beauties deepest red.  
 An harmless flaming *Meteor* shone for haire,  
 And fell adown his shoulders with loose care.  
 He cuts out a silk *Mantle* from the skies,  
 Where the most sprightly azure pleas'd the eyes;  
 This he with starry vapours spangles all,  
 Took in their prime e're they grow ripe and fall.  
 Of a new *Rainbow* e're it fret or fade,  
 The choicest piece took out, a *Scarfe* is made.  
 Small streaming clouds he does for wings display,  
 Not Vertuous Lovers sighes more soft then They.  
 These he gilds o're with the Suns richest rays,  
 Caught gliding o're pure streams on which he plays.

Thus drest the joyful *Gabriel* posts away,  
 And carries with him his own glorious day  
 Through the thick woods; the gloomy shades awhile  
 Put on fresh looks, and wonder why they smile.  
 The trembling *Serpents* close and silent ly,

96 The *birds obscene* far from his passage fly.  
 A sudden spring waits on him as he goes,  
 Sudden as that which by *Creation* rose.



Thus he appears to *David*, at first sight  
 All earth-bred fears and sorrows take their flight.  
 In rushes joy divine, and hope, and rest;  
 A Sacred calm shines through his peaceful brest.  
 Hail, *Man* belov'd! from highest heav'n (said he)  
 My mighty *Master* sends thee *health* by me.

The things thou saw'st are full of *truth* and *light*,

97 Shap'd in the *glass* of the divine *Fore-sight*.

Ev'n now old *Time* is harnessing the years

To go in order thus; hence empty fears;

Thy Fate's all *white*; from thy blest seed shall spring

The promis'd *Shilo*, the great *Mystick King*.

Round the whole earth his dreaded name shall sound,

And reach to *Worlds*, that must not yet be *found*.

The *Southern Clime* him her sole *Lord* shall stile,

98 Him all the *North*, ev'en *Albions stubborn Iste*.

99 My *Fellow Servant*, credit what I tell.

100 Straight into shapeless air unseen he fell.

# NOTES

## UPON THE

### SECOND BOOK.

**H**onours, that is, *Beauties*, which make things *Honoured*; in which sense *Virgil* often uses the word, and delights in it :

*Et latos oculis afflaret Honores.*

And in the 2 *Georg.* (as in this place) for  
Leaves.

*Frigidus & silvis Aquilo decussit honorem.*

**2** *Josephus* calls *David*, Πᾶσις ζαυθός. The *yellow*; that is *yellow-haired Boy*, or rather, *Youth*. *Cedrenus* says, that *Valentinian* the *Emperor* was like *David*, because he had beautiful *Eyes*, a *ruddy complexion*, and *red*, or rather *yellow hair*.

**3** *Power*, *Love*, and *Wisdom*, that is, the whole *Trinity* (*The Father, Power*; *the Son, Love*; *the Holy Ghost, Wisdom*) concurred in the *Creation* of the world: And it is not only preserved by these *Three*, the *Power*, *Love*, and *Wisdom* of *God*, but by the emanations and beams of them derived to, and impress'd in the *Creatures*. Which could not subsist without *Power* to *Act*, *Wisdom* to *direct* those *Actions* to *Ends* convenient for their *Natures*, and *Love* or *Concord*, by which they receive mutual necessary assistances and benefits from one another. Which *Love* is well termed by *Cicero* *Cognatio Natura*, *The Kindred*, or *Consanguinity of Nature*. And to *Love* the *Creation* of the world, was attributed even by many of the ancient *Heathens*, the *Verse* of *Orph.*

Καὶ Μῆτις πρῶτ' ἔγενετο καὶ Ἔρως πολυτέρης.

*Wisdom* and *Love* were *Parents* of the world: And therefore *Hesiod* in his mad confused *Poem* of the *Generation*  
of

of the Gods, after Chaos, the Earth, and Hell, brings in Love, as the first of all the Gods,

Ἡδ' Ἐρως ὄς κάλλιστος ἐν ἀθανάτοις θεοῖσι.

Pherecides said excellently, that God transformed himself into Love, when he began to make the world,

Ἐἰς Ἐρωτα μεταβλήθη τὸν  
Δία μέλλοντα δημιουργεῖν.

4 As Humane Nature is elevated by Grace, so other Agents are by Love to Operations that are above, and seem contrary to their Nature, as the ascension of heavy bodies, and the like.

5 Garlands of Ivy were anciently the ornaments of Poets, and other learned men, as Laurel of Conquerors, of Peacemakers, and the like. Horace.

*Me doctarum Hedera præmia frontium*

*Diis misceri superis —*

Me Ivy the reward of learned brows does mingle with the Gods. Virg.

*— Atque hanc sine tempora citum.*

*Inter viltrices hederam tibi serpere laurus.*

And let this humble Ivy creep around thy temples with Triumphant Laurel bound. Because Ivy is always green, and requires the support of some stronger Tree, as Learning does of Princes and great men.

6 The Object of the sensitive Appetite is not that which is truly good, but that which Appears to be Good. There is great caution to be used in English in the placing of Adjectives (as here) after their Substantives. I think when they constitute specifical differences of the Substantives; they follow best; for then they are to it like Cognomina, or Surnames to Names, and we must not say, the Great Pompey, or the Happy Sylla, but Pompey the Great, and Sylla the Happy; sometimes even in other cases the Epithete is put last very gracefully, of which a good ear must be the Judge for ought I know without any Rule. I chuse rather to say Light Divine, and Command Divine, than Divine Light, and Divine Command.

7 These are the *Effects of Love*, according to *Th. Aquinas in Prima Sec. Quæst. 28.* the 1, 2, 3, and 4. *Artic.* to whom I refer for the proof and explanation of them, *Amor est affectus quo cum re amatâ aut unimur, aut perpetuamus unionem.* Scal. de Subt.

8 1 Sam. 5. *And David said unto Jonathan, behold to morrow is the new-Moon, and I should not fail to sit with the King at meat, but let me go, &c.* *Ecce Calendæ sunt crastino, & ego ex more sedere soleo juxtâ regem ad vescendum, &c.* The first day of every month was a Festival among the *Jews*: for the *Firstfruits* of all things, even all distinctions of *Times* were *Sacred to God*; In it they neither bought nor sold, *Amos 8. 4.* *When will the new-Moon be gone, that we may sell Corn?* the *Vulg.* *Quando transibit mensis* (that is, *primus dies, or Festum Mensis*) *U venundabimus merces?* They went to the *Prophets* to hear the word as upon *Sabbaths*, *2 Kings 4. 23.* *Wherefore wilt thou go to him to day? it is neither New-moon nor Sabbath*; which was likewise a *Custom* among the *Romans*: for the day of the *Calends* the *High Priests* called together the people (from whence the name of *Calends à Calando Plebem*) to instruct them in the *divin dutys* which they were to perform that month, *Macr. 1. Saturn.* And lastly, there were greater *Sacrifices* on that, than upon other ordinary days, *Num. 28. 11.* But of all *New-moons*, that of the *seventh month* was the most solemn, it being also the *Feast of Trumpets*. It is not evident that this was the *New-Moon* spoken of in this story of *David*; but that it was so, may probably be conjectured, in that the *Text* seems to imply a greater Solemnity than that of ordinary *Calends*, and that the *Feast* lasted above one day, *1 Sam. 20. 27.* *And it came to pass, that on the morrow, which was the second day of the month, Davids place was empty.* Now the reason of this greater observation of the *Calends* of the *Seventh Month* (called *Tisri*, and answering to our *September*) was, because according to the *Civil Computation* (for the *Jews* had two accounts of the beginning of the year; one *Civil*, the other *Religious*; this latter being instituted in memory of their passage out of *Egypt* in the month *Abib*, that is, about our *March*) this was the begin-

ning of the year; from hence contracts, and the account of *Sabbatical years* and *Jubilees* bare date. It is called by some *Sabbathum Sabbathorum*, because it is the *Sabbath of Months*; for as the seventh day, and the seventh year, so the seventh month too was consecrated to God. Of this *New Moon* it is that *David* speaks, *Psal.* 81. 3. *Blow the Trumpet in the New-Moon, in the time appointed on our solemn Feast-day. In insigni die solennitatis vestra.* And the Psalm is inscribed, *Pro Torcularibus*; which concurs just with this seventh Moon; which *Philo* in *Decal.* terms, *ἡ ἰερομενίαν ἢ σάλπιγγιν ἑποσημαίνουσι.* And *S. August.* reads, *In initio Mensis Tuba.* See the Institution of this Festival, *Levit* 23. 24. and *Numb.* 29. 1.

9 The *Priests* were wont to blow the *Trumpets* upon all *Festivals*, the year of *Jubilee* was proclaimed by them with the sound of *Trumpets* through the whole Land; nay the *Sabbath* it self was begun with it, as *Josephus* testifies, *l. 5. Bel. Jud. c. 9.* But why the *Trumpets* were sounded more extraordinarily on this day, is hard to find out; for which it is named *Dies Clangoris*. Some will have it to be only as a Solemn Promulgation of the *New-year*; which opinion is likewise adorned with an allusion to the beginning or as it were (*New years-Day*) of *Eternity*; which is to be proclaimed by *Angels* in that manner with a great sound of a *Trumpet*, *Matt.* 24. 31.

10 This was *Saint Basils* opinion, but is not much followed, because when *Festivals* are instituted in memory of any past Blessing, they used to be observed on the same day that the blessing was conferred.

11 This third is the common opinion of the *Jews*; who therefore call this Festival *Festum Cornu*, and say, that they sounded only upon *Rams Horns*: but that, methinks, if this be the true reason of it, is not necessary.

12 *The Third hour*; 1. Nine a clock in the morning: For the day began at six a clock, and contained *twelve Little*, or *Four Great Hours*, or *Quarters*. The first *Quarter* from Six to Nine, was called the *Third Hour*; because that closed up the *Quarter*.

13 *Gay*, because the *Beasts* to be Sacrificed, used to be

Crowned with Garlands, and sometimes had their *Horns gilt*, as I say afterwards.

14 For on the ordinary *New-Moons* there was offered up two *Bullocks*, one *Ram*, and seven *Lambs* of the first year without spot, *Numb.* 28. 11. and a *Kid* of the *Goats*, v. 15. and there was added on this *New-Moon*, one young *Bullock*, one *Ram*, seven *Lambs* of the first year without blemish, and one *Kid*, *Numb.* 29. which joined, make up my number. *Bullocks* of *Free-neck*; that is, which had never been yoked, implied in the *Epithete Young. Intellâ cervicæ Juvenci.*

15 The outmost Court of the Tabernacle.

16 The custom of having *Stories* wrought in *Hangings*, *Coverlits*, nay even wearing *Garments*, is made to be very ancient by the Poets. Such is the history of *Thetis* and *Ariadne* in the *Coverlit* of *Thetis Pulvinar*, or *Marriage Bed*. *Catull.* *Argonaut.*

*Talibus amplificè vestis variata figuris  
Pulvinar complexa suo velabat amictu.*

So *Aeneas* in 5. *Æn.* gives a *Coat* to *Cloanthus* in which was wrought the rape of *Ganymede*.

*Intextusque puer frondosâ regius Idâ.*

And many authorities of this kind might be alleaged if it were necessary.

17 *You might see.* That is, *It might be seen*, or, *Any one might see.* This manner of speaking, which puts the second person. Indefinitely, is very frequent among the Poets; as *Homer*,

*Φαίης νεὺ ζάνθου πρὸ ἔμπεραυ.*

*Virg.* 4. *Æn.*

*Migrantes cernas :*

Upon which *Servius* says, *Honestâ figura si rem tertie personæ in secundam transferas. Migrare videbis*, that is, *Vid. bit aut poterit videre aliquis.* So 8. *Æn.*

*Credis innare revulsas Cycladas*; that is. *Credat quis.*

18 God is said to have spoken with *Abraham* Nine times; that is, so many times *Angels* brought him Messages from *God.* An *Angel* is called by *Josephus* *Ἄγγελος θεοῦ.*

19 Some make *Sara* to be the *Daughter* of *Haran*, *Abraham*

Brother ; others of *Therab* by another Wife , which marriages were then lawful , but the Scripture *Gen. 11.* calls her *Terahs Daughter in Law* , not *Daughter* ; others think she was only *Abrams Kinswoman* ; all which the Hebrews called *Sisters*. 'Αδελφιδὴ non 'Αδελφὴ. *Grot.* *Beauteous* were a strange *Epithete* for her at the Age she then had ; which was above threescore years , but that the Scripture calls her so , and she proved her self to be so , by striking two Kings in love , *Pharao* and *Abimelech*. It is to be believed that people in those days bore their age better than now , and her barrenness might naturally contribute somewhat to it ; but the chief reason I suppose to be a *Blessing of God* as particular , as that of her *child-bearing* after the natural season

10 The Scripture does not say particularly , that *Abram* surprised this Army in , or after a debauch , but it is probable enough for my turn , that this was the case. Of these *Confused marks of death and luxury* , there is an excellent description in the 9. *Aeneid* , where *Nisus* and *Eurialus* fall upon the quarter of the Enemy.

———— *Somno vinoque sepulcham.*

*Purpuream vomit ille animam, & cum sanguine mista  
Vina refert moriens, &c.*

But I had no leisure to expatiate in this place.

11 St. *Hierom* says this *Salem* was a Town near *Scythopolis* , called *Salem* even to his Time ; and that there were then remaining some ruins of the Palace of *Melchisedec* , which is not very probable. I rather believe him to have been King of *Jerusalem* ; for being a Type of *Christ* , that seat was most proper for him , especially since we are sure that *Jerusalem* was once named *Salem* , *Psal. In Salem is his Tabernacle, & his habitation in Sion!* And the addition of *Jeru* to it , was from *Jebu* , the *Jebusites* ; that is , *Salem of the Jebusites.* *Adric.* The situation of *Jerusalem* agrees very well with this story. For *Abram* coming to *Hebron* from the parts about *Damascus* passes very near *Jerusalem* , nay nearer than to the other *Salem*. But concerning this King of *Salem* , *Melchisedec* , the difficulties are more important. Some make him to be no man ,

but God himself, or the Holy Ghost, as the ancient Melchisedecians & Hieracites; others to be Christ himself; others, an Angel, as Origen; others to be Sem the son of Noab; which is little more probable than the former extravagant fancies. That which is most reasonable, and most received too, is, that he was a King of a little Territory among the Canaanites, and a Priest for the true God, which makes him so remarkable among those Idolatrous Nations; for which cause he is termed, ἀγενεαλόγητος, because he was not of any of the Genealogies of the Scripture; and therefore the better typified or represented Christ, as being both a King and a Priest, without being of the Tribe of Levi: But this and the other controversies about him, are too copious to be handled in a Comment of this Nature.

22 Ver. 18. *And Melchisedec King of Salem brought forth bread & wine, &c.* The Romanists maintain, that this was only a Type of the Eucharist, as Melchisedec himself was of Christ; others that it was only a Present for the relief of Abrams men. Why may we not say that it was both? and that before the men were refresh't by bread and wine, there was an offering or prelibation of them to God, by the Priest of the most High God, as he is denominated? for even this oblation of bread and wine (used also among the Hebrews) it called θυσία, Levit. 2. and Philo says of Melchisedec upon this occasion, ἐπιτίμιαι εἶθυσαι. I therefore name them Sacred Presents. Like him whose Type he bears; that is, Christ. And the Dues he received were Tenths, whether of all Abrams substance, or of the present Spoils (ἀναγοθυσία) is a great controversy.

23 Gen. 15. 5. and Gen. 22. 17. *I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, & as the sand upon the sea shore.* An ordinary Proverb, in all languages, for great numbers. Catull. *Aut quot sidera multa cum tacet nox*: and in another place he joyns the sand of the sea too as this Text does. *Ille pulveris Erythraei Siderumq; micantium subducatur numerum.* It does no hurt, I think, to add Bright as well as Numberless to the similitude.

24 Gen. 17. It is called a Covenant; and circumcision may well be termed a Mark of Homage, because it was a renouncing of the flesh, and peculiar dedication of Abram and



and his seed to the service of the true God.

The received opinion is, that *two* of these persons were *Angels*, and the *Third*, *God* himself; for after the *two Angels* were gone towards *Sodom*, it is said, *Gen. 18. 22.* But *Abraham* stood yet before the *Lord*. So *Sulpit. Sever. Dominus qui cum duobus Angelis ad eum venerat.* *Lyra* and *Tostatus* report, that the *Jews* have a *Tradition*, that these *Three* were *Michael*, *Gabriel*, and *Raphael*. The first of which represented *God*, and remained with *Abraham*, the second destroyed *Sodom*, and the third brought *Lot* out of it. It was a very ancient opinion that these were the *Three persons* of the *Trinity*; from whence arose that notorious saying, *Tres vidit & unum adoravit.* This appearing of *Gods* in the manner of *strangers* to punish and reward men as a common tradition too among the *Heathens*, *Hom. e Olyss.*

Καί τε θεοὶ ξένοισιν ἰοικόντες ἄλλοπαδοῖσι  
 Παντοῖοι τελευθόντες ἐπιρωφῶσι πολῆας  
 Ἀνθρώπων ὕβριν τε καὶ δεινομίην ἐφορῶντες.

The *Gods* in the habits of *strangers* went about to several *Towns* to be eye-witnesses of the justice and injustice of men. So *Homer* makes the *Gods* to go once a year to feast,

— μετ' ἀμύμονας Αἰθιοπῆας.

With the *unblameable Ethiopians* And we find these peregrinations frequent in the *Metamorphosis*,

— Summo delabor Olympo

*Et Deus humanâ lustro sub imagine terras. 1. Metam.*

From *Ur*, the place of his *Birth* to *Ephrons Cave*, the place of his *Burial*. *Ur of the Chaldees*, *Gen. 11. 31.* Some of the *Jews* take *Ur* here for *Fire*, and tell a ridiculous fable, that *Abraham* and *Haran* his brother were cast by the *Chaldeans* into a burning furnace for opposing their *Idolatry*, in which *Haran* was consumed, but *Abraham* was preserved. *Josephus* and *Eusebius*, *lib. 9. Præpar. Evang.* say *Ur* was the name of a *City*, which *Josephus* call. *ἕρη.* and *Plin. l. 5. c. 24.* makes mention of *Ura*, a place *Usq; quem fertur Euphrates.* It was perhaps denominated from the worship of *Fire* in that *Country*. The name continued till *Amnianus* his time. *Amnian. lib. 25.*

- 27 *Mounts.* For the place was the *Hill Moriah*, which the *Vulgar* translates *Montem Visionis*. A quila τῆς κατωφειᾶς, which I conceive to be, not as some render it, *In terram lucidam*, but *terram apparentem*, the place which appears a great way off, as being a *Mountain*. *Symmachus* for the same reason has *Ὀπλισίας*, which is the same with the Latine *Visionis*; and the *Septuag.* call it ὑψηλὴν, the *High Country*; others interpret it, *The Country of Worship*, by *Anticipation*. And it was not perhaps without relation to this Sacrifice of *Abrahams*, that this was chosen afterwards to be the seat of *Solomons Temple*.
- 28 *The Boy* Our English Translation, *Lad*, which is not a word for verse, the Latin *Puer*, *Boy*. *Aben Ezra* is cited to make him at that time but ten or twelve years old. But that is an age unfit for the carrying of such a Burden as he does here. *Rivet* for that reason conceives that he was about 16 years of age, *Josephus* 25. Others 33. because at that age our *Saviour* (whose *Type* he was) was sacrificed. Some of the *Jews* 36. none of which are contrary to the *Hebrew* use of the word *Boy*; for so all young men are termed, as *Benjamin*, *Gen.* 43. 8. and *Joseph*, *Joshua*, and *David* when he fought with *Goliath*. The *Painters* commonly make him very young, and my description agrees most with that opinion, for it is more poetical and pathetic than the others.
- 29 Because the *Covenant* and *Promises* were made in *Isaac*, *Gen.* 17. 21. *Heb.* 11. 17, 18.
- 30 The ancients (both *Hebrews* and other Nations) never omitted the washing at least of their hands and feet before they sat or lay down to *Table*. *Judg.* 19. 21. it is said of the *Levite* and his Concubine, *They washed their feet and did eat and drink*. So *Abraham* says to the three *Angels*, *Gen.* 18. 4. *Let a little water, I pray you be fetcht, and wash your feet, and rest your selves under the Tree, and I will fetch a morsel of Bread, &c.* So like wise *Josephs Steward* treats his Masters brethren. So *David* to *Vriah*, *2 Sam.* 11. 8. *Go down to thy house, and wash thy feet, &c. and there followed him messes of meat from the King*. It is in vain to adde more authorities of a thing so notorious. And this custom was then very necessary, for their *Legs* and *Thighs* being bare,

bare, they could not but contract much dirt, and were (of which this custom is some argument) to lie down upon Beds, which without washing they would have spoiled. *Homer* makes the *Wives* and *Daughters* even of *Princes* to wash the feet of their guests,

— ἀρχαῖον ἵκαστο ἔθ' ἄθ' Athen L. 1. c. 8.

For this (says he) was the ancient custom; and so the daughters of *Cocalus* wash *Minos* at his arrival in *Sicily*. But the more ordinary, was to have young and beautiful servants for this and the like ministeries. Besides this; it was accounted necessary to have wash pots standing by at the *Jewish* feasts, to purifie themselves, if they should happen to touch any thing unclean. And for these reasons six *Waterpots* stood ready at the wedding feast of *Cana* in *Galilee*.

*Eccles.* 2. 8. I gate men-singers, and women-singers, the delights of the sons of men, οἰνοχόους καὶ οἰνοχόας. He and the servants to fill wine, says the Septuagint: Though I know the Vulgar, and our English Edition translate it otherwise; both differently: And it is incredible, how curious the ancients were in the choice of Servants to wait at *Table*. *Mark*.

*Stant pueri, Dominos quos prece esse meos.*

After washing they always anointed themselves with precious oyl. So *Judith.* 10. 2. So *Naomi* to *Ruth*, Wash thy self therefore, and anoint thy self. So *David* after the death of his child, Rose up and wash, and anointed himself, &c. So *Hom.* *Od.* 6. of *Nausicaa* and her maids,

Αἰ ἵ λουσαμένα καὶ χρισάμενα λίπ' ἐλάϊω

Δεῖπνον ἔπειθ' εἶλοντο παρ' ὀχθησιν ποταμοῖο.

But this too is as notorious as the other fashion of washing. *Small Prisons.* Boxes of Oynments, such as the woman poured upon the head of our Saviour, *Mat.* 26. 7. ἐλάβεσθον μύσθ' , that is, as we say, an *Inckhorn*, though it be not made of *Horn*, but any other matter; for this was not of *Alabaster*, *S. Mark* affirming that it was broken. *Horace*,

*Nardi parvus Onyx.*

*Claudian.* *Gemmatibus alii per totum balsama lectum.*

*Effudere calis.* ———

33 The Roman custom was, to have *three Beds* to each *Table* (from whence the word *Triclinium*) and *three persons* to each *bed* (though sometimes they exceeded in both;) and it is likely they took this from the *Asiatique*, as well as the very fashion of *discubition*, for conveniently there could be no more. To *Saul* for state I gave a whole *Bed*; and the other two, to his own Sons, *Jonathan*, *Ishui* and *Melchisua*, 1 Sam. 14.49. to *Abner* his Cousin German and Captain of his Hosts, and to his two Sons in Law *Adriel* and *David*. Neither does it convince me, that *Lying down* was not in use, because it is said here, 1 Sam 20. 25. *And Saul sate upon his seat as at other times; eve upon a seat by the wall*: because the words of *Session* and *Accubation* are often confounded, both being in practice at several times, and in several Nations.

34 At the feasts of the ancients, not only the rooms were strewn with *flowers*, but the *Guests* and the *Waiters*, and the very drinking *Bowls* were crowned with them. *Virg.*

*Crateras magnos statuunt & vina coronant; and  
Tum Pater Anchises magnum cratera coronâ  
Induit, implevitq; mero* —

Which cannot be interpreted as some do *Homers*.

*Κεράνηδες ἐπιτέψαυτο ποτόιο*

Which they say are said to be *Crowned*, when they are filled so full, that the liquor standing higher then the brim of the Bowl, look, like a *Crown* upon it, *Athen l. 1. c. 1*. But why may we not construe *Homer*, *They Crown* *κεράνηδες ποτόιο*, *Bowls of drink*, as well as *They Crown Bowls with drink*?

35 The name of God, the *Tetragrammaton*, that was not to be pronounced.

36 1 Sam. 20. 30. *Thou Son of the perverse rebellious man*, &c. The Vulg. *Fili mulieris virum ultrò rapiens* that is as much as to say, *Thou Son of a Whore*. Upon which place *Grotius*. Sons use to be like their Parents, and therefore *Saul* who would not accuse himself, casts the fault of his stubbornness and ill nature upon his *Mother*. which I cannot abide to be of his opinion; the words so ungracious from the mouth of a *Prince*: I rather think that they import this, thou who art so stubborn and

natur.

natural, that thou mayest seem to be not my son of a whore or rebellious woman; and that which follows in the same verse confirms this to me. *Thou hast chosen the Son of Jesse to thine own confusion and to the confusion of thy Mothers nakedness*; that is, to her shame, who will be thought to have had thee of some other man, & not of me.

7 1 Sam. 20. 34. *And Jonathan arose from the Table in fierce anger*, In irâ furoris. But his passion (it seems) did not overcome his duty or discretion; for he arose without saying any thing.

I omit here *Jonathans* shooting arrows, and sending his Page for them, from the 35 to the 40 verse; By *Horace* his rule,

— *Et quæ*

*Desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinquas.*

And what art or industry could make that story *shine*? besides it was a subtlety that I cannot comprehend; for since he went to *David*, and talked to him himself, what needed all that politique trouble of the shooting?

The *Head*, which is the seat of *Fansie*.

These are called by the *Schoolmen*, *Entia Rationis*, but are rather *Entia Imaginationis*, or *Phantastique Creatures*.

*Inter se quorum discordia membra videmus*, *Lucret. L. 5.*

And afterwards,

*Prima Leo, postrema Draco, media ipsa Chimæra*, which is out *Homer*,

Πρόθε λεῶν ἡ ὀπίθε δρεκῶν.

When the Countrey people in *Thessaly* saw men first that came on horseback, and drove away their Cattel, they imagined the *Horse* and *Men* to be all one, and called them *Centaures* from driving away of *Oxen*; according to which fancy, they are truly said to ride upon themselves.

Unless thou take away the *Lame* and the *Blind*, thou shalt not come in hither, thinking *David* cannot come in hither, 2 *Sam. 5. 6.* There are some other interpretations of the place, than that which I here give; as that the *Idols* of the *Iebusites* were meant by the *Lame* and the *Blind*. But this carries no probability. Thinking *David* cannot

cannot come hither; is a plain proof that they did it in scorn of *David*, and confidence of extraordinary strength of the place; which without question was very great, or else it could not have held out so many hundred years since the entrance of the *Israelites* into the land, in the very midst of them.

42 *Fish*, *Dagon* the Deity most worshipt by the *Philistims*.

42 The English says *Mulberry* trees; the Latine, *Pear* trees the safest is to leave it *indefinite*. The sound of a going in the Tops of the *Mulberry* trees, v. 24. Some interpret The noise of the dropping of the dew like *Tears* from the Trees. From whence the Greek  $\text{\textcircled{E}} \kappa\lambda\alpha\upsilon\theta\mu\acute{\alpha}\nu\text{\textcircled{C}}$ .

44 *Hadał-Esar*, King of *Zobah*, which is called by *Josephus Sophenz*, a part of *Cælosyria*, confining upon the *Half Tribe of Manasses*. This Kingdom is first mentioned, 1 *Sam.* 14. 47. at what time (it seems it was under several Princes, and against the Kings of *Zoba*.

45 *Adad* was at that time King of *Damascus*, according to *Josephus*, and the family of the *Adads* reigned there long after in great lustre.

46 The Children of *Ammon*.

47 *Moloch* is called peculiarly the God of the *Ammonites* 1 *King.* 11. 5. & 7. *Fonseca* takes it to be *Priapus*; confounding it with *Belphegor* of the *Moabites*; *Arias Montanus* will have it to be *Mercury*, deriving it from *Malach*, *Nuncius*. Others more probably, *Saturn*, because the like Worship and like Sacrifices were used to him. *Macrobius* 1. *Saturn. Curt.* Lib. 4. *Diodor.* Lib. 20, &c. I rather believe the *Sun* was worshipped under that name by the *Ammonites*, as the *King of Heaven*; for the word signifies *King*; and it is the same Deity with *Baal*, or *Bel* of the *Affyrians* and *Sidonians*, signifying *Lord*. Some think that children were not burnt or sacrificed to him but only consecrated and initiated by passing between two fires; which perhaps might be a custom too. But it is evident by several places of Scripture, that this was not all. And the *Jews* say, that passing through the Fire, is but a Phrase for *burning*. He had seven Chappels from the

number of the *Planets*, of which the *Sun* is *King*; for which reason the *Persians* likewise made *seven Gates* to him. In the first *Chappel* was offered to him a *Cake* of fine flower, in the second a *Turtle*, in the third a *Sheep*, the fourth a *Ram*, the fifth an *Heifer*, the sixth an *Ox*, and the seventh a *Man*, or *Child*, commonly a young *Child*. The *Image* was of *Brass*, of wonderful greatness, with his hand spread, and set on fire within, perhaps to represent the heat of the *Sun*, and not as some think, to burn the *Children* in his *Arms*. He had likewise the face of a *Bullock*, in which figure too *Osyris* among the *Egyptians* represented the *Sun*, and *Mubra* among the *Persians*.

Stat. *Indignatus sequi torquentem cornua  
Mubram.*

But though they intended the worship of the *Sun*, under this name of *Moloch*, it was indeed the *Devil* that they worshipped; which makes me say, *Grinning through a black Cloud*, &c.

*Swift Tygris*. Curt. L. 4. No River in the East runs so violently as *Tygris*, from which swiftness it takes the name; for *Tygris* in the *Persian language* signifies an *Arrow*.

*Helam*, or *Chelam*, which *Ptolomy* calls *Alamatha*, a Plain near the Fords of *Euphrates*.

The Metropolis of *Ammon*, since *Philadelpia*.

And he took their *Kings Crown* from off his head (the weight whereof was a *Talent* of *Gold*, with the precious stones) and it was set on *Dauids* head, 2 *Sam.* 12. 30. and the like, 1 *Chro.* 20. 2 *Talis diadema regis eorum de capite ejus*, &c. But the *Seventy* have, κατέλαβε τὸν στέφανον Μολχὸν ὁ Βασιλεὺς αὐτῶν ἀπὸ τῆς κεφαλῆς αὐτοῦ, &c. He took the *Crown* of *Moloch* from their *King* from off his head. That is, The crown upon the head of their *Idol Moloch*, or *Melchom*; which makes some of the *Greek Fathers* say, That *Melchoms Image* had a bright precious stone in form of the *Morning Star*, placed on the top of his forehead. I rather follow the *English Translation*

Some would have *Solomon* to have begun his reign at eleven years old, which is very unreasonable. Sir *W. Raughley*, methinks, convinces that it was in the 19. year of his age;

at which time it might truly be said by *David* to *Solomon*, *Thou art a Wise man*; and by *Solomon* to *God*, *I am but young child*.

53 I am not ignorant that I go contrary to most learned men in this point, who make *Saba*, of which the *Queen*, a part of *Arabia Fœlix*,

Virg. *Solis est thurea virga Sabæis.*

And *Frankincense* was one of her presents to *Solomon*. *Psalms*. 72. *The Kings of Arabia and Saba*. The City where she lived the same was called *Marab*; by *Strabo*, *Mariab* and her, some name, *Nicanna*; others, *Makeda*; the *Arabians* *Bulkis*. This consists well enough with her title of the *Queen of Ethiopia*; for there were two *Ethiopia's* the one in *Asia*, the other in *Africa*. Nevertheless, I make her here *Queen* of this latter *Ethiopia* for two reasons first because she is called in the *New Testament* *Queen the South*, which seems to me to be too great a Title for the *Queen* of a small Territory in *Arabia*, lying full East and but a little *Southward of Judæa*; and therefore the *Wise men* that came to worship *Christ* from those parts are termed *Eastern*; and not *Southern Sages*. Secondly all the *Histories* of the *Abyssines* or *African Ethiopia* affirm, that she was *Queen* of their Country, and derived the Race of their Kings from her and *Solomon*, which ordinary names of them seem to confirm, and the custom of *Circumcision* used even to this day, though they be *Christians*. In fine, what ever the truth be, this opinion makes a better found in *Poetry*.

54 This *Egyptian Kings* name is very variously written *Sbisbac* the English, *Sesac* Latine, *Susakim* Septuagint, *Susac* *Iosephus*, *Susefin* *Cedrenus*, also *Sasuges*, *Sosonchis*, *Sacbis*, and by *Eusebius Smendes*, *Iosephus*, l. 8. pro that *Herodot.* falsely ascribes the acts of this *Susac* to *Sosiris*, and particularly his setting up of pillars in *Paphos*, with the figures of womens privy parts graven upon them, to reproach the effeminate-ness of those Nations. The Scripture says, his Army was without number; composed of *Lubims*, i. *Lybians*, the Countreys westward of *Egypt*. *Sukkym*, from *Succoth Tents*, Lat. *Troglodites* a people bordering upon the *Red sea*; by others, *Arabes Eg-*



is, or *Ichthyophagi*; & *Ethiopians*, *Cusita*, Joseph. which is more probable, then to make them, as some do, the people of *Arabia Deserta* and *Petraa*. From this time the *Egyptians* claimed the Sovereignty of *Judaea*, 2 Chron. 2. 8.

*Adadefar*, 1 Chron. 11. 7. I mention rather the golden shields taken by *David*, than those made by *Solomon*, because *David* might be more concerned in them.

The story of this great battel between *Abijah* and *Jeroboam* is one of the strangest and humanely most hard to believe, almost in the whole Old Testament, that out of a Kingdom, not half so big as *England*. five hundred thousand chosen and valiant men should be slain in one battel; and of this not so much as any notice taken in *Abijahs* or *Jeroboams* lives in the first of *Kings*. It adds much to the wonder, that is defeat should draw no other consequence after it but *Abijahs* recovery of two or three towns; no more than all the mighty troubles and changes in *Israel*, that hapned afterwards in *Asa's* time, who had besides, the advantage of being a virtuous & victorious Prince. Sir *W Raughley* makes a good discourse to prove the reason of this to have been, because the successors of *Solomon* still kept up that severity and arbitrariness of Government, which first caused the separation, but that all the *Kings* of *Israel* allowed those liberties to the people, upon the score of which *Jeroboam* possessed himself of the Crown; which the people chose rather to enjoy, though with great wars and disturbances, than to turn to the quiet which they enjoyed with servitude under *Solomon*. There may be something of this perhaps in the case; but even though this be true, it is so strange that the *Kings* of *Judah* should never (among so many changes) find a party in *Israel* to call them in again, that they must fly to the absolute determination of *Gods* will for a cause of it, who being offended with the sins of both, made both his instruments of vengeance against the one another, and gave victories and other advantages to *Judah*, not for blessings to that, but for Curses and scourges to *Israel*. *God punisht one, but blest not the other*

57 This Superstition of consecrating Groves to Idols grew so frequent, that there was scarce any fair green Tree that was not dedicated to some Idol,

— *Lucisque vetusta*

*Religione truces & robor a Numinis instar.*

The word it self *Lucus* is conceived by some to come from *Lucendo*, from the constant Light of Sacrifices burnt there to the Gods, or rather perhaps from Tapers continually burning therein in honour of them. At last the very Tree grew to be the Idols :

— *Quercus, oracula prima.* Ovid.

The *Druida* had their name from worshipping an Oak ; and among the *Celtae* an Oak was the Image of *Jupiter*, the *Holm Tree* had no less honour with the *Hetrurians*. *Tacitus* says the ancient *Germani* called Trees by the names of the Gods, 2 Kings 23. *Josiah* is said to bring out the Groves from the house of the Lord ; where it seems, the Idols themselves are called Groves ; either having gotten that name from standing commonly in Groves, or perhaps because they were the Figures of Trees adored by them : or of Idols with Trees represented too about them ; as *Act.* 19. 24. the silver similitudes of *Diána's Temple* made by *Demetrius*, are termed *Temples of Diana*.

58 The number of the Armies is here likewise more than wonderful, *Aja's* consisting of five hundred and eight thousand, and *Zerab's* of ten hundred thousand men, called *Ethiopians*, *Cusitæ* : Now though I took the *Cusites* *Susans* Army to be the *Ethiopiens*, of *Africk*, for it is very likely he might bring up those as well as *Lybians*, into *Palesline*; yet it is improbable that *Zerab* should march with such an Army through all *Egypt*, out of that *Ethiopia*, besides, *Gerar* and the Cities thereabout are spoiled by *Aja* as belonging to *Zera*, but that is in *Arabia Petraea*, which I suppose to be his Kingdom, though perhaps with out Country's thereabouts; and with the help of his neighbour Princes : for otherwise it is hard to believe, that his Army could be so great. It is clear that the *Arabians* were called *Ethiopiens* as well as the *Abyssines*, both descending from *Chus*.

He lost so many of his Subjects of *Arabia Petraea*, as might make that like *Arabia Deserta*.

It is strange, that after his being able to bring such an Army into the field, after his great success against *Zirah*, and his Fathers but a little before against *Feroboam*, he should be so alarmed with the War of *Baasha* (a murderer, and an unsettled U surper; for which cause I call him *Perjured*) as to give his own and the Temples Treasures or the assistance of *Benhadad*: But it was not so much out of fear of *Baasha* alone, as of *Benhadad* too at the same time, who would have joined with *Baasha*, if he had not been brought off to join with *Asa*. The Family of the *Adads* then reigned in *Damascus*, were renowned mighty Princes, and so continued long after. But the Assistance was very dangerous; for the *Syrians* having by this occasion found the weakness of both Kingdoms, of *Israel* and *Judaea*, and enriched themselves at once upon both, never ceased afterwards to molest and invade them.

The *Fates*; that is, according to the *Christian Poetical* manner of speaking, the *Angels*, tho whom the Government of this world is committed. The meaning is, that having a command to kill the *King*, and seeing *Jehosaphat* in Kingly Robes, and looking only upon the outward disguise of *Ahab* (without staying to consider who the person was) they had like to have caused the *King of Judah* to be slain instead of the *King of Israel*. He had like to have dyed as *Virgil* says, *Alieno vulnere*.

*Seir*, A little countrey lying between *Edom* and *Moab*.

*Jehoram* is said to have reigned eight years in *Jerusalem*; 2 Kings 8. 17. 2 Chron. 21. 20. but it is apparent by most evident collection out of the Text, that either seven of those eight years (as some will have it) or at least four, are to be reckoned in the life of his Father *Jehosaphat*. Which makes me wonder at *Sulpit. Severus* his mistake, who says, *Joram filius regnum tenuit* (*Josaphat rege defuncto*) *annos duodeviginti*: Reigned eighteen years. I rather think it should be *annos duos*, and that *de viginti* is crept in since. *Ochoziah* or *Abazia* reigned scarce one year.

63 *Athalia*, by some *Gotholia*. Her murder of all that remained (as she thought) of the Family of *David*, made her only pretence to the Government, which was the *Vacua Possessio*, and belonged to the first Possessor. She had been in effect in possession of it all the time of her Husband *Iehoram*, and Son *Ochoshia*, Ἐσπένδασε μνηδὲς ἐν τῷ Δαβὶδ καὶ κατέλιπεν οἶκον, πάντες δ' ἐξαφανίσαι τὸ γένος *Joseph*. And after these Murders here was a double Usurpation of *Athaliah*, first as she was not of the House of *David*. And secondly, as she was a Woman. For the Crown of *David* did not, as the *French* say, Fall to the Distaff, *Totum in quenoüille*, *Deut.* 17. 15. Yet she reigned peaceably almost seven years; which was very much to be wondered at, not only in regard of her murders, usurpation, tyranny and Idolatry at home, but because *Iehü* then King of *Israel*, was a sworn enemy of the House of *Athaliah* and had vowed to root it all out, which likewise he effected, except in the person of this wicked woman, who nevertheless perished at last as she deserved, *Aijol vit Deum*.

64 *2 Kings* mentions but one Invasion of *Hazaels* King of *Aram* or *Syria*, which was compounded by *Joas* for a great sum of money. The *2. of Chronicles* mention likewise but one, which ended in the loss of a battel of *Joas*, and the slaughter of most of the Princes of *Judea*. Some think that both those places signify but one war, and that the composition followed the victory. That they were several Invasions appears to me more probable, and that mentioned in the *Chronicles* to be the former of the two, though it be generally otherwise thought; for it is more likely, that *Joas* should be driven to accept of that costly and shameful composition after the loss of a battel, and of the greatest part of his Nobility, against a small number, than before he had ever tried his fortune in the field against the *Aramites*. Neither is it so probable that the *Syrians* having made the agreement for a vast treasure, should again break it, and invade them with a small company, as that having at first with a party only defeated the *Judean* Army, they should afterwards enter with greater Force

to prosecute the Victory, and therewith force them to accept of so hard and dishonourable conditions. But it may be objected, that it is said, 2 Chron. 24. 25. *When hey ( the Syrians ) departed from him ( for they left him in great diseases ) his own servants conspired against him, and slew him;* as if this followed immediately after the battle. But he that observes the manner of writing used in the *Kings* and *Chronicles*, and indeed all other Historical parts of the *Scripture*, shall find the relation very imperfect and confused ( especially in circumstances of *Time* ) reciting often the latter things first, by *Anticipation*. So that *When they departed*, &c. may relate not to this defeat which in the Text it immediately follows, but to the other composition afterwards; which may be here omitted, because that second invasion was but a consequence; and almost *Continuance* of the former: In which respect one Relation ( 2 *Chronicles* ) mentioning the first part, which was the battle only; and the other ( 2 *Kings* ) the second, which was the sending in of new Forces, and the conditions of agreement both have fulfilled the duty of *Epiomies*.

That is, In the same manner as his Father *Ioas*; both being virtuous and happy at first, wicked and unfortunate at the last; with the same resemblance in their defeats, the one by the *Syrians*, the other by the *Israelites*; and in the consequences of them, which were the loss of all their treasures, and those of the Temple, a dishonourable peace; and their murders, by their own servants.

This punishment, I suppose, was inflicted on them as *Rebels*, not as *enemies*.

*Uzziah*, so he is called in our Translation of the *Chronicles*, the Septuagint *Ozias*, and so *Iosephus*; but in *Kings* he is named *Azarias*, which was the *High Priests* name in his time.

*At first from men*, 2 Chron. 26. 21. *Dwelt in a house apart, being a Leper*. So likewise 2 *Kings* 15. 5. according to the Law concerning *Lepers*, *Levit.* 13. 46. *From earth at last*: For *Iosephus* reports, that the

grief caused his death *χρόνον μὲν πινάει δὴ ζεν ἕξω τὴ πόλι  
ιδιώτῳ δὲ πζῶν Βίον--ἔπειτα ὑπὸ λύπης καὶ ἀθυμίας ἀπέθανε*

- 69 *Josephus* gives *Jothan* an high Elogy. That he want no kind of vertue, but was religious towards God, just men, and wise in Government.
- 70 To the Idol *Moloch*, of which before. When they bur the Child in Sacrifice, it was the custom to make great noise with Drums, Trumpets, Cymbals, and other Instruments, to the end that his cryes might be heard. *Hinnon*, a valley full of Trees close by *Jerusalem*, where *Moloch* was worshipped in this execrable manner, called *Gebinnon*, from whence the word *Gebenna* comes for *Hell*; it was called likewise *Toph*. Some think (as *Theodor. Sa. ia. Sc.*) that *Achaz* once made his Son pass between two fires for a *Lustration* and Consecration of him to *Moloch*, because it is said, *2 Kings 16. 2.* He made his Son to pass through the fire. But *2 Chon. 28. 3.* Explains it, He burnt his Children in the fire. And *Josephus*, *ειδώλοισ ἰδίων ὀλοκαύτα παῖδα.*
- 71 *Tiglat-pillefer*, or *Tiglat phul-asar*. The Son of *Phul* called by *Annius Phul Belochus*, by others *Be. ofus*, *Diodor*, *Beleses*, the Associate of *Arbaces* in destroying *Sardanapalus*, and the *Assyrian Empire*. After which the Government of *Babylon* and *Assyria* was left to him by *Arbaces*, which he soon turned into an absolute Sovereignty, and made other great additions to it by conquest.
- 72 For after the spoil of *Syria* and *Israel*, which he destroyed upon *Achas* quarrel, he possessed himself also of a great part of *Judaea*, which he came to succour, but away the chief riches of the Countrey, and made *Achas* his Tributary and servant.
- 73 The *Rabbies*, and out of them *Abulensis* and *Cajetan* say the Angel of God destroyed them by fire from Heaven. *Josephus* says by a *Pestilence*, *λοιμικῆ νόσῳ.*
- 74 He was slain in the Temple of *Nesroth*, *Septuagint* *Νεστροῦ*, *Josephus*, *τῶν ἁγίων Ἀρσάκη λεγόμενον*, by his twelve Sons *Adramelec* and *Sarasar*, some say, because in his distresses at *Pelusium* (of which see *Herodot.*) he had bound him

himself by vow to sacrifice them to his Gods. Other more probably, because he had declared *Asarhaddon*, heir younger brother by another *Mother*, his *Successor*. *Herod.* reports that this *Sennacheribs* Statue was in Temple of *Vulcan* in *Egypt*, with this Inscription,

Εἰς ἐμὲ τὸς ὀφθαλμοὺς οὐσεβῆς ἔστω.

Let him who looks upon me learn to fear God.

It is not plain by the Scripture that the *Sun* went backward, but that the *shadow* only, upon that particular *Dial*, which *Vatablus*, *Montanus*, and divers others believe. However this opinion hath the authority of all the *Greek* and *Latin Fathers*.

*Forgetful Man*, which is the Signification of his name.

The *Egyptians* worshipped *Two Calves*, *Apis* and *Mnevis*, the one dedicated to the *Sun*, and the other to the *Moon*; or rather the one being and *Idol* or *Symbol* of the *Sun*, and the other of the *Moon*, that is in their *Sacred Language*, of *Osiris* and *Isis*. From the *Egyptians* the *Israelites* took this *Idolatry*, but applying to it the name of the *True God*, whom they thought fit to worship under the same figure; as they had seen *Osiris* worshipped in *Egypt*. Such was *Arons Calf*, or *Oxe*, and *Feroboams two Calves* erected in *Dan* and *Beihel* (which Religion he learnt at the time of his banishment in *Egypt*) which I do not believe to have been two different *Idols*, in imitation of *Apis* and *Mnevis*, but that both were made to represent the same *true God*, which he thought might as well be adored under that *Figure*, as the *Osiris* was, or *Sun* of the *Egyptians*.

Of *Osiris*, see before the Note upon the *Ode* called, *The Plagues of Egypt*, ib.

See Note 47. where I say that his *Image* was of *Brass*; how then could it fall to *Asbes* in his own *Fires*? that is, it was first melted, and then beaten to dust, as the graven *Image* of the *Groves* which *Manasses* set up, and which *Josiah* burnt, as then stamp't to powder; which stamping was not necessary if it had been of wood, for then it would have burnt to ashes. 2 *King*. 23. 6.

The *Sydonians* had two *Principal Idols*, *Baal* and *Astarte*, or *Ashtaroth*, i. The *Sun* and the *Moon*; which *Astarte*

is perhaps the ἡ Βαάλ, mentioned often in the Septuagint *Tob. 1. 5.* ἔθυσον τῇ Βαάλ τῇ Δαμάλῃ. They sacrificed *She-Baal* the *Cow*. Both the *Sun* and *Moon* were represented anciently under that *Figure*, *Luc. de Deâ Syr.* Ἀσπίρτι δ' ἐγὼ δοκέω σεληναίαν ἔμμεναι, her *Image* was the *Statue of a Woman*, having on her head the head of a *Bull*.

*Syderum Regina bicornis.* Hor.

- 80 *Herodian* testifies, that *Heliogabulus* (that is, the *Baal* of the *Tyrians*) was worshipped in a *Great Stone*, round at bottom, and ending in a *spire*; to signify the nature of *Fire*. In the like *Figure* *Tacitus* reports that *Venus Paphia* was worshipped, that is, I suppose, the *Moon*; *Astari* (for the *Cyprian* superstition is likely to have come from the *Tyrians*) the *Wife of Baal*. I find also *Lapis* to have been a surname of *Jupiter*; *Jupiter Lapis*.
- 81 *Dea Syria*, which is thought to be *Venus Urania*, that is, the *Moon*, men sacrificed to her in the habit of *women* and they in that of *men*; because the *Moon* was esteemed ἀρρ' ἐνοσῆλῃς, both *male* and *Female*, *Macrob. Satur. 3. 8* from whence it was called *Lunus* as well as *Luna*, and *Venus* too, *Deus Venus*, *Jul. Firm.* says of the *Priests*, *Virilem sexum ornatum meliebri delectant*; which is the occasion of the *Law*, *Deut. 22: 5*.
- 82 *2 Kings 17. 30.* And the men of *Babylon* made *Succoth Benoth*; that is, built a *Temple* or *Tabernacle* (for *Succoth* is a *Tabernacle*) to *Benoth*, or *Benos*, or *Binos*; for *Suid.* has Βίνος, ὀνομαζομένης, (i.) *Melita*, the *Babylonian Venus*. Of whose worship *Herodot. L. 1.* reports, That *Virgins* crowned with *Garlands* sat in order in her *Temple*, separated from one another by little cords, and never stirred from thence till some stranger came in, and giving them a piece of money took them out to lie with them; and till then they could not be married.
- 83 Some make *Dagon* to be the same with *Jupiter Aratrius*, Σιτῶν, deriving it from *Dagon*, *Corn*; but this is generally exploded, and as generally believed, that it comes from *Dag*, a *Fish*; and was an *Idol*, the upper part



*Man*, and the lower *Fish*. *Definet in Piscem mulier formosa superne*. I make it rather *Female* than *Male*, because I take it to be the *Syrian Atergatis* (*Adder dagan* the mighty *Fish*) and *Dercezo*, whose *Image* was such, and her *Temple* at *Ascalon*, which is the place where *Dagon* was worshipped. *Diodor.* says of the *Image*, L. 3. τὸ μὲν ἄσσωπον ἔχει γυνακίς, τὸ δ' ἄλλο σῶμα πᾶν ἰχθύου. And *Lucian*, *Ἡμισὴν μὲν γυνήτι, ἣ ὅποσον ἐκμηρῶν εἰς ἄκρας πόδας ἰχθύου διπλοῖνεται*. There is an ancient *Fable*, that *ἄκνης*, a *Creature Half-Man and Half-Fish*, arose out of the *Red-Sea*, and came to *Babylon*, and there taught men several *Arts*, and then returned again to the *Sea*. *Apollodor.* reports, that four such *Oannes* in several ages had arose out of the *Red sea*, and that the name of one was *ᾠδάκων*. From whence our learned *Selden* fetches *Dagon*, whom see at large upon this matter. *De D. Syrii. Syntag. c. 2. 3.*

4 2 *Kings* 23. 11. *Chariots and Horses* were dedicated to the *Sun*, in regard of the swiftness of his motion. See *Zen. l. 8. de Cyro. 11. Ἀνεβάς. Pausan. in Lacon. Heliodor. Æth. 10. Justin. 1. Herod. 1.* They were *Living white Horses* to represent the *Light*. *Nergal*, 2 *Kings* 17. 30. *And the men of Cuth made Nergal*, which signifies *Fire*; to wit, the *sacred Fire* that was kept always burning in honour of the *Sun*, as that of *Vesta* among the *Romans*. The ancient *Persians* worshipt it, and had no other *Idol* of the *Sun*. From thence the *Cuthites* brought it, when they were removed into *Samaria*, who came from the borders of *Cuthus*, a *River* in *Persia*. *Strabo* says of the *Persians*, θεῶν πρῶτον τῷ Πυρρὸν εὐχοίται, which was the reason they abhorred the burning of dead bodies, as a profanation of their *Deity*.

15 *Belzebub*. The *God* of *Ecron* or *Accaron*. The *God of Flies*. See the *Note* on the eighth *Stanza* of the *Ode* called, *The Plagues of Egypt*, and *Note 18.* upon the first *Book*.

*Thundring Baal*. The *Iupiter* and *Sun* of the *Sidonians*, and other neighbouring *Countrys*. See the *Note 45.* L. 3.

16 Neither the *Book of Kings* nor *Chronicles* make particular mention of the *slaughter* of *Iehoiakim* by the *Assyrians*.

rians. Nay the second of *Chron.* 36. 6. seems at first sight to imply the contrary. Against him came up *Nebuchadnezzar*, and bound him in Fetters to carry him to Babylon. That is, he first bound him with an intent to carry him away captive, but after caused him to be slain there, to fulfil the *Prophecies* of *Jeremiah*, *Jer.* 36. 30 and *Iosephus* says expressly, that *Nebuchadnezzar* commanded him to be slain, and his body to be cast over the walls.

87 *Jehoiachin*, the Son of *Jehoiakim*, a Child, and who was taken away captive after three months and ten days, *Zedechia* being set up in his place, the younger brother of *Iehoias* and *Iehoiakim*; The fourth King of the Jews successively, that was made a Bond slave. *Israels* now solemn and imperial Chain: for it was the custom of the great Eastern Monarchs, as afterwards of the Romans too, *Ut haberent instrumenta servitutis & reges.* Tacit.

88 For though they were restored again to their Country, yet they never recovered their ancient Liberty, but continued under the yoke of the *Persians*, *Macedonians*, and *Romans* till their final destruction.

98 In this manner *Oedipus* speaks, after he had put out his own eyes. In *Theb.*

*Quid hic manes meos detineo?*

Why do I keep my Ghost alive here so long? And to *Antigone*,

*Funus extendis meum,  
Longa sq; vivi ducis exequias patris.*

And *Oed.* Act. 5.

*Mors eligatur longa, quaratur via  
Qua nec sepultis mistus & vivis tamen  
Exemptus errem. --- Seneca the Philisoph.*

(But as a Poet, not a Philosopher) calls Banishment it self (the least of *Zedechia's* affliction) a Death, nay a Burial,

*Parce religatis, hoc est, jam parce sepultis.  
Vivorum cinis sit tua terra Levis.*

But *Seneca* the Father in the 19. *Controvers.* has raised an objection against the next verse, *Bereft of griefs, &c. Cestius* (says he) spoke a most false sense, into which many fall.

fall. She was the more to be lamented, because she could not weep herself. And again, So much cause, and no more power to weep. As if (says he) Blind people could not weep. Truly, Philosophically speaking, The moisture that falls through the place of the Eyes, if provoked by grief, is as much weeping, as if the Eyes were there; yet (sure) weeping seems to depend so much upon the Eyes, as to make the expression *Poetical true*, though not *Literally*. And therefore the *Tragædian* was not frightened with his *Criticisism*; for *Oedip.* says in *Theb.*

*Cuncta sors mihi infesta abstulit.*

*Lacryma supererant, has quoq̄ eripui mihi.*

I confess indeed in a *Declamation* I like not thole kinds of *Flowers* so well.

10 I do not mean, that she was without *Original Sin*, as her *Roman Adorers* hold very *temerariouſly*, but that neither *Disease* nor *Imperfection*, which are the effects and footsteps. as it were, of *Sin*, were to be seen in her body.

11 Their mingled Light; i. Their Colours; which are nothing, but the several mixtures of *Light* with *Darkness* in the superficies of opacous bodies; as for example, *Yellow* is the mixture of *Light* with a little *Darkness*; *Green*, with a little more; *Red* with more yet. So that *Colours* are nothing but *Light* diversly reflected and shadowed. *Plato* calls them, φλόζα τῶν σωμάτων ἐκάστων ἀπὸ γίσεων. *Flames*, that is, *Light* continually flowing from *Bodies*; and *Pindar Od 6.* elegantly attributes to *Flowers*, Παμπορφύρας ἀκτίνας. *Purple Beams.*

92 *Gods Wife.* Though the word seem bold, I know no hurt in the figure. And *Spouse* is not an *Heroical word*. The *Church* is called *Christs Spouse*, because whilst it is *Militant*, it is only as it were *Contracted*, not *Married*, till it becomes *Triumphant*, but here is not the same reason.

93 *Early*; i. *Eastern Spices.* From *Arabia* which is *Eastward* of *Judea*. Therefore the *Scripture* says, that these *Arabian* wise men came ἀπὸ ἀνατολῶν. We have seen his *Star.* ὦν τῆ ἀνάτολῆ. *Virg.*

*Ecce Dionai processit Casatis astrum.*

And the Presents which these wise men brought, shew that they came from *Arabia*.

94 *Gabriel*; the name signifies, The *Power of God*. I have seen in some *Magical Books*, where they give barbarous names to the *Guardian Angels* of great persons, as that of *Mashatron* to the *Angel of Moses*, that they assign one *Cerviel* to *David*, And this *Gabriel* to *Josph*, *Fosua* and *Daniel*. But I rather use this than that *Diabolical Name* (for ought I know of an *Angel*, which the *Scripture* makes no mention of. Especially because *Gabriel* is employed particularly in things that belong to the manifestation of *Christ* as to the *Prophet Daniel*, to *Zacharia*, and to *Mary*. The *Rabbies* account *Michael* the Minister of *Gods Justice*, and *Gabriel* of his *Mercies*, and they call the former *Fire*, and the latter *Water*.

95 *Tho. Aquinas*, upon the second of the *Senten. Distinct. 9. Art. 2.* It is necessary that the *Air* should be thickned, till it come near to the propriety of earth; that is, to be capable of *Figuration*, which cannot be but in solid body, &c. And this way of *Spiritus* appearing in bodies of condensed air (for want of a better way, they taking it for granted that they do frequently appear) is approved off by all the *Schoolmen*, and the *Inquisitors* about *Witches*. But they are beholding for this *Invention* to the ancient *Poets*. *Virg.*

*Tum Diæ nuke cavâ tenuem sine viribus umbram,  
In faciem Æn. &c.*

Which is the reason (perhaps) that *Apollo*, as the drawer up, and best Artificer of *Vapours*, is employed to make the *Phantasm* of *Æneas*. 5. *Ihad.*

"Αυτὰρ εἰδὼλον πύξ ἀργυροτόξῳ Ἀπόλλων  
ἄυτ' ἄτ' Ἀνεία ἰκέλευν ἢ τεύχεσι τοίον.

96 *Obscene* was a word in use among the *Augures*; signifying that which portended *ill-Fortune*. And it is most frequently applyed to *Birds of ill Omen*. *Virg.* 3. *Æn.*

*Sive Deæ, seu sine Diræ; obscænaq; volucres.*

*Æn. 12. — Nec me terreat timentem*

— *Obscæna volucres. —*

*Ovid. — Obscæna quo prohibentur aves.*

And *Servius* interprets *Virgils Obscænam famem*, to be;  
The

The hunger that drives men to *Obscene*, that is, unclean or shameful thing, or because it was foretold by an *Obscene*; i. *unluckie Bird*.

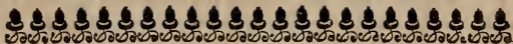
7 It is rightly termed a *Glaß* or *Mirror*, for God foresees all things by looking only on himself, in whom all things always are.

8 *Albion* is the ancientst name of this *Island*, yet I think not so ancient as *Dauids* time. But we must content our selves with the best we have. It is found in *Arist. de Mundo*, in *Plin. Ptolem.* and *Strabo*; by which appears the vanity of those who derive it from a *Latin* word, *Ab Albis Rupibus*.

9 So the Angel to *S. John. Revel. 19. 10.* and *22. 9.* calls himself, *His Fellow servant*.

00 Virg. — *Cum circumfusa repente  
Scindit se nubes & in aera purgat apertum;* and again;  
*Tertius fugit cœu Fumus in auras.*

Hom. Σκίη ἰκαλον ἢ κὴ ὀνείρω Ἐπιπέτε.



# T H E C O N T E N T S.

**D** Avids flight to Nob, and entertainment there by the High Priest; from thence to Gath in disguise, where he is discovered and brought to Ach's; He counterfeits himself Mad, and escapes to Adullam. A short enumeration of the forces which come thither to him. A description of the Kingdom of Moab, whether David flies; His entertainment at Moabs Court, a Digression of the History of Lot, Father of the Moabites, represented in Picture. Melchors Song at the Feast; Moab desires Joab to relate the story of David. Which he does; His Extraction, his excellency in Poësie, and the effects of it in curing Sauls malady. The Philistims Army encamped at Dammin, the Description of Goliah and his Arms, his Challenge to the Israelites, Davids coming to the Camp, his speech to Saul to desire leave to fight with Goliah; several speeches upon that occasion, the combat and slaughter of Goliah, with the defeat of the Philistims Army. Sauls envy to David. The Characters of Merab and Michol. The Love between David and Michol; his Song at her window, his expedition against the Philistims, and the Dowry of two hundred foreskins for Michol, with whom he is married. The solemnities of the Wedding; Sauls relapse, and the causes of Davids flight into the Kingdom of Moab.

## DAVIDEIS.

*The Third Book.*

**R**ais'd with the news he from high Heav'en re- 1 Sam.  
 ceives, 21. 1.  
 Straight to this *diligent God* just thanks he gives.  
 To *divine Nobe* directs then his flight,  
 A small *Town* great in *Fame* by *Levy's* right,  
 Is there with sprightly wines, and hallowed bread, v. 4, 5, 6.  
 (But what's to *Hunger hallowed?*) largely fed. Mar.  
 The good old *Priest* welcomes his *fatal Guest*, 12. 4.  
 And with long talk prolongs the hasty feast.  
 He lends him *vain Goliabs Sacred Sword*, Ver. 9.  
 (The fittest help just *Fortune* could afford)  
 A *Sword* whose *weight* without a *blow* might slay,  
 Able *unblunted* to cut *Hosts* away,  
 A *Sword* so great, that it was only fit  
 To take off his *great Head* who came with it.  
 Thus he arms *David*; I your own restore,  
 Take it (said he) and use it as before.  
 I saw you then, and 'twas the bravest sight 1 Sam.  
 That're these *Eyes* ow'ed the discov'ring light. 17.  
 When you stept forth, how did the *Monster* rage,  
 In scorn of your soft looks, and tender age!  
 Some your *high Spirit* did *mad Presumption* call,  
 Some pitied that such *Youth* should idly fall.  
 Th'uncircumcis'ed smil'd grimly with disdain;  
 I knew the day was yours: I saw it plain.  
 Much more the Reverend *Sire* prepar'd to say,  
 Rapt with his joy; how the two *Armies* lay;  
 Which way th'amazed *Foe* did wildly flee,  
 All that his *Hearer* better knew than *he*:  
 But *David's* hast denies all needless stay;  
 To *Gath* an *Enemies Land*, he hastes away.  
 Not there secure, but were one *Danger's* near, 1 Sam.  
 The more remote though *greater* disappear. 21. 10.  
 So from the *Hawk*, *Birds* to *Mans* succour flee,

So from fir'd *Ship* Man leaps into the *Sea*.

There in disguise he hopes unknown t'abide!

Alas! in vain! what can such greatness hide?

Stones of small worth may lye unseen by *Day*,

But *Night* it self does the rich *Gem* betray.

- 5 *Tagal* first spi'ed him, a *Philistian* Knight,  
 Who erst from *Dauids* wrath by shameful flight  
 Had sav'd the sordid remnant of his age;  
 Hence the deep sore of *Envy* mixt with *Rage*.  
 Straight with a band of Souldiers tall and rough,  
*Trembling*, for scarce he tought that band enough;  
 On him he seises whom they and all had fear'd,  
 Had the bold *Youth* in his own shape appear'd.  
 And now this wisht for, but yet dreadful prey  
 To *Achis* Court they led in hast away,  
 With all unmanly rudeness which does wait  
 Upon th' *Immoderate Vulgars* Joy and *Hate*.  
 His valour now and Strength must uselesly,  
 And he himself must arts unusu'al try;  
 Sometimes he rends his garments; nor does spare  
 The goodly curls of his rich yellow haire.  
 Sometimes a violent laughter serv'd his face,  
 And sometimes ready tears dropt down apace.  
 Sometimes he fixt his staring eyes on ground,  
 And sometimes in wild manner hurl'd them round.  
 More full revenge *Philistians* could not wish,  
 6 But call't the *Justice* of their mighty *Fish*.  
 They now in height of anger, let him *Live*;  
 And *Freedom* too, t'increase his *scorn*, they give.  
 He by *wise Madnes* freed does homeward flee,  
 And *Hage* makes them all that *He seem'd* to be.
- 7 Near to *Adullam* in an aged Wood,  
 An *Hill* part earth, part rocky stone there stood,  
 Hollow and vast within, which *Nature* wrought  
 As if by her *Scholar* *Art* she had been taught.  
 Hither young *David* with his *Kindred* came,  
*Servants*, and *Friends*; many his spreading fame,  
 Many their wants or discontents did call;  
 Great men in war, and almost *Armies* all!  
 8 Hither came wife and valiant *Isak* down,

E Sam.  
21. 13.

Vers 15.

E Sam.  
22. 1.

E Sam.  
22. 1.



One to whom *David's* self most owe his *Crown*,  
 A mighty man, had not some cunning *Son*,  
 Amidst so many *Virtues* crowd'd in  
 With him *Ahisbai* came by whom there fell  
 At once three hundred; with him *Ajabel*:

1 Chr.  
 11. 20.

*Ajabel*, swifter than the *Northern* wind;  
 Scarce could the nimble *Motions* of his *Mind*  
 Out go his *Feet*; so strangely would he runne,  
 That *Time* it self perceiv'd not what was done.

1 Chr.  
 11. 26.  
 2 Sam.  
 2. 18.

Oft o're the *Lawns* and meadows would he pass,  
 His weight *unknown*, and harmles to the grass;  
 Oft o're the sands and hollow dust would trace,  
 Yet no one *Atom* trouble or displace.

Unhappy *Youth*, whose end so near I see!  
 There's nought by thy *Ill Fate* so swift as *Thee*.

2 Sam.  
 2. 23.

Hither *Iessides* wrongs *Banaiah* drew,  
 He, who the vast *exceeding* *Monster* slew.  
 Th' *Egyptian* like an *Hill* himself did rear,  
 Like some tall *Tree* upon it seem'd his *Spear*.

1 Chr.  
 11. 22.

But by *Benaiah's* staff he fell o'rethrown,  
 The *Earth*, as if worit itrook, did loudest groan.  
 Such was *Benaiah*; in a narrow pit.

Ver. 23.

He saw a *Lyon*, and leapt down to it.  
 As eas'ly there the *Royal* *Beast* he tore.  
 As that it self did *Kills* or *Lambs* before.

Ver. 23

Him *Ira* follow'd, a young lovely boy,  
 But full of *Sp'irit* and *Arms* was all his joy.

1 Chr.  
 11. 28.

Oft when a *child* he in his dream would fight  
 With the vain air, and his wak'd *Mother* fright.  
 Oft would he shoot young *birds*, and as they fall  
 Would laugh, and fannie them *Philistians* all.

And now at home no longer would he stay,  
 Though yet the face did scarce his *Sex* betray.

*Dodos* great Son came next, whose dreadful hand  
 Snatcht *ripened* *Glories* from a conqu'ring band;  
 Who knows not *Dammin*, and that barley field,  
 Which did a strange and bloody *Harvest* yield?

1 Chr.  
 11. 22.

Many besides did this new Troop encrease;  
*Adan* whose wants made him unfit for peace.  
*Eliel*, whose full quiv'er did alwayes beare

1 Chr.  
 11. 46.

As many *Deaths* as in it *Arrows* were.

None from his hand did vain or inn'ocent flee,  
Scarce *Love* or *Fate* could aim so well as *Hee*.  
Many of *Judah* took wrong'ed *David's* side,

I Chro.  
12. 16.

And many of old *Jacobs* youngest *Tribe*;  
But his chief strength the *Gathite* Souldiers are,  
Each *single man* able t'orecome a *Warre*!  
Swift as the *Darts* they fling trough yielding air,  
And hardly all as the strong *Steel* they bare,  
A *Lions* noble rage fits in their face;  
*Terrible comely*, arm'ed with *dreadful grace*!

I Chro.  
12. 8.

Th'undaunted *Prince*, though thus well guarded  
here,

Yet his stout Soul *durst* for his *Parents* fear;  
He seeks for them a safe and quite seat,  
Nor trusts hit *Fortune* with a *Pledge* so great.

So when in hostile fire rich *Asias* pride  
For ten years siege had fully satisfi'ed,  
*Aeneas* stole an act of higher Fame,  
And bore *Anchises* through the wondring flame,  
A nobler *Burden*. and a richer *Prey*,  
Than all the *Gracian* forces bore away.

Virg. 2.  
Æn.

Go pious *Prince*, in peace, in triumph go;  
Enjoy the *Conquest* of thine *Overthrow*;  
To have sav'd thy *Troy* would far less glorious be  
By this thou *Overcom'st* their *Victorie*.

- 11 *Moab*, next *Judah*, an old Kingdom, lies:  
12 *Jordan* their touch, and his *curst* *Sea* denies.  
13 They see *North-stars* from o're *Amoreus* ground  
14 *Edom* and *Petra* their South part does bound.  
15 Eastwards she Lands of *Cush* and *Ammon* ly,  
The mornings happy beams they first espy.  
The region with fat soil and plenty's blest,  
A soil too good to be of old posselt  
16 By monstrous *Emins*; but *Lots* off-spring came  
And conquer'ed both the *People* and the *Name*.  
17 Till *Seon* drave them beyond *Armons* flood,  
And their sad *boies* markt deep in their own *bloo*.  
18 In *Hesbon*, his triumphant *Court* he placed,  
*Hesbon* by *Men* and *Nature* strangely grac'ed.

Num.  
21. 26.

A glorious Town, and fille'd with all delight  
Which Peace could yield, though well prepared  
for *sight*.

But this proud *City* and her prouder *Lord*  
Felt the keen rage of *Israels Sacred Sword*,  
Whilst *Moab* triumpht in her torn estate,  
To see *her own* become her *Conquer'ers* fate.

Num. 23  
24. 25.

Yet that small remnant of *Lots* parted Crown  
Did arm'd with *Israels* sins pluck *Israel* down,  
Full thrice six years they felt fierce *Egion* yoke;  
Till *Ehuds* sword *Gods* vengeful Message spoke;  
Since then their *Kings* in quiet held their owne,  
Quiet the good of a not envy'd *Throne*.

Judg. 3.  
14.  
15. v. 21

And now a wife old *Prince* the Scepter sway'd;  
Well by his *Subjects* and *Himself* obey'd.

Onely before his *Fathers Gods* he fell;  
Poor wretched Man, almost to good for *Hell*!

Hither does *David* his blest *Parents* bring,  
With humble greatness begs of *Moabs* King,  
A safe and fair abode, where they might live.

1 Sam.  
22. 3.

Free from those storms with which himself must  
strive.

The King with chearful grace his suit approv'd,  
By hate to *Saul*, and love to *Virtue* mov'd.

Welcome great *Knight*, and your fair *Troop* (said  
he)

Your *Name* found *welcome* long before with me.

That to rich *Ophirs* rising *Morn* is knowne,  
And stretcht out far to the burnt swarthy *Zone*.

Swift *Fame*, when her round journey she does make  
Scornes not sometimes *Us* in her way to take.

Are you the man, did that huge *Gyant* kill?

Great *Baal* of *Phigor*! and how young he's still!

From *Ruth* we heard you came; *Ruth* was born  
here,

Ru. 1. 4.

In *Judab* sejournd, and (they say) matcht there

Ru. 4.

To one of *Bethlem*; which I hope is true;

10.

Howe're your *Virtues* here entitle you.

Those have the best *alliance* always bin,

To *Gods* as well as *Men* they make us *Kin*.

He spoke, and straight led in his thankful  
Guests,

To a stately Room prepar'd for *Shows* and *Feasts*  
The Room with golden *Tap'etry* glitter'd bright  
At once to *please* and to *confound* the sight,

23 Th'excellent work of *Babylonian* hands;

24 In midit a Table of rich *Iv'ory* stands,

By three fierce *Tygers*, and three *Lions* born,  
Which green, and *fearfully* the place *adorn*.

Widely they gape, and to the *eye* they roare,  
As if they hunger'd for the food they bore.

25 About it Beds of *Lybian Citron* stood,

26 With coverings dy'd in *Tyrian Fishes* blood,  
They say, th'*Herculean* art; but most delight

27 Some pictures gave to *Dauids* learned sight.

Gen. 13.  
6.

Here several ways *Lot* and great *Abramgo*,  
Their too much wealth, vast, and *unkind* doe  
grow.

Thus each extream to equal danger tends,  
*Plenty* as well as *Want* can separate *Friends*;

Here *Sodoms* Towers raise their proud tops o  
high;

The *Towers* as well as *Men* outbrave the sky.

By it the waves of rev'rend *Jordan* run.

Here green with *Trees*, there gilded with the *Sun*.

ib. v. 10

Hither *Lots* Household comes, a numerous train,  
And all with various business fill the plain.

Some drive the crowding sheep with rural hook:  
They lift up their mild heads, and bleat in *looks*.

Some drive the *Herd*s; here a fierce *Bulloc*  
scorns

Th'appointed way, and runs with threatning  
horns;

In vain the *Herdman* calls him back again;

The *Dogs* stand off afar, and bark in vain.

Some lead the groaning waggons, loaded high,  
With stuff, on top of which the *Maidens* ly.

Upon tall *Camels* the fair *Sisters* ride,

And *Lot* talks with them both on either side.

Another *Picture* to curst *Sodom* brings

3 *Flame* proud Lord, with his three *servant* Kings: Gen. 14  
11, 12.  
 They sack the Town, and bear *Lot* bound away; 1b.v.10  
 Whilst in a Pit the vanquish'd *Bera* lay,  
*Buriel* almost alive for fear of Death.

But heav'ens just vengeance sav'd as yet his  
 breath.

*Abraham* pursues, and slays the Victors *Host*, Gen. 14.  
13.  
 Scarce had their *Conquest* leisure for a *boast*.

Next this was drawn the reckless *Cities* flame, Gen. 19.  
24.  
 When a strange *Hell* pour'd down from *Heaven*  
 there came.

Here the two *Angels* from *Lot's* window look  
 With *smiling* anger; the lewd wretches, strook 1b.v.11

With sudden blindness, seek in vain the dore,  
 Their *Eyes*, first cause of *Lust*, first *Veng'ance* bore.  
 Through liquid Air, heav'ns busie Souldiers fly.  
 And drive on *Clouds* where seeds of Thunder ly.

Here the sad sky gloses red with dismal streaks,  
 Here *Lightning* from it with short *trëbling* breaks;  
 Here the blew flames of scolding brimstone fall,  
 Involving swiftly in one ruine all.

The fire of *Trees* and *Houses* mounts on high,  
 And meets half way new *fires* that showre from sky  
 Some in their arms snatch their dear babes away;  
 At once drop down the *Fathers* arms, and *They*.

Some into waters leap with kindled hair,  
 And more to vex their fate, are burnt ev'ën there.  
 Men thought so much a *Flame* by Art was shown,  
 The *Pictures* self would fall in ashes down.

A far old *Lot* to'ward little *Zoar* hies,  
 And dares not move good man)his weeping eyes. Gen. 19.  
17  
 Behind his *Wife* stood ever fixt alone;

No more a *Woman*, nor yet quite a *Stone*. 1b.v.26

A lasting *Death* seiz'd on her turning head;  
 One cheek was tough and white, the other red,

And yet a *Cheek*; in vain to speak she strove;  
 Her lips, though stone, a little seem'd to move.

One eye was clos'd, surpris'd by sudden night,  
 The other trembled still with parting light:

The wind admir'd which her hair loosely bore,  
 Why

Why it grew stiff, and now would play no more.  
To heav'en she lifted up her freezing hands,  
And to his day a *Suppliant Pillar* stands.

She try'd her heavy foot from ground to rear,  
And rais'd the *Heel*, but her *Toe's* rooted there:  
Ah foolish woman! who must always be,  
A sight more *strange* than that she turn'd to see!

Whilst *David* fed with these his curious eye,  
The Feast is now serv'd in, and down they lye.  
*Moab* a goblet takes of massy gold,

- 33 Which *Zippor*, and from *Zippor* all of old  
Quaft to their *Gods* and *Friends*; an *Health* goes  
round

In the brisk grape of *Armons* richest ground.

- 34 Whilst *Melchor* to his harp with wondrous skill

- 35 (For such were *Poets* then, and should be still)

His noble verse through *Natures*, secrets lead;  
His noble verse through the whole *Mass* is spread:  
Ev'ry where *All*; how *Heavens Gods* Law approve,

And think it *Rest* eternally to *Move*.

How the kind *Sun* usefully comes and goes,

Wants it himself, yet gives to Man repose.

How his round *Journey* does for ever last,

- 36 And how he baits at every Sea in haste.

He sung how *Earth* blots the *Moons* gilded Wane

- 37 Whilst foolish men beat sounding brags in vain,

Why the *Great Waters* her slight *Horns* obey,

Her changing *Horns*, not constanter than *They*;

- 38 He sung how grisly *Comets* hang in ayr,

Why *Sword* and *Plagues* attend their fatal *bair*.

*Gods Beacons* for the world, drawn up so far,

To publish ills, and raise all earth to war.

- 39 Why *Contraries* feed *Thunder* in the cloud,

What *Motions* vex it, till it roar so loud.

- 40 How *Lambent Fires* become so wondrous tame

And beat such *shining Winter* in their *Flame*.

- 41 What radiant *Pencil* draws the *Warry Bow*:

What *tyes* up *Hail*, and *picks* the *fleeing Snow*.

What *Palsie* of the *Earth* here shakes fixt *Hills*,

From off her brows, and here whole *Rivers* spills.  
 Thus did this *Heathen Natures* Secrets tell,  
 And sometimes mist the *Cause*, but sought it *Well*.

Such was the sawce of *Morib*; noble feast,  
 Till night far spent invites them to their rest.  
 Only the good old Prince stays *Ioab* there,  
 And much he tells, and much desires to hear.  
 He tells deeds *antique*, and the *new* desires;  
 Of *David* much, and much of *Saul* enquires.  
 Nay gentle *Guests* (sa d he since now you're in,  
 The story of your gallant friend begin.  
 His birth, his rising tell, and various fate,  
 And how he slew that man of *Gath* of late,  
 What was he call'd that huge and monstrous mā?  
 With that he stopt, and *Ioab* thus began :

His birth, great Sir, so much to mine is ty'd, 1 Chro. 2. 16.  
 That praise of that might look from me like *pride*.

Yet without boast, his veins contain a flood

Of th'old *Judean Lyons* richest blood

From *Judah Pharez*, from him *Efrom* came Gen, 49.

*Ram*, *Nashon*, *Salmon*, *Names* spoke loud by Fa- 9.

*me*. 1 Chr. 2  
Mat. 16

A *Name* no less ought *Boaz* to appear,

By whose blest match we come no *strangers* here.

From him and your fair *Ruth* good *Obed* sprung,

From *Obed Jesse*, *Jesse* whom fames kindest tongue,

Counting his birth, and high *nobil'ity*, shall

Not *Jesse* of *Obed*, but of *David* call,

*David* born to him sev'enth; the six births past

Brave *Tryals* of a work more great at last.

Bless me! how swift and growing was his wit?

The wings of *Time* flag'd dally after it.

Scarce past a *Child*, all wonders would he sing

Of *Natures Law*, and *Pow'er* of *Natures King*.

His *sheep* would scorn their food to hear his lay,

And savage *Beasts* stand by as *tame* as they.

The fighting *Winds* would stop there, and admire;

Learning *Consent* and *Concord* from his *Lyre*.

*Rivers*, whose waves roll'd down aloud before;

Mute, as their *Fish*, would listen to'wards the *shore*.

'Twas

1 Chr. 2.

15.

1 Sam.

16.

1 Sam.  
16. 14.

'T was now the time whē first *Saul* Good for sool  
*God Saul*, the room in's heart wild *Passions* took  
 Sometimes a Tyrant-Frensie revell'd there,  
 Sometimes black Sadness, and deep, deep despair.  
 No help from herbs or learned drugs he finds,  
 They cure but sometime *Bodies*, never *Minds*.  
*Musick* alone those storms of *Soul* could lay;  
 Not more *Saul* them, than *Musick* they obey.  
*David's* now sent for, and his Harp must bring;  
 His Harp that *Magick* bore in every string.  
 When *Saul's* rude passions did most tumult keep  
 With his soft notes they all dropt down asleep.  
 When his dull *Spirits* lay drown'd in *Death* an  
*Night*;

1 Sam.  
16. 23.

He with quick strains rais'd them to *Life* and *Ligh*  
 Thus cheer'd he *Saul*, thus did his fury swage,  
 Till wars began, and times more fit for *rage*.

1 Sam.  
17.

To *Helah* Plain *Philistian Troops* are come;  
 And Wars loud noise strikes peaceful *Musick* dūl  
 Back to his rural Care young *David* goes,  
 For this rough work *Saul* his stout *Brethren* chose  
 He knew not what his hand in War could do,  
 Nor thought his *Sword* could cure mens *Madness*  
 Now *Dammis's* destin'd for this *Scene* of *Blood*,  
 On two near *Hills* the two proud *Armies* stood:  
 Between a fatal Valley stretcht out wide,  
 And *Death* seem'd ready now on either side,  
 When (Lo!) their Host rais'd all a joyfull shout,

1 Sam.  
17. 4.

43 And from the midst an huge & monstrous man  
 stept out.

A loud they shouted at each step he took;  
 We and the *Earth* it self beneath him *shook*,  
 Vast as the *Hill*, down which marcht, he appear'd  
 Amaz'd all Eyes, nor was their *Army* fear'd  
 A young tall *Squire* (though then he seem'd not to  
 Did from the Camp at first before him go,  
 At first he did, but scarce could follow strait.  
 Sweating beneath a *Shields* unuly weight,

44 On which was wrought the *Gods*, and *Gyants* fight,  
 Rare work! all fill'd with *terror* and *delight*.

Here



Here a vast *Hill*, 'gainst thundring *Baal* was thrown,  
 Trees and *Beasts* on't fell burnt with *Lightning* down  
 One flings a *Mountain*, and its *River* too  
 Torn up with't; that rains back on him that threw.  
 Some from the *Main* to pluck whole *Islands* try;  
 The *Sea* boils round with flames (hot thick from sky  
 'his he believ'd, and on his *shield* he bore,  
 And prais'd *their* strength, but thought his *own* was  
 more.

The *Valley* now this *Monster* seem'd to fill;  
 And we methoughts) lookt up to 'him from our *Hill*  
 All arm'd in *Brass*, the richest dress of *War*  
 A dismal glorious sight) he shone afar.

The *Sun* himself started with sudden fright,  
 To see his beams return so dismal bright.  
*Brass* was his *Helmet*, his *Boots* *brass*; and o're  
 His breast a thick plate of strong *brass* he wore,  
 His *Spear* the *Trunck* was of a lofty *Tree*.

1 Sam.  
17 7, &c

Which *Nature* meant some tall *ships* *Mast* should be,  
 The 'huge' iron head six hundred *shekels* weigh'd,  
 And of *whole* bodies but one wound it made,  
 Able *Deaths* worst command to overdo,  
 Destroying *Life* at once and *Carcase* too;  
 Thus arm'd he stood; all direful, and all gay,  
 And round him flung a scornful look away.

So when a *Scythian* *Tyger* gazing round,  
 An *Herd* of *Kine* in some fair *Plain* has found  
 Lowing secure, he swells with angry pride,  
 And calls forth all his *shots* on ev'ry side.

Then stops, and hurls his haughty eyes at all,  
 In choice of some strong neck on which to fall.  
 Almost he scorns, so weak, so cheap a prey,  
 And grieves to see them trembling hast away.

Ye men of *fury*, 'he cries, if *Men* you be,  
 And such dare prove your selves to *Fame* and *Me*,  
 Chuse out 'mongst all your *Troops* the boldest  
 Knight,

16 v. 8.

To try his *strength* and *fate* with me in fight.

The chance of *War* let us two bear for all,

16 v. 9.

And they the *Conqu'ror* serve whose *Knight* shall  
 fall.

10.

At this he paw'd a while; straight, I defie  
Your *God* and *You*; dares none come down a  
dy?

Go back for shame, and *Egypt's* slav'ery bear,  
Or yield to *us*, and serve more nobly here.  
Alas ye' have no more *Wonders* to be done;  
Your *Sorc'erer* *Moses* now and *Josua's* gone,  
Your *Magick Trumpets* then could *Cities* take,  
And sounds of *Triumph* did your *Battels* make.  
Spears in your hands and manly *Swords* are vain  
Get you your *Spells*. and *Conjuring Rods* again.

Jos. 6.  
20.

Jud. 16.  
17.

Is there no *Sampson* here? Oh that there were!  
In his full strength, and long *Enchanted Hair*.  
This *Sword* I should be in the weak *Razors* stead  
It should not cut his *Hair* off, but his *Head*.

Thus he blasphem'd aloud; the *Valleys* round  
Flatte'ring his voice restor'd the dreadful sound.

We turn'd us trembling at the noise, a  
fear'd

We had behind some new *Goliath* heard.

'Twas Heav'n, Heav'n sure (which *David's* glo  
meant

Through this whole *Act*) such sacred terrour  
To all our *Host*, for there was *Saul* in place,  
Whone're saw fear but in his *Enemies* face,  
His god like *Sen* there in bright *Armour* shone  
Who scorn'd to conquer *Armies* not *Alone*.  
*Fate* her own *Book* mistrusted at the sight;  
On that side *War*, an this a *Single Fight*.

There stood *Benaiab*, and there trembled too,  
He who th' *Egyptian*, proud *Goliath* slew.  
In his pale fright; rage through his eyes I hot fl

I Sam.  
17. 11.

I Sam.  
14.

1ch. 11.

me,  
50 He saw his *staff*, and blusht with *generous* sh  
me.

Thousands beside stood mute and heartless the  
Men valiant all; nor was I us'd to *Fear*.

Thus forty days he marcht down arm'd  
fight,

Once every morn he marcht, and once at night.

low rose the Sun, but gallopt down apace,  
 With more than *Evening blushes* in his face.  
 When *Jessy* to the Camp young *David* sent;  
 His purpose low, but high was *Fates* intent.  
 or when the *Monsters* pride he saw and heard,  
 found him he look'd, and wonder'd why they  
 fear'd.

1 Sam 17  
 12. &c.

nger and brave disdain his heart possess,  
 thoughts more than *manly* swell'd his *youthful*  
 brest.

uch the rewards propos'd his spirit enflame,  
*Sauls* Daughter much, and much the voice of *Fa-*  
*me.*

1 Sam.  
 17. 25.

hese to their just intentions strongly move,  
 it chiefly *God*, and his dear *Countrys Love*,  
 resolv'd for combat to *Sauls* Tent he's brought;  
 here thus he spoke, as *boldly* as he fought:

Henceforth no more, great *Prince*, your sacred  
 brest

1b. v. 32

With that huge talking wretch of *Gath* molest.  
 his hand alone shall end his cursed breath;  
 far not, the wretch *blasphemes* himself to death;  
 and cheated with false weight of his own might,  
 as challeng'd *Heaven*, not *Us*, to single fight.

Forbid it *God* that where *thy* right is try'd,  
 the strength of *mā* should find just cause for *pride*!  
 seem like some *Rock*, and vast he seems to stand,  
 as *Rocks* we know were op'd at thy command.

Exod.  
 17. 6.

That *Soul* which now does such large members  
 sway,

though one *small wound* will creep in hast away.  
 and he who now dares boldly *Heav'en* defie,  
 ev'ery *bird* of *Heav'en* a prey shall lie.

'Tis not humane force we ought to fear;  
 and that, alas, plant our *Forefathers* here?  
 since fifteen *Kings* did they by that subdue?

Jos. 12.

That whole *Nations* of *Goliaths* slew?  
 we wonder they perform'd may still be done;  
*Jesses* and *Josua* is, but *God's* not gone.

we have lost their *Rod* and *Trumpets*; not their  
*skill*;

T

Pray'rs

*Pray'rs* and *Belief* are as strong *Witchcraft* still.  
 These are *more tall*, more *Gyants* far than *He*,  
 Can reach to *Heav'en*, and thence pluck *Victorie*.  
 Count this; and then, *Sir*, mine th'advantage is;  
*He's* stronger far than *I*, my *God* than *His*.

Amazement seiz'd on all, and shame to see,  
 Their own fears scorn'd by one so young as *He*.  
 Brave Youth (replies the *King*) whose daring  
 mind

Ere come to *Manhood*, leaves it quite behind;  
 Reserve thy valour for more equal fight;  
 And let thy *Body* grow up to thy *Spright*.  
 Thou'rt yet too tender for so rude a foe,  
 Whose *touch* would wound thee more then hit  
 thy *blow*.

Nature his Limbs onely for *war* made fit,  
 In thine as yet nought beside *Love* she'has writ.  
 With some less Foe thy unflesht valour try;  
 This *Monster* can be no *first Victory*.  
 The *Lions* royal whelp does not at first  
 For blood of *Basan Bulls* or *Tygers* thirst.  
 In timorous *Deer* he hantels his young paws,  
 And leaves the rugged *Bear* for firmer claws.  
 So vast thy hopes, so unproportion'd bee,  
*Fortune* would be ashamed to *second Thee*.

He said, and we all murmur'd an assent;  
 [But nought moves *David* from his high intent.  
 It brave to him, and om'inous does appear,  
 To be oppos'd at first, and *conquer here*,  
 Which he resolves; Scorn not (said he) mix  
 age,

For *Victory* comes not like an *Heritage*,  
 At *set-years*; when my Fathers flock I fed,  
 A *Bear* and *Lion* by fierce hunger led,  
 Broke from the wood, and snatcht my *Lamb*  
 away;

From their grim *mouth* I forc'd the panting prey  
 Both *Bear* and *Lion* ev'en this hand did kill,  
 On our greath *Oak* the *Bones* and *Jaws* hang stil

I Sam,  
17.33.

I Sam,  
17.33.

My God's the same, which then he was, to day,  
 And this wild wretch almost the same as *They*.  
 Who from such danger sav'd *my Flock*, will he  
 Of *Isr'a-el*, his *own Flock* less careful be?

Be't so then (*Saul* bursts forth:) and thou on high  
 Who oft in *weakness* do'st most *strenght* descry,  
 At whose dread beck *Conquest* expecting stands,  
 And casts no look dow on the *Fighters* hands,  
 Assist what *Thou* inspir'est; and let all see,  
 As *Boys* to *Gyants*, *Gyants*, are to *Thee*.

Thus; and with trembling hopes of strange  
 success,

In his own arms he the bold *Youth* does dress.

On's head and *helm* of well wrought brass is pla- 1 Sam.  
17. 34.  
 c'ed,

The top with warlike Plume *severely grac'ed*  
 His breast a plate cut with rare *Figures* bore,  
 A *Sword* much practis'd in *Deaths* art he wore.

Yet *David* us'd so long to no defence,  
 But those *light Arms* of *Spirit* and *Innocence*,  
 No good in fight of that gay *burden* knows,  
 But fears his *own arms* weight more than his *Feet*:

He lost himself in that *disguise of warre*,  
 And guarded seems as men by *Prisons* are.

He therefore to *exalt* the wondrous sight,  
*Prepares* now, and *disarms* himself for fight.

'Gainst Shield, Helm, Breast-plate, and instead of 1 Sam.  
17. 40.  
 those

Five sharp smooth stones from the next brook he  
 chose,

And fits them to his sling; then marches down;

For *Sword*, his *Enemies* he esteem'd his *Own*.

We all with various passion strangely gaz'd  
 Some sad, some sham'd, some angry, all a-  
 ma'zed.

Now in the Valley he stands; trough't youth-  
 ful face

Wrath checks the *Beauty*, and sheds manly  
 grace.

Both in his looks so joyn'd, that they might move

*ib. v. 45*  
 Fear ev'n in *Friends*, and from an *En'emy Love*.  
 Hot as ripe *Noon*; sweet as the *blooming Day*,  
 Like *July* furious, but more fair than *May*.  
 Th'accurst *Philistian* stands on th'other side,  
 Grumbling aloud, and smiles 'twixt rage and  
 pride.

The *Plagues of Dagon*! a smooth *Boy*, said he,  
 A cursed *beardless foe* oppos'd to *Me*!  
 Hell! with what arms (hence thou fond *Ch*.  
 he's come!

Some Friend his Mother call to drive him home  
 Not gone yet? if one minute more thou stay,  
 The birds of heav'en shall bear thee *dead* away.  
 Gods! a curst *Boy*! the rest then murmuring out  
 He walks, and casts a deadly grin about.

*David* with chearful anger in his Eyes,  
*ib. v. 45*  
 Advances boldly on, and thus replies,  
 Thou com'est, vain Man, all arm'd into the  
 field,  
 And trusted those *War toys*, thy *Sword*, and *Shield*.  
 Thy *Prides* my *Spear*, thy *Blasphemies* my  
*Sword*;

My *Shield*, they *Maker*, Fool; the mighty *Lord*  
 Of *Thee* and *Battels*; who hath sent forth me  
 Unarm'd thus, not to *Fight*, but *Conquer* thee.

53 In vain shall *Dagon* thy false *Hope* withstand;  
 In vain thy *other God*, thine own *right hand*.  
 Thy fall *ro man* shall heavens strong justice show  
 Wretch! 't is the only *Good* which thou canst do  
 He said; our *Host* stood dully silent by;  
 And durst not trust their *Ears* against the *Eye*.  
 As much their *Champions* threats to him they  
 fear'd,  
 As when the *Monsters* threats to them they  
 heard,  
 His flaming *Sword* th'crag'd *Philistian* shak'd,  
 And hast to' his *ruine* with loud *Curses* makes.  
 Backward the *Winds* his *awful Curses* blew,  
*ib. v. 49* 54 And fatally round his own head they flew.

For now from *David's* sling the stone is fled,  
 And strikes with joyfull noise the *Monsters* head.  
 It strook his forehead, and pierc'd deeply there;  
 As swiftly as it pierc'd before the *Ayre*.

Down, down he falls, and bites in vain the  
 ground;

*Blood, Brain, Soul*, and crowd mingled through  
 the *Wound*.

So a strong *Oak*, which many years had stood  
 With fair an flourishing boughs, *it self a Wood*;  
 Though it might long the *Axes* violence bear,  
 And play'd with *Winds* which other *Trees* did  
 tear;

Yet by the *Thunders* stroke from th'root is rent;  
 So sore the blows that from high heav'en are sent.

What tongue in joy and wonder can express,  
 Which did that moment our whole Host possess?

Their jocond shouts th'air like a storm did tear,  
 Th'amazed *Clouds* fled swift away with *Fear*

But far more swift th'accurs'd *Philistians* fly,  
 And their ill fate to perfect, *safety dye*.

1 Sam.  
 17. 52.

With thousand corps the ways around are  
 strown,

Till they, by the days flight secure their own.

Now through the Camp founds nought but *Da-*  
*vid's* name;

All joys of several stamp and colours came

From several passions; some his Valour praise,

Some his free Speech, some the fair popular  
 rayes

Of Youth, and Beauty, and his *modest Guise*;

Gifts that mov'd all, but charm'd the Female  
 Eyes.

Some wonder, some they thought t'would be so  
 swear;

And some saw *Angels* flying through the air.

The basest spirits cast brack a crooked glance

On this great act, and fain would give't to *Chance*.

1 Sam.  
 18. 6.  
 16. v. 8.

Women our Host with *Songs* and *Dances* meet,

With much joy *Saul*, *David* with more they greet.

Hence the Kings politique rage and envy flows,  
 Which first he hides, and seeks his life t' expose  
 To gen'rous dangers that his hate might clear,  
 And Fate or Chance the blame, nay David bear.  
 So vain are mans designs! for Fate and Chance  
 And Earth, and Heav'n conspired to his advance  
 His Beauty, Youth, Courage and Wondrous  
 Wit,

2 Sam.  
8. 16.

In all Mankind but Saul did Love begit.  
 Not Sauls own house, nor his own nearest blood  
 The noble causes sacred force withstood.  
 You have met no doubt, and kindly us'ed the fa-  
 me.

Of God-like *Jonathans* illustrious Name;  
 A Name which ev'ery wind to heav'n would  
 bear.

Which Men to speak, and Angels joy to hear.

55 No *Angele*'re bore to his *Brother-Mind*  
 A kind'ness more exalted and refin'd,  
 Than his to *David*, which look'd nobly down,  
 And scorn'd the false *Altrums* of a Crown.

7 Sam.  
18. 1.

At *Dammim* field he stood; and from his place  
 Leap: forth, the wondrous *Cenqueror* to em-  
 brace;

16. v. 4. 56 On him his Mantle, Girdle, Sword, and  
 Bow,

On him his *Heart* and *Soul* he did bestow.  
 Nor all that *Saul* could threaten or perswade,  
 In this close knot the smallest looseness made.  
 Oft his wise care did the Kings rage suspend.  
 His own lifes danger shelter'd oft his *Friend*.  
 Which he expos'd a Sacrifice to fall.

1 Sam.  
20. 31.

By th' *undiscerning* rage of furious *Saul*.  
 Nor was young *David*s active vertue grown  
 Strong and triumphant one Sex alone.

1 Sam 18  
20. 28.

*Imperious Beauty* too it durst invade,  
 And deeper Prints in the *soft breast* it made,  
 For there t'esteem and *Friendships* graver name,  
*Passion* was pour'd like *Oyl* into the *Flame*.  
 Like two bright *Eyes* in a fair *Body* plac'ed,

*Sauls*



*Sauls* Royal house two beauteous *Daughters* grac'd.

*Merab* the first, *Michol* the younger nam'd,  
Both equally for different glories fam'd.

*Merab* with spacious beauty fill'd the sight,  
But too much aw chastis'd the bold delight.

Like a calm Sea, which th'enlarged view,  
Gives pleasure but gives fear and reverence too.

*Michols* sweet looks clear and free joys did move,  
And no less strong, though much more gentle Love.

Like virtuous *Kings* whom men rejoyce to obey,  
*Tyrants* themselves less absolute than *They*.

*Merab* appear'd like some some fair Princely Tower,

*Michol* some *Virgin Queens* delicious Bower.

All Beauties stores in *Little* and in *Great*;

But the contracted Beams shut fiercest heat.

A clean and lively *Brown* was *Merabs* dy,

Such as the *Prouder* colours might envy.

*Michols* pure skin shone with such taintless *White*;

As scatter'd the weak rays of humane sight.

Her lips and cheeks a nobler red did shew,

Then e're on fruits or flowers Heavens Pencil drew.

From *Merabs* eyes fierce and quick *Lightnings* came,

From *Michols* the *Suns* mild, yet active flame;

*Merabs* long hair was glossy chestnut brown,

Tresses of palest gold did *Michol* crown.

Such was their outward form, and one might find

A difference not unlike it in the *Mind*.

*Merab* with comely *Majesty* and *state*

Bore high th'advantage of her *Worth* and *Fate*.

Such humble sweetness did soft *Michol* show,

That none who reach so high e're stoopt so low.

*Merab* rejoyc'd in her wrackt *Lovers* pain,

And fortifi'd her *virtue* with *Disdain*.

The griefs she caus'd gave gentle *Michol* grief,

She wist her *Beauties* less for their relief,  
 Ev'n to her *Captives civil*; yet th'excess  
 Of *naked Virtue* guarded her no less.  
*Business* and *Power Merabs* large thoughts did ve;  
 Her wit disdain'd the Fetters of her *Sex*.  
*Michol* no less disdain'd affairs and noise,  
 Yet did it not from *Ignorance*, but *Choise*.  
 In brief, both *Copies* were more sweetly drawn;  
*Merab* of *Saul*, *Michol* of *Jonathan*.

The day that *David* great *Goliath* slew,  
 Not great *Goliaths Sword* was more his due,  
 Than *Merab*; by *Sauls* publick promise she  
 Was sold then and betroth'd to *Victory*.  
 But haughty *she* did this just match despise,  
 Her *Pride* debauch't her *Iudgment* and her *Eyes*.  
 An unknown *Youth*, ne're seen at *Court* before,  
 Who *Shepherds-staff*, and *Shepherds* habit bore  
 The seventh-born Son of no rich house, wet  
 still

Th'unplaisant forms which her high thoughts di  
 fill.

And much aversion in her stubborn mind  
 Was bred by being *promis'd* and *design'd*.  
 Long had the patient *Adriel* humbly born  
 The roughest shoks of her imperious scorn,  
*Adriel* the *Rich*, but riches were in vain,  
 And could nor set him *free*, nor her *enchain*  
 Long liv'ed they thus; but as the hunted *Deer*  
 Closely pursu'ed quits all her wonted fear,  
 And takes the nearest waves, which from the shore  
 She oft with horroure had beheld before.  
 So whilst the *violent Maid* from *David* fled,  
 She leapt to *Adriels* long avoided bed.  
 The match was nam'd, agreed, and finish't strait;  
 So soon comply'd with *Sauls Envy* with her *Hate*.  
 But *Michol* in whose breast all virtues move  
 That hatch the *pregnant seeds* of facted *Love*,  
 With juster eyes the noble *Object* meets,  
 And turns all *Merabs Poyson* into *Sweets*.

She saw and wondred how a *Youth* unknown,

Should

Should make all *Fame* to come so soon his own :  
 She saw, and wondred how a *Shepherds Crook*  
 Despis'd that *Sword* at which the *Scepter* shook.  
 Though he seventh-born, & though his House  
 but poor,

She knew it *noble* was, and *would* be more.  
 Oft had she heard and *sanctified* of the sight,  
 With what a *generous calm* he marcht to fight.  
 In the great danger how exempt from *Fear*,  
 And after it from *Pride* he did appear.

*Greatness*, and *Goodness*, and an *Ayr divine*,  
 She saw through all his *words* and *actions* shine.  
 She heard his eloquent *Tongue*, and charming *Lyre*,  
 Whose artful sounds did violent *Love* inspire,  
 Though us'd all other *Passions* to relieve ;  
 She weigh'd all this, and well we may conceive ;  
 When those strong thoughts attack'd her doubt-  
 ful brest,

His *Beauty* no less active than the rest.  
 The fire thus kindled soon grew fierce and great ;  
 When *David's* brest reflected back its heat.  
 Soon she perceiv'd (scarce can *Love* hidden ly  
 From any sight, much less the *Loving Eye*)  
 She *Conqueror* was as well as *Overcome*,  
 And gain'd no less *Abroad* than lost at *Home*.

7 Ev'en the first hour they met (for such a pair,  
 Who in all mankind else so matchless were,  
 Yet their own *Equals*, *Natures* self does wed)  
 A mutual warmth through both their bosoms spread.  
*Fate* gave the *Signal*; both at once began  
 The gentle *Race*, and with just pace they ran;  
 Ev'en so (methinks) when two *Fair Tapers* come,  
 From several *Doors* entring at once the *Room*,  
 With a swift flight that leaves the *Eye* behind ;  
 Their *amorous Lights* into *one Light* are join'd.  
*Nature* herself, were she to judge the case,  
 Knew not which first *began* the kind embrace.  
*Micah* her modest flames sought to conceal,  
 But *Love* ev'en th' *Art* to hide it does reveal.  
 Her lost unpractis'd *Eyes* betray'd the *Theft*,

Love past through them, and there such *foot steps*  
left.

She blusht when he approacht, and when he spoke,  
And suddenly her wandring answers broke,  
At his names sound, and when she heard him  
prais'd,

With concern'd haste her thoughtful looks she  
rais'd,

*Uncall'd* for sighs oft from her bosome flew,  
And *Adriels active* friend she *abruptly* grew.

Oft when the *Courts* gay youth stood waiting by,  
She strove to act a cold *Indifferency*;

In vain she acted so constrain'd apart,

For thousand *Nameless things* disclos'd her Heart.

On th' other side *David* with silent pain

Did in respectful bounds his Fires contain.

His humble fear t'offend, and trembling aw,

Impos'd on him a no less rigorous *Law*.

Then *Modesty* on her, and though he strove

To make her see't, he durst not tell his *Love*.

To Tell it first the timorous youth made choice

Of *Musicks* bolder and more active voice.

And thus beneath her Window, did he touch

His faithfull Lyre; the words and numbers such,

As did well worth my Memory appear,

And may perhaps deserve your princely Ear.

1.

Awake, awake my *Lyre*,

And tell thy *silent Masters* humble tale,

In sounds that may prevail;

Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire,

Though so *Exalted* she

And I so *Lowly* be,

Tell her such *different Notes* make all thy *Harmonies*.

2.

Hark, how the Strings awake,

And though the *Moving Hand* approach not near,

Themselves with awful fear,

A kind of num'rous Trembling make.

Now all thy Forces try,

Now all thy charms apply,

Revenge upon her Ear the Conquests of her Eye,

3.

Weak Lyre! thy vertue sure

Is useles here, since thou art only found

To Cure, but not to Wound,

And she to Wound, but not to Cure.

Too weak too wilt thou prove

My Passion to remove,

Physick to other Ills, thou'rt Nourishment to Love.

4.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre;

For thou can'st never tell my humble tale,

In sounds that will prevail,

Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;

All thy vain mirth lay by,

Bid thy strings silently,

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy Master dye.

She heard all this, and the prevailing sound

Toucht with delightful pain her tender wound.

Yet though she joy'd th'authenticque news to hear,

Of what she quest before with jealous fear,

She checkt her forward joy, and blusht for shame,

And did his boldness with forc'd anger blame.

The senseless rules, which first False Honour  
taught,

And into Laws the Tyrant Custom brought,

Which Womens Pride and Folly did invent;

Their Lovers and Themselves too to torment,

Made her next day a grave displeasure fain,

And all her words, and all her looks constrain

Before the trembling youth; who when he saw

His vital Light her wonted beams withdraw,

He curst his voice, his fingers, and his Lyre,

He curst his *to bold Tongue*, and *bold Desire*.  
 In vain he curst the last, for that still grew;  
 From all things *Food its strong Complexion* drew:  
 His *Joy* and *Hope* their chearful motions ceast,  
 His *Life* decay'd, but still his *Love* encreast.  
 Whilst she whose Heart approv'd not her *Disdain*,  
 Saw and endu'rd his *pains* with greater *pain*.  
 But *Jonathan*, to whom both hearts were known  
 Which a concernment equal to their own.  
 Joyful that Heav'en with his sworn love comply'd  
 To draw that knot more fast which he had ty'd.  
 With well-tim'd zeal, and with an artful care,  
 Restor'd, and better'd soon the *nice affair*.  
 With ease a Brothers lawful power o'recame  
 The *formal decencies* of virgin-shame.  
 She first with all her heart forgave the past,  
 Heard *David* tell his flames, and *told her own* at  
 last

Lo here the happy point of prosperous *Love*!  
 Whichev'en *Enjoyment* seldom can improve!  
*Themselves agreed*, which scarce could fail alone,  
 All *Israels* wish concurrent with their own.  
 A Brothers powerfull ayd firm to the side,  
 By solemn vow the *King* and *Father* tyde:  
 All jealous fears, all nice disguises past,  
 All that in *tefs-ripe Love* offends the *Tast*,  
 In eichers Breast their *Souls* both meet and wed,  
 Their *Heart* the *Nuptial-Temple* and the *Bed*.  
 And though the grosser cates were yet not drest,  
 By which the *Bodies* must supply this *Feast*;  
 Bold *Hops* prevent slow *Pleasures* lingring birth,  
 As *Saints* assur'd of *Heav'en* enjoy't on *Earth*.  
 All this the *King* observ'd, and well he saw  
 What scandal, and what danger it might draw  
 T'oppose this just and popular match, but  
 meant

T'out-malice all *Refusals* by *Consent*.

He meant the *poi'onous grant* should mortal pro-

ve.

He meant t'enfure his *Virtue* by his *Love*.

And

And thus he to him spoke, with more of art  
 And fraud, than well became the *King's* part.

Your valour, *David*, and high worth (said  
 he)

To praise, is all mens duty, mine to see  
 Rewarded; and we shall t'our utmost powers  
 Do with like care that part, as you did yours.  
 Forbid it *God*, we like those *Kings* should prove,  
 Who Fear the *Virtues* which they're bound to Lo-

ve.

Your *Piety* does that tender point secure,  
 Not will my *Acts* such *humble thoughts* endure.

Your neerness to't rather supports the *Crown*,  
 And th' honours giv'en to you encrease our own.

All that we can we'll give; 't is our intent  
 Both as a *Guard*, and as an *Ornament*

To place thee next our selves; Heav'n does ap-  
 prove,

And my *Sons Friendship*, and my *Daughters Lo-*  
 ve:

Guide fatally, methinks, my willing choice;  
 I see, methinks, *Heav'n* in't, and I rejoice.

Blush not, my Son, that *Nichols Love* I name,  
 Nor need she blush to hear it; 't is to shame

Nor secret now; *Fame* does it loudly tell,  
 And all men but thy *Rivals* like it well.

If *Merabs* choice could have comply'd with mine,  
*Merab*, my elder comfort, had been thine.

And hers at last should have with mine comply'd,  
 Had I not *Thine* and *Nichols* heart descry'd.

Take whom thou lov'est; and who loves thee; the  
 last.

And dearest *Present* made me by the chaste  
*Abinoam*; and unless she me deceive,

When I to *Jonathan* my *Crown* shall leave,  
 'T will be a smaller *Gift*.

If thy generous thoughts may undertake

To guess, they are what *Jointure* thou shalt make,  
 Fitting her *Birth* and *fortune*: and since so

*Custom* ordains, we mean t'exact it too.

The *Foynture* we exact, is that I shall be  
 No less advantage to thy *Fame* than *She*,  
 Go where *Philistian* Troops infest the Land;  
 Renew the terrours of thy conquering hand.  
 When thine own hand, which needs must conqu

ror prove,

In this joint cause of *Honour* and of *Love*.

An hundred of the faithless Foe I shall slay,

1 Sam,  
18. 25.

59 And for a *Dowre* their hundred foreskins pay,

Be *Michal* thy Reward; did we not know

Thy mighty *Fate*, and *Worth* that makes it so,

We should not cheaply the dear blood expose

Which we to mingle with our own had chose.

But thou'rt secure; and since this match  
 thine

We to the publick benefit design,

A publick good shall its beginning grace,

And give *triumphant Omens* of thy race.

Thus spoke the King: the *happy Youth* bow  
 low;

Modest and graceful his great joy did show,

The noble task well pleas'd his generous mind;

And nought t'except against it could he find,

But that his *Mistress* price too *cheap* appear'd,

No *Danger*, but her *Scorn* of it he fear'd.

She with much different sense the news receiv'd,

At her high rate she trembled, blusht, and  
 griev'd.

'T was a less work the conquest of his Foes,

Than to obtain her leave his life t'expose.

Their kind debate on this soft point would pro  
 ve

Tedious, and needless to repeat: If *Love*

(As sure it has) e're toucht your princely brest,

'T will to your gentle thoughts at full suggest

All that was done, or said; the grief, hope  
 fears;

His *troubled joys*, and her *obliging Tears*:

In all the pomp of *Passions* reign, they part;

An



And bright prophetique forms enlarge his  
heart;

Victory and Fame; and that more quick delight  
Of the rich prize for which he was to fight.

Tow'ard Gath he went; and in one month (so  
soon

A fatal, and a willing work is done)

A double Dowry, two hundred foreskins brought  
Of choice Philistian Knights with whom he  
fought,

Men that in birth and valour did excel,

Fit for the Cause and Hand by which they fell;

Now was Saul caught; nor longer could delay

The two resistless Lovers happy day.

Though this days coming long had seem'd and  
slow,

Yet seem'd its stay as long and tedious now.

For now the violent weight of eager Love,

Did with more haste so near its Centre move,

He curst the stops of form and state, which lay

In this last stage like Scandals in his way.

On a large gentle Hill, crown'd with tall wood,

Neer where the regal Gabaah proudly stood,

A Tent was pitcht, of green wrought Damask ma-  
de,

And seem'd but the fresh Forrests nat'ural sha-  
de,

Various, and vast within, on pillars born

Of Shittim Wood, that usefully adorn.

Hither to grace the Nuptial-Feast does Saul

Of the Twelve Tribes th' Elders and Captains call,

And all around the idle, busie crowd,

With shouts and Blessings tell their joy aloud.

Lo, the press breaks, and from their several ho-  
mes

In decent pride the Bride and Bridegroom comes.

Before the Bride, in a long double row

With solemn pace thirty choice Virgins go,

And make a Moving Galaxy on earth;

All heav'only *Beauties*, all of highest *Birth*;  
 64 All clad in liveliest colours, fresh and fair,  
 65 As the bright flowers that crown'd their bright  
*Hair*,

All in that new-blown age, which does inspire  
*Warmth* in *Themselves*, in their *Beholders* Fire  
 But all this, and all else the *Sun* did ere,  
 Or *Fancy* see, in her less bounded *Sphere*,  
 The *Bride* her self out-shone; and one would say  
 They made but the faint *Dawn* to her full *Day*.

Behind a numerous train of *Ladies* went,  
 Who on their dress much fruitless care had spent  
 Vain *Gems*, and unregarded cost they bore,  
 For all mens eyes were ty'd to those before.

The *Bridegrooms* flourishing Troop fill'd next  
 the place,

66 With thirty comly youths of noblest race,  
 That marcht before; and Heav'en around his  
 head,

The graceful beams of *Foy* and *Beauty* spread.

67 So the glad *star* which *Men* and *Angels* love,  
 Prince of the glorious *Host* that shines above,  
 No *Light* of *Heav'en* so chearful or so gay,  
 Lifts up his sacred *Lamp*, and opens *Day*.

The *King* himself, at the *Tents* crowned gate

In all his robes of ceremony' and state

Sate to receive the train; on either hand

Did the *High Priest*, and the *Great Prophet* stand.

*Adriel* behind *Jonathan*; *Abner*, *Jesse*,

And all the *Chiefs* in their due order presse.

First *Saul* declar'd his choice, and the just cause,

Avow'd by a gene'ral murmur of applause,

68 Then sign'd her *Dow're*, and in few words he  
 pray'd,

And blest, and gave; he joyful trembling *Maid*

T'her *Lovers* hands, who with a chearful look:

And humble gesture the *vest Present* took:

69 The *Nuptial-Hymn* strait sounds, and *Musicks*  
 play;

70 And *Fests* and *Balls* shorten the thoughtless *day*

To all but to the *wedded*, till at last  
 The long wish't night did her kind shadow cast ;  
 At last th' *inestimable hour* was come  
 To lead his *Conquering prey* in triumph home,  
 To a *Palace* near, dress'd for the Nuptial-bed  
 Part of her Dowre) he his fair *Princess* led,  
*Saul*, the *Higb-Priest*, and *Samuel* here they leave,  
 Who as they part, their *weighty blessings* give.  
 Her *Vail* is now put on; and at the gate  
 The thirty *Youths*, and thirty *Virgins* wait  
 With golden *Lamps* , bright as the flames they  
 bore,  
 To light the *Nuptial-pomp*, and march before.  
 The rest bring home in state the happy Pair ,  
 To that last *Scene* of *Bliss*, and leave them there  
 All those free joys: insatiably to prove  
 With which rich *Beauty* feasts the *Glutton Love*.

But scarce , alas , the sev'en days were past,  
 In which the publick *Nuptial Triumphs* last,  
 When *Saul* this new *Alliance* did repent ,  
 Such subtle cares his jealous thoughts torment,  
 He envy'ed the good work himself had done;  
 Fear'd *David* less his *Servant* than his *Son*.  
 No longer his wild wrath could he command;  
 He seeks to stain his own imperial hand  
 In his *Sons* blood; and that twice cheated too,  
 With *Troops* and *Armsies* does *one life* pursue.  
 Said I but *One* ? his thirsty rage extends  
 To th' *Lives* of all his *kindred* , and his *friends* ;  
 Ev'en *Jonathan* had dyed for being so;  
 Had not just *God* put by th'unnat'ural blow.

You see, Sir, the true cause which brings us he-  
 re;

No sullen discontent, or groundless fear,  
 No guilty *Ait* or *End* calls us from home.  
 Only to breath in peace a while we come,  
 Ready to *Serve*, and in mean space to *Pray*  
 For *You* who us receive, and *Him* who drives  
 away.

# NOTES

## UPON THE

### THIRD BOOK

1 **A** Town not far from *Ferusalem*, according to *S. Hieron.* in his *Commentary* upon *Isaiah*, to which it seems it was re-edified, after the destruction of it by *Saul*; he says that *Ferusalem* might be seen from it. *Adricomius* knows not whether he should place it in the *Tribe* of *Benjamin* or *Ephraim*. *Abulensis* sure is in an error, placing it in the *Half Tribe* of *Manasses* beyond *Jordan*. I call *Nobe* according to the *Latin Translation*; for (methinks *Nob* is too unheroical a name.

2 *Panes Propositionis*, in the *Septuagint*, ἄρτοι ἐνώπιον. from the *Hebrew*, in which it signifies *Panes Facierum* because they were always standing before the *Face* of the *Lord*; which is meant too by the *English* word *Shew bread*. The Law concerning them, *Levit.* 23. commands not only that they should be eaten by the *Priest* alone, but also eaten in the *holy Place*. For it is most holy unto him, of the offerings made unto the *Lord* by fire, by a perpetual statute, Verse 9. In the *Holy place*, that is at the door of the *Tabernacle*, as appears, *Lev.* 8. 31 and that which remained was to be burnt, lest it should be eaten by any but the *Priests*. How comes it then to pass, not only that *Abimelech* gave of his bread to *David* and his company, but that *David* says to him, *1 Sam.* 21. 5. *The bread is in a manner common?* The *Latine* differently, *Porro via hac polluta est, sed & ipsa hodie sanctificabitur in vasis.* The words are somewhat obscure; the meaning sure must be, that seeing here are new Breads to be set upon the *Table*, the publique

occasion (for that he pretended) and present necessity makes these as it were *common*. So, what more sacred than the *Sabbath*? yet the *Maccabees* ordained, that it should be lawful to fight against their enemies on that day. *Seneca* says very well, *Necessitas magnum humana imbecillitatis patrocinium, quicquid cogit excusat*. And we see this act of *David's* approved of in the *Evangelists*.

*Fatal*, in regard his coming was the cause of *Abimelech's* murder and the destruction of the *Town*.

*Sacred*: made so by *David's* placing it in the *Tabernacle* as a *Trophee* of his *Victory*, ἀνάθημα. Thus *Judith* dedicated all the stuff of *Holophernes* his *Tent* as a *Gift* unto the *Lord*, *Jud.* 16, 19. ἀνάθημα τῷ κυρίῳ ἔδωκε where the *Latin* commonly adds *Oblivionis*; in *anathema oblivionis*, which should be left out. *Iosephus* of this word, τὸ ἱερὸν φαίει ἀνάθημα τῷ Θεῷ. And *Sulpit. Sever.* *Gladium postea in Templum posuit*; i. *In Tabernaculum Noe*: where, methinks, *In Templum* signifies more than if he had said *in Templo*. The reason of this custom is, to acknowledge that *God* is the giver of *Victory*. And I think all *Nations* have concurred in this duty after successes, and called (as *Virgil* says)

*In prædam partemque lovem.---*

So the *Philistims* hung up the *Armes* of *Saul* in the *Temple* of *Astharoth*, and carried the *Ark* into the *Temple* of *Dagon*. *Nicol. de Lyra* believes that this *Sword* of *Goliath* was not consecrated to *God*: for then *Abimelech* in giving, and *David* in taking it had sinned; for it is said, *Levit.* 27. 28. *Whatever is devoted is most holy unto the Lord*; but that it was only laid up as a *Monument* of a famous victory, in a publick place. There is no need of this evasion; for not every thing consecrated to *God* is unalienable (at least for a time) in case of necessity since we see the very *vessels* of the *Temple* were often given to *Invaders* by the *Kings* of *Judah*, to make peace with them. *Pro Rep. plerumque Tempa nudantur. Sen. in Controvers.*

This

into the Land of the *Philistims* ( which seems more probable than that he should go immediately and avowedly to *Achis Court* so soon after the defeat of *Goliath* ) is added to the History by a *Poetical Licence*, which I take to be very harmless, and which therefore I make bold to use upon several occasions.

6 Their *Godless Dagon*, a kind of *Mermaid Deity*. See on the second Book.

7 *Adullam*, An Ancient Town in the Tribe of *Judah* even in *Judab's* time, *Gen.* 38. in *Ioshua's* it had a King, *Josh.* 12. 15. the *Cave* still remains; and was used by the *Christians* for their refuge upon several interruptions of the *Turks*, in the same manner as it served *David* now.

8 In this *Enumeration* of the chief *Persons* who came to assist *David*, I choose to name but a few. The *Greek* and *Latin Poets* being in my opinion too large upon this kind of subject, especially *Homer*, in enumerating the *Grecian Fleet* and *Army*; where he makes a long list of *Names* and *Numbers*, just as they would stand in the *Roll of a Muster-Master*, without any delightful and various descriptions of the persons; or at least very few such. Which *Lucan* (methinks) avoids viciously by an excess the other way.

9 *2 Sam.* 2. *And Asael was as swift of foot as a wild Roe* *Joseph* says of him, that he would out-run *ἵππον κατὰ σῆντα eis ἀπὸν αὐτ.* which is no such great matter. The *Poets* are all bolder in their expression upon the swiftness of some persons. *Virgil* upon *Nisus* *Æn.*

*Emicat & ventis, & fulminis ocyor alis.*

But that is *Modest* with them. Hear him of *Camilla* *Æn.* 7.

*Illæ velint læ segetis persumma volaret*

*Gramina, nec teneras cursu lassisset aristas.*

*Vel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumentis*

*Ferrat iter, celevs nec tingeret aquore planas.*

From whence I have the hint of my description, *Oft over the Lawns, &c.* but I durst not in a *Sacred Story* be quite so bold as he. The walking over the waters is too much yet he took it from *Homer.* 20. *Iliad.*

Αἰδ' ὅτι μὲρ σκιρῶεν ἐπὶ ξείδαρον ἀρέραν  
 Ἀκρον ἐπ' Ἀγχερίων καρπὸν θεὸν εἰδὲ κρατέλλον.  
 Ἀλλ' ὅτι ἢ σκιρῶεν, ἐπ' εὐρεα νῶτα θαλάσσης  
 Ἀκρον ἐπὶ ἠγμῖν ἄλός πολίϊο θέεσκον.

They ran upon the top of flowers without breaking them, and upon the back of the Sea, &c. where the *Hyperbole* (one would think) might have satisfied any moderate man; yet *Scal. 5 de Poet.* prefers *Virgils* from the encrease of the *miracle*, by making *Camilla's* flight over a tenderer thing than *Antherici*, and by the exaggerations of *Intacta*, *Gramina*, *Volaret*, *Suspensa*, *Nec tingeret*. *Appolon. 1. Argonaut.* has the like *Hyperbole*, and of *Poirpheus* too, a Monster, that one would believe should rather sink the *Earth* at every tread, than run over the *Sea* with dry feet,

Κἄν ἄνῆρ κῆ τόντις ἐπὶ γλαυκῷο θέεσκεν  
 Ὀϊδμαίῳ, εἰδὲ θεὸς βαπτίεν πόδας, ἀλλ' ὅσον ἄκροισ  
 Ἰχνησι περ, ὄμῳ δισρῆ πεφέρητο κελδῶ.

And *Solinus* reports historical of *Ladas* (the man so much celebrated by the *Poets*) cap. 6. That he ran so lightly over the dust (*supra solum pulverem*) that he never left a mark in it. So that a *Greek Epigram* calls his

Δαιμόνιον τὸ πῆχ.

The swiftness of a God.

All which, I hope, will serve to excuse me in this place.

*Iffides*, the Son of *Iffe*; a *Patronymique* after the *Greek* form.

*Moab*, that part of the Kingdom of *Moab* that was possessed by *Ruben*, lying upon the *Dead-Sea*, which divides it from the Tribe of *Judah*; but *Jordan* divides it from the Tribes of *Benjamin* and *Ephraim*, so *Judah* is not here taken in a precise sense for that Tribe only.

*His*: because *Jordan* runs into it, and is there lost. It is called promiscuously a *Sea*, or, *Lake*, and is more properly a *Lake*.

*Amoreus* was the fourth Son of *Canaan*; the Country of his Sons extended East and West between *Arnon* and *Jordā*, North and South between *Iaboc* and the Kingdom of *Moab*. They were totally destroyed by the *Israelites*, and their Land given

given to the Tribe of *Gad*, *Gen.* 10. 14. *Numb.* 21. 3  
*Deut.* 3. *Josb.* 13. *Jud.* 12.

- 14 *Edom*: called by the *Greeks* *Idumæa*: denominated from *Esau*. *Josephus* makes two *Idumæa*'s, the *Upper* and the *Lower*; the upper was possessed by the Tribe of *Juda* and the Lower by *Simeon*; but still the *Edomites* possessed the Southern part of the Country, from the Sea of *Sodo* towards the *Red*, or, *Idumæan Sea*. The great Map of *Adricomius* places another *Edom* & *Montes Seir*, a little North of *Babba* of the *Ammonites*, which I conceive to be a mistake. The *Greeks* under the name of *Idumæa* include sometimes all *Palestine* and *Arabia*.

*Petra*. The Metropolis of *Arabia Petraea*. *Adric.* 77.

*Petraa autem dicta à vetustissimo oppido Petra deserti ipsius Metropoli supra mare mortuum sita.*

It is hard to set the bounds of his country (and indeed of all the little ancient Kingdoms in those parts;) for sometimes it includes *Moab*, *Elam*, *Amalec*, *Cedar*, *Madian*, and all the Land Southward to *Egypt*, or the *Red-Sea*: but here it is taken in a more contracted signification, for that part of *Arabia* which lies near the Metropolis *Petra*, and denominates the whole. I doubt much, whether *Petra Deserti*, which *Adric.* makes to be the same, were not another City of the same name. *Adric.* is very confused in the description of the Countries bordering upon the *Jews*, nor could well be otherwise, the matter is so intricate, and to make amendments not much important.

- 15 *Cush*. *Arabia Sabæa*, so called from *Saba* the Son of *Cush*, and Grand-child of *Cham*. All the Inhabitants of *Arabia*, down to the *Red-sea* (for *Fethro*'s daughter of *Midian* was a *Cusite*, though taken by *Josephus* to be an *African Ethiop*) are called sometimes in Scripture *Cusites*, and translated *Ethiopians*; and I believe the other *Ethiopians* beyond *Egypt* descended from these, and at the *Cusite* at other times mentioned in the Scripture.

*Ammon* is by some accounted a part of *Arabia Fœlix* and the Country called since *Philadelphia*, from the Metropolis of that name, conceived by *Adricom.* to be the



e same with *Rabba* of *Ammon*, the Son of *Lot*. Accounted of the race of the *Giants*, that is, a big, long, and warlike sort of people; as *Amos* says Poetically of the *Amorites*, As tall as *Cedars*, and strong as *Asks*. These *Emims* were beaten by *Chederhom*, Gen. 14. and extirpated afterwards by the *Moabites*, who called it Countrey *Moab*, from their Ancestor the Son of *Lot*.

*Seon* King of the *Amorites*, who conquered the great part of the Kingdom of *Moab* all westward of *Arnon*, and possess'd it himself till the *Israelites* slew him, and destroyed his people. *Arnon*, a River that discharges it self into the *Dead-sea*, and rises in an high Rock in the Countrey of the *Amorites*, called *Arnon*, which gives the name to the River, and that to the City *Arnon*, or near seated upon it. Or,

*Esebon*. A famous and strong City seated upon an hill, and encompassed with brick-walls, with many Villages, and Towns depending on it. It was twenty miles distant from *Jordan*. Adric.

For *Saul* had made war upon the *Moabites*, and done them much hurt, 1 *Sam.* 14. 49.

I take it for an infallible certainty, that *Ophir* was not to be imagine in the *West-Indies*; for in *Solomons* time, where it is first mentioned, those Countrys neither were nor could be known, according to their manner of Navigation. And besides, if all that were granted, *Solomon* would have set out his Fleet for that voyage from the Port of the *Mediterranean*, and not the *Red-sea*. I therefore without any scruple say, *Ophirs* rising Morn, I make it a Country in the *East Indies*, called by *Fo-bius* and *S. Hieron*, *The Golden Country*. *Grotius* doubts whether *Ophir* were not a Town seated in the *Arabian* Sea, which *Arrian* calls *Alphar*, *Pliny* *Saphar*, *Ptolomy* *Spharo*, *Stephanus* *Sappharma*, whither the *Indians* brought their Merchandizes, to be fetcht from thence by the Merchants of the more Western Countrys. But that small similitude of the name is not worth the change of a received opinion.

Like this is that of *Dido* to *Æneas*,

*Non obtusa adeò gestamus pectora Pœni ,  
Nec tam aversus equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab urbe.*

And in *Stat.* of *Adrastus* to *Polynices* ;  
*Nec tam aversum fama  
Mycenâ Volvit iter.*

22 *Phegor*, or *Phogor*, or *Peor*, was an high Mount upon the Top of which *Balaam* was desired by *Ba* to curse, but did bless *Israel*. This place was choicely perhaps by *Balac*, because upon it stood the Temple of his *Baal*. Which was, I believe the *Sun*, the Lord of *Heaven*, the same with *Moloch* of the *Ammonites* and the *Morbites Chemos*; only denominated *Bâal Phebo* from that particular place of his worship, as *Iupiter Capitolinus*. Some think that particular place of his worship, as *Iupiter Capitolinus*. Some think that *Baal Peor* was the same with *Priapus* the obscene *Idol*, so famous among ancient Authors; it may be the Image might be made after that fashion, to signify that the *Sun* is the *Baal*; Lord of Generation.

33 The making of Hangings with Figures came first from *Babylon*, from whence they were called *Babylonica*. *Plin.* l. 8. c. 48. *Colores diversos pictura intertexere Babylon maxime Celebravit, & nomen imposuit*, *Plaut. Stich.*

*Tum Babylonica peristromata consummata consutaq; tapet  
Advehit minimum bona rei.*

He calls the like Hangings in *Pseud.*

*Alexandria belluata conciliata peristromata.  
Mart. l. 8. Non ego pratulerim Babylonica picta superbe  
Texta Semiramicâ quæ variantur acu.*

And long before, *Lucret. l. 4.*

*Babylonica magnifico splendore.*

24 These kind of Ivory Tables born up with the Images of Beasts, were much in esteem among the Ancients. The Romans had them, as also all other instruments of *Luxury*, from the *Asiatiques*,

Putere videntur

Unguenta atq; rosa latos nisi sustinet orbes  
Grande ebur, & magno sublimis Pardus hiatus,  
Dentibus ex illis quos mittit parva Sienes  
Et Mauri celeres. Juven. 11.

Mart. Et Mauri Lybicus centum stent dentibus orbes.

*Citron*: It is not here taken for the *Lemon Tree* (though at be in Latine called *Citrus* too, and in French *Citroner*) but for a Tree something resembling a wild *Cyress*, and growing chiefly in *Africk*: it is very famous among the Roman Authors, and was most used for banetting *Beds* and *Tables*. *Martial* says it was more precious than Gold.

Accipe salices, Atlantica munera, mensas,  
Aurea qui dederit dona, minora dabit.

See *Plin. l. 13. c. 15*. The spots and crispness of the wood, was the great commendation of it: From whence they were called, *Tygrinae* and *Pantherinae Mensae*. *Virg. Ciris*.

Nec Lybis Assyrio sternetur Lectulus ostro.

Where *Lybis Lectulus* may signifie either an *Ivory*, or a *Iron Bed*.

*Purple Coverlets* were most in use among great persons. *Hom. Ill 9*.

Ἔειπεν δ' ἐν κλισμῶσι τήπησι τε πορφύρεοισι

*Virg. Sarrano dormiat ostro.*

That is, *Tyrian purple*. *Stat. Theb. 1*.

— Pars ostro tenues auroq; sonantes

*Emunire toros.* —

They lye (says *Plato* the *Comedian* in *Athen 2*.) ἐν κλισίαις ἐλεφαντόποσι καὶ σρώμασι πορφυροβάπτοις &c.

The *Purple* of the Ancients was taken out of a kind of *Shellfish* called *Purpura*; where it was found in a white vein running through the middle of the mouth, which was cut out and boyled; and the blood used afterwards in Dying, produced the colour *Nigrantis ros-sublucentem*, which *Pliny* witnesses to be the true *Purple*, though there were other sorts too of it, as the colour

colour of *Violet Hyacinth*, &c. Of this Invention totally lost, see *Plin.* l. 9. c. 38. and *Pancirollus*. greatest Fishing for these *Purples* was at *Tyre*, and it was the greatest manufacture and Trade of *Purple*; he likewise was the invention of it, which is attributed to *Hercules Tyrius*, who walking upon the shore, his Dog bite one of those Fishes, and found his me all stained with that excellent colour, which gave the first hint of teaching the *Tyrians* how to Dye it: From whence this colour is called in Greck *Αλεργ*. *Aristot.* *quasi ἁλὸς ἔργον*, the work of the Sea; and he in *Tim.* defines *Αλεργεν* to be Red mingled with White and Black.

- 27 So *Aeneas* in the 1. *Aen.* finds the story of all the *Trojan War* painted upon the walls of *Juno's Temple* at *Carthage*. I chuse here the history of *Lot*, because the *Moabites* descended from him.
- 28 *Chedor-laomer*, who according to the general opinion was King of *Persia*, but to me it seems altogether probable that the King of *Persia* should come so far, joyn with so many Princes to make a war upon those little Kings, whose whole Territories were scarce less as the least shire in *England*, and whose very names were unlikely to have been heard of then, so far as *Persia*. Besides *Persia* was not then the chief *Eastern Monarchy*, *Assyria* under *Ninias* or *Zanais*, who succeeded *Saramis*, which makes me likewise not doubt but they are mistaken too, who take *Amraphel* King of *Shinaar*, which is interpreted *Babylonia*, for the same with *Ninias*, since *Chedor-laomer* commanded over it. A fouler error in theirs, who make *Arioch* King of *Elasar* to be the King of *Pontus*, as *Aquila* and *S. Hier.* translate it; or as *Tostatus*, who would have it to be *Hellespont*. *Stephan.* de *Urb.* places *Ellis* in *Cælosyria* others on the borders of *Arabia*, and that this was the same with *Ellasar* has much more appearance. But my part, I am confident that *Elam*, *Shinaar*, *Ellis* and *Tidal*, were the names of some Cities not far distant from *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, and their Kings such as thirty three that *Ioshua* drove out of *Canaan*; others

how could *Abraham* have defeated them (abating miracles) with his own family onely? perhaps they were called of *Elam* that is *Persia*, of *Shinaar*, that is *Babylonia*, of *Ilasar*, that is *Pontus*, or rather the other *Ellas*, because they were *Colonies* brought from those Countreys; which the fourth Kings title, of *Tidal*, seems to confirm; that is, of *Nations*; Latine, *Gentium*; Symmach. Παμφυλίας. To wit, of a City compounded of the conflux of people from several *Nations*. The Hebrew is *Goiym* which *Vatablus*, not without probability, takes for the proper name of a *Town*.

That he might be consumed presently after with his whole people and Kingdom, by fire from Heaven.

For *Fire* and *Brimstone* is named in Scripture, as the Torment of *Hell*; for which cause the Apostle *Iude*, v. 7. says that *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* are set forth for an example, πυρός αιώνης δίκην ὑπέχασται, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire; So our English; the Latine, *Ignis æterni pœnam sustinentes*. But I wonder none have thought of interpreting *Δίκην* adverbially; for, *Instar habentes ignis æterni*, Suffering the similitude of eternal, that is, *Hell* Fire. So *Δίκην* is used *Arist. de Mund.* καὶ ῥίεσι πολλαίσι ποταμῶν δίκην, nay even *Δίκην*, the subit, is taken sometimes in that sense, as *Homer Ulyss.* ξ.

Ἡ γὰρ δὲ μῶν δίκην ἐστὶ.

For this is the *Manner* or fashion of *Suitors*. It is not improbable, that this Raining of Fire and Brimstone was nothing but extraordinary *Thunders* and *Lightnings*; for Thunder hath sulphur in it, which (*Grocius* says) is therefore called *Θεῶν*, as it were, *Divine*, because it comes from above. Several prophane Authors make mention of this destruction of *Sodom*; as *Tacitus*, L. 5. *Histor.* Fulminum ictu arsisse, &c. and by and by, Igne cœlesti flarasse, &c.

The *blindness* with which these wretches were stricken, was not a total *Blindness* or *Privation* of their *sight*, but either such a sudden darkness in the ayr as made them grope for the door, or a sudden failing of the sight, as

when men are ready to fall into a Trance; *Eblouiffeme* or that which the Greeks term *ἀορασία*, when men do other things, but not the thing they look for. For ſee *S. Auguſtine, De Civit. Dei Lib. 22. c. 19.* If they had been quite blind; they would not have ſought for a Door to go into *Lot's* Houſe, but for Guides to conduct them back again to their own.

- 32 I deſcribe her not after ſhe was changed, but in the very act or moment of her changing, *Gen. 19. 26.* The *Engliſh* ſays, ſhe became a *Pillar of Salt*, following the Greek *σῆλη ἅλος*. The *Latine* is, *Statua Salis*. Some call it *Cumulum*; others, *Columnam*. *Sulpit. Sev. Reflexit oculos, ſtatimq; in molem converſa traditur.* I pity *Joſephus*, who ſays he ſaw the *Statue* himſelf, omitted the deſcription of it. Likely it is, that it retained its form. So *Cyprian* in better verſe than is uſual among *Chriſtian Poets*,

—— *Stetit ipſa Sepulchrum,*

*Ipſaq; Imago ſibi, formam ſine corpore ſervans.*

Some with much ſubtlety, and ſome probability, underſtand a *Pillar of Salt*, to ſignifie only an *Everlaſting Pillar*, of what matter ſoever, as *Numb. 18. 19. Covenant of Salt*. But we may very well too underſtand it *Literally*, for there is a *Mineral kind* of *Salt* which never melts, and ſerves for building as well as ſtone; which *Pliny* ſpeaks, *l. 31. c. 7.* beſides, the converſion into *Salt* is very proper there, where there is ſuch abundance, mixt with *Sulphur*, and which place God had as it were, *ſowed with ſalt*, in token of eternal barrenneſs, of which this *Statue* was ſet up for a *Monument*. The *Targum of Jeruſalem* is cited; to give this reaſon why ſhe looked back; it ſays, ſhe was a woman of *Freedom*, and that made her impatient to ſee what became of her friends and *Country*. The moral of it is very peſpicious, but well expreſt by *S. Auguſt. Vxor Loth. Salem converſa magno admonuit Sacramento neminem viâ liberationis ſuæ præterita deſiderare debere.*

- 33 *Zippor* the Father of *Balac*, and firſt King of *Moab* mentioned in *Scripture*. Some Authors, I know, name one *Vabek* before him, but *Zippor* is the more known

more authentical, and better sounding Name. Among the Ancients there was always some *hereditary Bowl* with which they made their *Libations* to the Gods, and entertained *Strangers*. Virg.

*Hic Regina gravem gemmis auroq; poposcit  
Implevitq; mero pateram, quâ Belus & omnes  
A Belo soliti ———*

And presently (he begins to the Gods. So Stat. l. 1. *Tbeb.*)  
*Signis perfectam gemmis auroq; nitentem  
Iasides pateram famulos ex more poposcit,  
Quâ Danaus libare Deis, seniorq; Phoromeus  
Assueti ———*

And then he adds the Stories engraven on the Bowl; which would not have been so proper for me in this place, because of the *Pictures* before. Sen. *Thyest.* *Po.ulum infuso cape Gentile Baccho.* This *Libation* to the Gods at the beginning of all Feasts came from the natural custom of paying the *First Fruits* of all things to the *Divinity* by whose bounty they enjoyed them.

This too was an ancient custom that never failed at solemn Feasts, to have *Musick* there (and sometimes *dancing* too) which *Homer* calls,

*Ἄνεθνήματα δαιτός*

The *Appendixes*; or as *Heisich* interpretes, *κοσμήματα*, the *Ornaments* of a *Feast*. And as for wise and honorable persons, there was no time of their Life less lost, than that they spent at *Table*; for either they held than some profitable and delightful discourses with *Learned* men; or heard some remarkable pieces of *Autors* (commonly *Poets*) read or repeated before them; or if they were *Princes*, had some eminent *Poet* (who was always then both a *Philosopher* and *Musician*) to entertain them with *Musick* and *Verses*, not upon slight or wanton, but the greatest and noblest subjects. So does *Iopas* in *Virg.*

——— *Cythaerâ crinitus Iopas*

*Personat auratâ docuit quæ maximus Atlas  
Hic canit errantem Lunam Solisq; labores, &c.*

So does *Orpheus* in *Apollon.* 1. *Argonaut.*

Ἡειδεν δ' ὡς γαῖα κ' ἔρανος ἠδὲ θάλασσα,  
 Τὸ πρῶν ἐπ' ἀκλήλοισι μῆσιν ἀρῆστον ἄμωρφῃ  
 Νάκεσσι ἐξ ὀλοοῖο δεικείσθην, &c.

So does *Demodocus* in *Homer*; through the subject, me thinks; be not so well chosen.

- 35 See *Athen. L. 1. c. 12.* upon this matter, where among other things, he speaks to this sense. The *Poets* were anciently a race of *wisemen*, both in learning and practice *Philosophers*; and therefore *Agamemnon* (at his expedition for *Troy*) leaves a *Poet* with *Clytemnestra*, as *Guardian* and *Instructor* to her, who by laing before her the vertues of women, might give her impressions of goodness and honour, and by the delightfulness of her conversation, divert her from worse pleasures. So *Ægysteus* was not able to corrupt her till he had killed her *Poet*. Such a one was he too who was forced to sing before *Penelopes Lovers*, though he had them in detestation. And generally all *Poets* were then had in especial reverence. *Demodocus* among the *Phæacians*, sings the adultery of *Mars* and *Venus*, not for the approving of the like actions, but to divert that voluptuous people from such unlawful appetites, &c. The old *Scholiast* upon *Homer*, says, 3. *Odyss.*

Τὸ ἀρχαῖοινοι Ἀοιδῶν Φιλοσόφων τάξιν ἐπέχουσιν.

Anciently *Poets* held the place of *Philosophers*. See *Quintil. l. 1. c. 10. Strab. l. Geogr. Sc.*

- 36 By drawing up vapours from them, with which the Ancients believed that the *Stars* were nourished. *Virg.*

*Polus dum sidera pascit.*

- 37 This was an ancient fashion among the Heathens, not unlike to our ringing of *Bells* in *Thunder*. *Juvenal* says of a loud scolding woman, that she alone was able to relieve the *Moon* out of an *Eclipse*.

*Sola laboranti poterat succurrere Lunæ.*

This superstition took the original from an opinion, that *Witches* by muttering some charms in verse, caused the *Eclipses* of the *Moon*; which they conceived to be what



the Moon (that is, the *Godless* of it) was brought down from her *Sphere* by the virtue of those enchantments; and therefore they made a great noise by the beating of Brass, sounding of Trumpets, whooping and hollowing, and the like, to drown the Witches murmurs, that the Moon might not hear them, and so to render the ineffectual. *vid.*

*Te quoq; Luna traho, quamvis Temesina labores  
Æra tuos minuant. —*

Tib. *Cantus* & è curru Lunam diducere tentat,  
*Ei faceret, si non æra repulsa sonent.*

Stat. 6. Theb. — *Atonitis quoties avellitur astris  
— Solis opaca soror præcul auxiliantia gentes  
Æra crepant.*

Sen. in Hippol. *Ei nuper rubuit, nullaq; lucidis  
Nubes sordidior vultibus obstitit.  
At nos solliciti lumine turbido  
Tractam Thessalicis carminibus rati  
Tinnitus dedimus.*

The world has had this hard opinion of *Comets* from all ages, and not only the *vulgar*, who never stay for a *Cause* to believe any thing, but even the *Learned*, who can find no reason for it, though they search it, and yet follow the vulgar belief. *Aristotle* says, *Comets* naturally produce *Droughts* by the extraction of vapors from the earth to generate and feed them; and droughts more certainly produce sicknesses: but his authority cannot be great concerning the effects of *Comets*, who supposes them to be all *Sublunary*. And truly there is no way to defend this *Prediction* of *Comets* but by making it, as *God* speaks of the *Rainbow*, Gen. 9. the *upernatural* Token of a *Covenant* between *God* and *Man*; for which we have no authority, and therefore might do well to have no fear. However the ancients had.

Luc. *Terris mutantem regna Cometem.*

Claud. *Et nunquam cælo spectatum impune Cometem.*

Sil. Ital. *Regnorum everfor rubulic lethale Cometes*

- 39 For *Thunder* is an Exhalation hot and dry shut up in cold and moist Cloud, out of which striving to get forth it kindles it self by the agitation, and then violent breaks it.
- 40 *Lambent* fire is, A thin unctuous Exhalation made of the Spirits of Animals, kindled by Motion, and burning without consuming any thing but it self. Called *Lambent*, from *Licking* over, as it were, the place it touches. It was counted a *Good Omen*. *Virg.* describes the whole nature of it excellently in three verses, *Æn.* 2.
- Ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iuli  
Fundere lumen apex, tactuq; innoxia molli  
Lambere flamma comas & circum tempora pasci.*
- 41 *Fleecy Snow*, *Psal.* 147. *He giveth Snow like Wool.* *Pliny* calls *Snow* ingeniously for a *Poet*, but defines it ill for a *Philosopher*. The *Foam* of *Clouds* when they hit one another. *Aristotle* defines it truly and shortly. *Snow* is a *Cloud* congealed, and *Hail* *Congealed Rain*.
- 42 *Gen.* 49. 9. *Judah is a Lyons whelp; from the prey my shoulder art gone up, he stooped down, he couched as a Lyon, as an old Lyon, who shall rouse him up?*
- 43 *1 Sam.* 17. 4. *And there went out a Champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath, &c.* where we follow the *Septuagint*, who render it, *δυνατός*, *Strong man*: but the *Latine Translation* hath, *Et egressi est vir spurius, a Bastard*. *Grotius* notes, that the *Hebrews* called the *Gyāis* so; because being contemners of all Law they lived without matrimony, and consequently the fathers were not known. It is probable he might be called so, as being of the race of the *Anakims* (the remainders of which feated themselves in *Gath*) by the *Father* and a *Gathite* by the *Mother*.
- 44 See *Turnus* his Shields, 7. *Æn.* and *Æneas* his 3. *Æn.* with the stories engraven on them.
- 45 For *Baal* is no other than *Iupiter*. *Baals* semen *Iupiter Olympius*. But I like not in an *Hebrew* story to use the *Europæan* names of Gods. This *Baal* and *Iupiter* too of the *Græcians*, was at first taken for the *Sun*, which raising vapours out of the earth, out of which the *Thunder* is engendred, may well be denominated the *Thunderer*.

Ζεύς ὁ ἡβερμύτης. and *Juvans Pater* fits with no God, so much as the *Sun*. So *Plato* in *Phad.* interprets *Jupiter*; and *Heliogabalus* is no more but *Jupiter-Sol.*

The Fable of the *Gyants* fight with *Gods*, was not invented by the *Gracians*, but came from the Eastern people; and arose from the true story of the building of the *Tower of Babel.*

This perhaps will be accused by some severe men for too swelling and *Hyperbole*; and I should not have endured it my self, if it had not been mitigated with the word *Meibought*; for in a great apprehension of fear there is no extraordinary or extravagant species that the imagination is not capable of forming. Sure I am, that many sayings of this kind, even without such excuse or qualification, will be found not only in *Lucan* or *Statius*, but in the most judicious and divine *Poet* himself. He calls tall young men,

*Patriis & montibus æquos.*

Equal to the Mountains of their Country

He says of *Polyphemus*,

— *Graditurq; per æquor*

*Iam medium, nec dum fluctus latera ardua tingit.*

That walking in the midst of the Sea, the waves do not wet his sides. Of *Orion*,

— *Quam magnus Orion*

*Cum pedes incedo medii per maxima Nerei*

*Stagna viam scindens humero supereminet undas.*

*Aut summis referens annosam montibus ornum,*

*Ingrediturq; solo, & caput inter nubila condit.*

And in such manner (says he) *Mezentius* presented himself. He says of another, that he flung no small part of a Mountain,

*Haud partem exiguam Montis.*

Of which *Seneca*, though he addes to the greatness, he does not impudently recede from truth. One place in him occurs; for which *Sen. 1. Suasor.* makes that defence: which will serve better for me,

—— *Credas innare revulsas*

*Cycladas, aut montes concurrere montibus altos.*

That is, speaking of great ships but yet such as would seem very little ones, if they were near the *Sovereign* you would think the *Cyclades* loosned from their root were floating, or that high *Mountains* encountred on another. *Non dicit hoc fieri, sed videri; propitiis auribus auditur quicquid incredibile est, quod excusatur antequam dicitur.* He does not say it *Is*, but *Seems* to be; for so he understands *Credas*) and any thing, though never so improbable, is favourably heard, if it be excused before it be spoken. Which will serve to answer for some other places in this Poem; as,

*Tb' Egyptian like an Hill himself did rear;  
Like some tall Tree upon it seem'd his spear.*

*Like an Hill*, is much more modest than *Montibus equis*.

47 Because *Gold* is more proper for the ornaments of *Peace* than *War*.

48 Sen. in *Thyest.* *Iejuna silvis qualis in Gangeticis Intenjunos Tygris erravit duos, Utriusq; praeda cupida, quiprios ferat Incerta morsus, flectit huc rictus suos, illo reflectit & famem dubiam tenet.* And the *Spots* of a *Tygre* appear more plainly when it is angred.

Stat. 2. *Theb.* *Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure Tygris*

*Horrui in Maculus; &c. ——*

Nay *Virgil*, attributes the same marks of *Passion* to *Dido*,

*Sanguineam volvens aciem, Maculisq; trementes  
Interfusa genas. ——*

49 See the like conditions of a publick duel in *Homer* between *Paris* and *Menelaus*; in *Virgil*, between *Turnus* and *Aeneas*, in *Livy*, between the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*.

50 The *Egyptian Goliath*; i. The *Egyptian-Giant*, whom he slew only with his *staff*, and therefore at the sight of it might well be ashamed, that he durst not now encounter with *Goliath*. This is that shame which *Virgil* call *Conscia Virtus*.

They were 33. but *Poetry* instead of the broken number, chuses the next entire one, whether it be more or less than the truth.

It appears by this, that *David* was about 20. years old (at least) when he slew *Goliath*; for else how can we imagine that the *Armor* and *Arms* of *Saul* (who was the tallest man in all *Israel*) should fit him? neither does he complain that they were too big or heavy for him, but that he was not accusom'd to the use of them; besides he handled dextrously the *Sword* of *Goliath*, and not long after said, *There is none like it*. Therefore though *Goliath* call him *Boy* and *Child*, I make *Saul* term him *Youth*.

For the men who are so proud and confident of their own strength, make that a *God* to themselves, as the humane Politians are said in the Scripture to sacrifice to their own *Nets*. That is, their own *Wit*. *Virg.* of *Mezent*. *Dextra mihi Deus, & Telum quod missile libro.*

And *Capaneus* is of the same mind in *Statius*;  
*Illuc Augur ego, & mecum quicumq; parati*  
*Insanire manus ———*

The *Poets* made always the *Winds* either to disperse the prayers that were not to succeed, or to carry those that were. *Virg.*

*Audiat, & voti Phœbus succedere partem*  
*Mente dedit, partem volucres dispersit in auras.*

*Ovid.* de *Trist.*

*Terribilisq; Notujactat mea verba, precesque;*  
*Ad quos mittuntur non sinit ire Deos.*

*Virg.* *Partem aliquam venti Divûm referatis ad aures, &c*

i. To another *Angel*.

1 Sam. 18. 4. *And Jonathan stript himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his Sword and to his Bow, and to his Girdle.* Some understand this gift exclusively, as to the

*Sword, Bow, and Girdle*, believing those three to be the proper marks of a Souldier, or *Knight*; and therefore not to be parted with. But therefore, I say, to be parted with upon this occasion. *Girdle* was perhaps a mark of Military honour; for *Joab* promises to him that should kill *Ab-salom*, ten shekels of silver, and a *Girdle*, 2 *Sam.* 18. 12. But it was besides that, a necessary part of every mans dress, when they did any work, or went abroad, their under *Robe* being very long and troublesome, if not bound up. If the *Sword, Bow, and Girdle* had not been given; it could not have been said, *And his Garments*; for nothing would have been given but the outward *Robe* or *Mantle*: which was a loose garment not exactly fitted to their bodies (for the profession of Taylors was not so ancient, but clothes were made by the wives, mothers & servants even of the greatest persons) & so might serve for any size or stature.

57. 1 *Sam.* 18. 20. Septuagint. Καὶ ἠγάπησε Μιχαὴλ ἡ θυγάτηρ τοῦ Ζαὲλ τὸν Δαβὶδ, which our English Translation follows, but the Latine Translations vary; for some have *Dilexit autem Michol filia Saul altera David. Michol Saul daughter loved David.* And others, *Dilexit autem David Michol filiam Saul alteram. David loved Michol Sauls daughter.* To reconcile which, I make them both love one another.

58. The *Husband* at the *Contract* gave his *Esposued* certain *Gifts*, as pledges of the *Contract*. Thus *Abrahams* Steward in the name of *Isaac* gave to *Rebecca* Jewels of silver and of gold, and raiment, *Gen.* 24. 53. which custom the Greeks too used, and called the presents *Ἐδναῖ*. But at the day of the marriage he gave her a *Bill of Joynture* or *Dowre*.

59. *Josephus* says, *Saul* demanded so many *Heads* of the *Philistines*, which word he uses instead of *Foreskins* to avoid the raillery of the *Romans*. *Heads* I confess, has been a better word for my turn to, but *Foreskins* will serve, and sounds more properly for a *Jewish Story*. Besides the other varies too much from the *Text*; and many believe that *Saul* required *Foreskins*, and not *Heads*, that *David* might not deceive him with the heads of *Hebrews* instead of *Philistines*. I

If it might have been allowed *David* to carry with him as many Souldiers as he pleased, and so make an inroad into the *Philistines* Country, and kill any hundred men he could meet with, this had been a small *Dowry* or a *Princess*, and would not have exposed *David* to that hazard for which *Saul* chose this manner of *loiture*. I therefore believe, that he was to kill thē all with his own hāds

As *Heavy Bolies* are said to move the swifter, the nearer they approach to the *Centre*. Which some deny, and others give a reasō for it from the *Mediū* through which they pass that still presses them more ād more; but the natural *Symmetrical* attractive power of the *Centre* is much received, and is consonant to many other experiments in Nature.

*Scandals* in the sense of the *New Testament* are *Stumbling blocks*, λίθοι αἰσχρομίματα; 'Stops in a mans way, at which he may fall, however they retard his course.

*Fansenus* in his explication of the *Parable* of the *Virgins*, thinks it was the custom for the *Bridegroom* to go to the *Brides* house, and that the *Virgins* came out from thence to meet him. For in that *Parable* there is no mention (in the *Greek*, though there be in the *Latine*) of meeting any but the *Bridegroom*.

Others think that *Nuptials* were celebrated neither in the *Brides* nor *Bridegrooms* house, but in publick houses in the Country near the *City*, built on purpose for those Solemnities, which they collect out of the circumstances of the *Marriage*, 1 *Maccab.* 9. 37. *Hes.* 2. 14. and *Cant.* 8. 5, &c. Whatever the ordinary custom was, I am sure the ancients in great Solemnities were wont to set up Tents on purpose in the fields for celebration of them. See the description of that wonderful one of *Ptolemaus Philadelphus* in *Athen.* l. 5. c. 6. and perhaps *Pf.* 16. 4, 5. alludes to his. He hath set a *Tabernacle* for the *Sun*, which is as a *Bridegroom* coming out of his *Chamber*.

Habits of divers colours were much in fashion among the *Hebrews*. See *Judges* 5. 30. *Ezek.* 16. 10 & 26. 16. such was *Iosephs* coat, *Gen.* 37. 3. Septuagint *χιτών ποικίλη*, as *Homer* calls *Pep'um Minerva*, vestes *Polymita*.

It appears by several places in Scripture, that *Garlands* too were in great use among the *Fews* at their feasts, and

especially *Nuptials*, *Iſa.* 61. 10. The Latine reads, like *Bridegroom* crown'd with *Garlands*, *Wis.* 2. 8. *Ex.* 16. 1 *Lam.* 5. 15. *Eccles.* 32. 1. &c.

66 I take the number of *Thirty Maids*, and *Thirty young Men* from the story of *Sampſons* marriage-feaſt, *Jud.* 14. 11. where *Thirty Companions* were ſent to him whom I conceive to have been, *ἱοὶ Ἐνυμφίου*, *Children of the Bridegroom*, as they are called by *S. Matthew*.

67 *Qualis ubi Oceani perſuſus Lucifer undâ  
Quem Venus ante aſtos aſtrorum diligit ignes,  
Extulit os cælo ſacrum, tenebraſq; reſolvit.* *Virg.*

Which verſes *Scaliger* ſays, are ſweeter than *Ambroſius* *Homer* led him the way.

Ἀσέρ ἐπὶ πωρίνω ἐνελίγκιον; ὅσε μάλιστα  
Δαμπτρόν παμφαίνησι λελεμμένον Ὠκεάνοιο, and,  
Οἱ δ' ἀσῆρῆσι μετ' ἀστέροις νυκτὸς ἀμολγῶ  
Ἔσπερον, ὃς κήλις ἐν ἔρανῶ ἰσαίλαι ἀσῆρ.

68 The *Bride* alſo brought a *Dowre* to her *Husband*. *Raguel* gave with his daughter *Sara* half his good, ſervants, cattel and money, *Tob.* 10. 10. See *Exod.* 22. 17, &c.

69 The *Marriage-Song* was called *Hillalim*, *Praises*, and the houſe it ſelf *Beth-hillula*, the *House of Praise*, *Pſa.* 78. 63. Their *Maidens* were not given to marriage; the *Chald. Paraphraſ.* reads, Are not celebrated, with *Epithalamiums*, So *Arias* too, and *Aquila*, ἐλ ὑμνήθησαν.

70 See *Gen.* 29. 22. *Tob.* c. 7. *Eſth.* 2. 18. *Luke* 14. 1. *Judg.* 14. 17. *Apoc.* 19. 9.

71 The cuſtom ſeems to have been for the *Bridegroom* to carry home the *Bride* to his houſe, *1 King.* 11. 27. *Judg.* 12. 2. *Gen.* 24. 67. *Cant.* 3. 4. but becauſe *Michol* was a *Princeſs*, and *David* not likely to have any *Palace* of his own at that time, I choſe rather to bring them to one of the *Kings houſes* aſſigned to them by the *Dowre*.

72 The *Bride* when ſhe was delivered up to her *Husband*,



and, was wont to cover her self with a *Vail* ( called *Radid* from *Radad*, to bear rule ) in token of her subjection, *Gen. 24. 65, &c.*

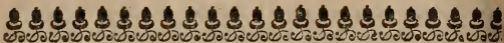
See the *Parable* of the *Virgins*, *Mat. 25.*

The time of the *Marriage-feast* appears clearly to have been usually *seven days*. See *Judg. 14. 10.* and *29. 27. Fulfil her week, &c.* It was a Proverb among the Jews, *Septem dies ad Convivium, & Septem ad Sultum.*

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The



# T H E C O N T E N T S

**M**oab carries his Guests to hunt at Nebo, in  
 way falls into discourse with David, and a  
 fires to know of him the reasons of the Change  
 of Government in Israel, how Saul came  
 the Crown, and the story of Him and Jonathan. D  
 vids Speech, containing, The state of the Commonweal  
 under the Judges, the Motives for which the people desir  
 a King; their Deputies speech to Samuel upon that su  
 ject, and his reply. The assembling of the People at t  
 Tabernacle to enquire Gods pleasure. Gods Speech. T  
 Character of Saul, his Anointing by Samuel, and t  
 ction by Lot; the defection of his people. The war of Nah  
 King of Ammon against Jabes Gilead; Saul and Jon  
 thans relieving of the Town. Jonathans Character, his si  
 gle fight with Nahas, whom he stays, and defeats his A  
 my. The confirmation of Sauls Kingdom at Gilgal, at  
 the manner of Samuels quitting his office of Judge. T  
 war with the Philistins at Macmas, their strength, at  
 the weaknes of Sauls Forces, his exercising of the Priest  
 function, and the judgement denounced by Samuel again  
 him. Jonathans discourse with his Esquire; their fallin  
 alone upon the enemies outguards at Senes, and after up  
 the whole Army, the wonderful defeat of it; Sauls rash vor  
 by which Jonathan is to be put to death, but is saved by t  
 People.

## DAVIDEIS.

*The Fourth Book.*

**T**Hough *state* and kind *discourse* thus rob'd  
 the *Night*  
 Of half her natural and more just delight,  
*Moab*, whom *Temp'rance* did still vig'o-  
 rous keep,  
 And regal cares had us'd to mod'erate sleep,  
 Up with the *Sun* arose, and having thrice  
 With lifted hands bow'd towards his shining rise;  
 And thrice to'wards *Phegar*, his *Baals* holiest Hill,  
 (With *good* and pious prayers *directed ill*)  
 Call'd to the Chase his Friends, who for him stay'd;  
 The glad *Dogs* barkt, the chearful *Horses* neigh'd.  
*Moab* his Chariot mounts, drawn by four Steeds,  
 The best and noblest that fresh *Zerib* breeds,  
 All white as *Snow*, and sprightful as the *Light*,  
 With *Scarpet* trapt, and foaming *Gold* they bite.  
 He into it young *David* with him took,  
 Did with respect and wonder on him look  
 Since last nights *story*, and with greedier ear,  
 The *Man*, of whom so much he *heard* did *hear*.  
 The well-born *Youth* of all his flourishing *Cour*  
 March gay behind, and joyful to the sport.  
 Some arm'd with Bows, some with strait Javeli-  
 nes ride.  
 Rich Swords and gilded Quivers grace their side.  
 Midst the fair Troop  *Davids* tall *Brethren* rode,  
 And *Joab* comely as a *Fanci'e* l *Go*l;  
 They entertain'd th'attentive *Moab* Lords,  
 With loose and various talk that chance affords,  
 Whilst they pac'd slowly on; but the wise *King*  
 Did  *Davids* tongue to weightier subjects bring.  
 Much (said the *King*) much I to *Joab* owe,  
 For the fair *Picture* drawn by him of you.

'Twas

'T was drawn in little, but did acts express  
 So great, that largest *Histories* are less.  
 I see (merthinks) the *Gabian Monster* still,  
 His shape last night my mindful *Dreams* did fill.  
 Strange *Tyrant Saul* with Envy to pursue  
 The praise of deeds whence his own safety grew  
 I've heard (but who can think it?) that his *Son*  
 Has his lifes hazard for your friendship run;  
 His matchless *Son*, whole worth (if Fame be true  
 Lifts him 'above all his *Countrymen* but you,  
 With whom it makes him *One*; Low *Dar*  
 bows,

But no reply *Moabs* swift tongue allows.

And pray, kind *Guest*, whilst we ride thus (sa  
 he)

6 (To gameful *Nebo* still three leagues there be)  
 The story of your *royal friend* relate;

And his ungovern'd *Sires* imperious fate,

7 Why your great State that nameless Fam'ly ch  
 se,

And by what steps to *Israels Throne* they rose.

He staid; and *David* thus. from *Egypt's Land*  
 You've heard, Sir, by what *strong, unarm*  
 hand

*Deut.* 54 Our *Fathers* came; *Moses* their sacred *Guid*,  
 But he in sight of the *Giv'n Country* dy'd.

His fatal promis'd *Canaan* was on high:

And *Joshua's* *Sword* must t'active *Rod* supply.

*Jos.* 1. 4. It did so, and did wonders.

8 From sacred *Jordan* to the *Western main*,  
 From well-clad *Lib'anus* to the *Southern Plain*  
 Of naked sands, his *winged Conquests* went;

And thirty *Kings* to *Hell uncrown'd* he sent

*Josh.* 12. Almost four hundred years from him to *Saul*,

9 In too much freedom past, or foreign thral.

Oft *Strangers* *Iron Scepters* bruis'd the Land

(Such still are those born by a *Conquering Hand*

Oft pity'ing *God* did well fo'm'd *Spirits* raise,

Fit for the toilsome business of their days,

To free the groaning *Nation*, and to give

*Peace* first, and then the *Rules in Peace* to live.  
 ut they whose stamp of *Power* did chiefly ly  
 in *Characters* too fine for most mens *Ey*,  
*faces* and *Gifts Divine*; not painted bright  
 With state to awe *dull* minds, and forcet' *affright*,  
 Vere ill obey'd whil'st *Living*, and at *death*,  
 their *Rules* and *Pattern* vanish with their breath.  
 The *hungry Rich* all near them did devour,  
 their *Judge* was *Appetite*, and their *Law* was  
*Power*

Not want it self could *Luxury* restrain,  
 or what that *empti'd*, *Rapine fill'd* again.  
 Robbery the *Field*, *Opression* sackt the *Town*,  
 What the *Swords* *Reaping*, spar'd; was glean'd by  
 th' *Gown*.

But *Courts*, and *Seats of Justice* to complain,  
 Was to be robb'd more *vexingly* again.  
 For was their *Lust* less active or less bold,  
 amidst this rougher search of *Blood* and *Gold*.  
*Weak Beauties* they corrupt, and force the *strong*;  
 The *Pride* of *Old Men*, that and this of *young*.  
 You've heard perhaps, *Sir*, of lewd *Gibeabs*  
 shame,

Which *Hebrew* *Tongues* still tremble when they  
 name, Jud. 19.

*Alarmed* all by one fair strangers *Eyes*,  
 As to a sudden *War* the *Town* does rise  
 Fainting and pale, half dead e're they begin  
 The strange and wantom *Trag'edy* of their sin  
 All their wild *Lusts* they force her to sustain,  
 Till by shame, sorrow, weariness; and pain,  
 In the midst their loath'd, and cruel kindness dies;  
 Of monstrous *Lust* th' innocent *Sacrifice*.

This did ('tis true) a *Civil War* create  
 The frequent curse of our loose-govern'd *State*)

All *Gibeas*, and all *Jabes* blood it cost;  
 Near a whole *tribe* and *future Kings* we lost.

Firm in this general *Earthquake* of the *Land*.  
 How could *Religion*, its main *pillar*, stand;

Proud, and fond *Man*, his *Fathers* worship hates,  
 Him-

Jud. 20.  
 and 21.

Himself, *Gods Creature*, his own *God Creates*.  
 Hence in each Household sev'eral *Deities* grew.  
 And when no *old* one pleas'd, they fram'd a *New*  
 The *only Land* which serv'd but *one* before,  
 Did th'*only* then all *Nations Gods* adore.  
 They serv'd their *Gods* at first, and soon the  
*Kings*;

Their choise of that this latter *Slavery* brings.  
 Till special men arm'd with *Gods* warrant broke  
 By justest *force* th'*unjustly forced* yoke.

1 Sam. 1

All matchless persons, and thrice worthy they  
 Of *Power* more great, or *Lands* more apt t'obe

11 At last the *Priesthood* join'd in *Ith'amers* Son,12 More weight and lustre to the *Scepter* won.

1 Sam.

2. 12.

But whilst mild *Ely*, and good *Samuel* were  
 Busi'ed with *age*, and th'*Altars* sacred care;  
 To their wild *Sons* they their high charge com  
 mit,

Who 'expose to *Scorn* and *Hate* both them and  
*Ely's* curst House th'exemplar vengeance bears  
 Of all their *Blood*, and all sad *Isra'els Tears*.

1 Sam. 4

His *Sons* abroad, *Himself* at home lies slain,  
*Israels* captiv'd *Gods Ark* and *Law* are tane.

Thus twice are *Nations* by ill *Princes* vext,  
 They suffer *By* them *first*, and *For* them *next*.

1 Sam.

7. 6.

1 Sam. 7

*Samuel* succeeds; since *Moses* none before  
 So much of *God* in his bright bosom bore.

1 Sam. 10

In vain our arms *Philistian Tyrants* seis'd;  
*Heav'ens* *Magazines* he open'd when he pleas'd  
 He *Rains* and *Winds* for *Auxil'aries* brought,  
 He muster'd *Flames* and *Thunders* when  
 fought.

1 Sam.

8. 1.

13 Thus thirty years with strong and stedy hand

He held th'unshaken *Ballance* of the *Land*.

At last his *Sons* th'indulgent *Father* chose  
 To share that *State* which they were born to lose  
 Their hateful acts that *Changes* birth did hast,

14 Which had long growth i'th'*Womb* of *Ages* past.

To this (for still were some great *Periods* set,  
 There's a strong knot of several *Causes* met)

The threats concurr'd of a rough neighb'ring  
War ;

A mighty storm long gathering from afar.  
Or *Ammon*, heightned with mixt Nations aid,  
Like *Torrents* swoln with Rain prepar'd the land  
t'invade.

*Amuel* was old, and by his Sons ill choice  
Turn'd *Dotard* in th' *unskilful Vulgars* voice.  
His *Sons* so scorn'd and hated, that the Land  
Nor *hop'd* nor *wisht* a *Victory* from their hand :

These were the just and faultless causes why  
The general voice did for a *Monarch* cry,  
But God *ill grains* did in this *Incense* smell,  
Wrapt in fair *Leaves* he saw the *Canker* dwell.

A mut'inous Itch of *Change*, a dull *Despair*  
Of helps *divine*, oft prov'd ; a faithless care  
Of *Common Means* ; the pride of heart, and scorn  
Of th' *humble yoke* under law *Judges* born.

They saw the state and glittering pomp which  
blest

In vulgar sense the *Scepters* of the *East*.

They saw not *Power* true *Source*, and scorn'd t'o-  
bey

Persons that look'd no *dreadfuller* than *They*.

They mist *Courts*, *Guards*, a gay and num'rous  
train ;

But *Judges*, like their *Farvs*, were rude and plain.

On an old bench of *wool*, her *Seat* of *State* Judg. 4.

Beneath the well-known *Palm*, *Wise Debona* sat. 5.

Her *Maid*s with comly dil'igence round her spun,

and *she* too, when the *Pleaings* there were done:  
With the same *Goad Samgar* his *Oxen drives* Judg.

Which took the Sun before six hundred lives 3. 31.

From his *sham'd foes* ; He midst his word dealt

*Laws* ;

and oft was his *Plow* stop't to hear a *Cause*. Judg.

Nor did great *Gideon* his old *Flail* disdain, 6. 14.

After won *Fields*, sackt *Towns*, and *Princes* slain.

His *Scepter* that, and *Ophras* *Treshing Floore*.

The *seat* and *Embleme* of his *Iustice* bore.

What

Jud. 10.  
3.

What should I *Fair*, the happiest Father,  
me ?

1b 11 34

Or mournful *Jephtha* known no less to fame  
For the most wretched ? Both at once did keep  
The mighty *Flocks* and *Israel* and their *Sheep*  
Oft from the field in haste they summon'd were  
Some weighty *farreign Embassy* to hear,  
They call'd their *Slaves*, their *Sons*, and *Fri*  
around,

1 Sam.  
8. 3.

Who all at several cares were scattered found  
They wash't their feet, their *only Gown* put on  
And this chief work of *Cer'emony* was done.  
These reasons, and all else that could be said,  
In a ripe hour by *factions Eloquence* spread  
Trough all the *Tribes*, make all desire a *King*  
And to their *Judge* selected *Dep'uties* bring  
This harsh demand; which *Nacol* for the rest  
( A bold and artful *Mouth* ) thus with much gi  
express't.

We're come, most sacred *Judge*, to pay th'  
*years*

Of much-ow'd thanks for the bright thirty ye:  
Of your just *Reign*; and at your feet to lay  
All that our grateful hearts can weakly pay  
In *unproportion'd words*; for you alone  
The not unfit *Reward*, who seek for *none*.  
But when our forepast ills we call to mind,  
And sadly think how *Little's* left behind  
Of your important *Life*, whose sudden date  
Would *disinherit* th'unprovided *State*.  
When we consider how unjust 'tis, you;  
Who nere of *Power* more than the *Burden* kne  
At once the weight of *that* and *Age* I should hav  
Your stooping days prest *doubly* towards the g  
ve.

1 Sam.  
8 5.

When we behold by *Ammons* youthful rage,  
Proud in th'advantage of your peaceful age,  
And all th'united East our fall conspir'd;  
And that your *Sons*, whom chiefly we desir'd  
As *Stamps* of you, in your lov'd room to place



By unlike acts that noble *Stamp* deface:  
 Didst these new fears and ills, we're forc'd to fly  
 To a new, and yet unpractis'd *Remedy*;  
 A new one, but long promis'd and foretold,  
 By *Moses*, and to *Abraham* shown of old.

Deut.  
 17. 4.

*Propheſie* long forming in the *Womb*  
 Of teeming years, and now to *ripeness* come.  
 This *Remedy's* a *King*; for this we all  
 With an inspir'd, and zealous *Vnion* call.  
 And in one sound when all mens voices join,  
 The *Musick's* tun'd (no doubt) by hand divine.  
 'Tis *God* alone speaks a whole *Nations* voice;  
 'That is his *Publique Language*; but the choice  
 Of what *Peculiar Head* that *Crown* must bear  
 From you who his *Peculiar Organ* are  
 We expect to hear; the *People* shall to you  
 Their *King*, the *King* his *Crown* and *People* owe.  
 To your great name what lustre will it bring  
 'Have been our *Judge*, and to have made our  
*King*!

He bow'd and ended here; and *Samuel* streight,  
 Tawling a while at this great questions weight,  
 With a grave sigh, and with a thoughtful *Eye*  
 That more of *Care* than *Passion* did descry,  
 Calmly replys: You're sure the first (said he)  
 Of *freeborn* men that begg'd for *Slavery*.

1 Sam.  
 8. 6.

My fear, my friends, with heav'only *Manns* fed,  
 Our old forefathers crime) we lust for *Bread*.  
 Long since by *God* from *Bondage* drawn, I fear,  
 We build anew th' *Egyptian Brickkiln* here.

Cherish not your selves with *words*: for though a *King*

1 Sam.  
 8. 11.

Be the mild *Name*, a *Tyrant* is the *Thing*.  
 Let his power loose, and you shall quickly see  
 How mild a thing *unbounded Man* will be.  
 He'll lead you forth your hearts cheap blood to  
 spill,

Where e're his *Guidless Passion* leads his *Will*.  
 Ambition, Lust, or Spleen his wars will raise,  
 Your *Lives best price* his thirst of *Wealth* or *Praise*.

Your

Your ablest *Sons* for his proud *Guards* he'll take  
 And by such hands your yoke more grievous make  
 Your *Daughters* and dear *Wives* he'll force away  
 His *Lux'ury* some, and some his *Lust* t'obey.  
 His *idle friends* your *hungry toils* shall eat,  
 Drink your rich *Wines*, mixt with your *Blood* &  
*Sweat.*

Then you'll all sigh, but *sighs* will *Treasons* be  
 And not your *Griefs* themselves, or *Looks* be  
 Rob'd even of *Hopes*, when you these ills sustain  
 Your wary eyes you'll then turn back in vain,  
 On your old *Judges*, and perhaps on *Me*,  
 Nay ev'en my *Sons* howe're they unhappy be  
 In your displeasure now; Not that I'd clear  
 Their *Guilt*, or mine own *Innocence* in dear,  
 17 Witness th'*unutterable name*, there's nought  
 Of private ends into this question brought.  
 But why this yoke on your own necks to draw  
 Why *Man* your *God*, and *Passion* made y'  
*Law*?

Methinks (thus *Moab* interrupts him here)  
 The good old *Seer*' gainst *Kings* was to severe.  
 'Tis *Jest* to tell a *People* that they're *Free*,  
*Who*, or *How many* shall their *Masters* be  
 Is the sole doubt; *Laws* guid, but cannot reign  
 And though they bind not *Kings*, yet they  
*strain.*

I dare affirm (so much I trust their *Love*)  
 That no one *Moabite* would his speech approve  
 But, pray go on. 'Tis true, Sir, he replies;  
 Yet men whom age and action renders wise,  
 So much great changes fear, that they believe  
 All evils *will*, which *may* from them arrive,  
 On men resolv'd these threats were spent in vain  
 All that his power or eloquence could obtain.  
 Was to enquire *Gods* will e're they proceed  
 To a work that would so much his blessing  
 need.

1 Sam,  
 8. 19.

A solemn day for this great work is set,  
 18 And at th'*anointed Tent* all *Israel* met

Expect th'event; \* below fair bullocks fry  
 In hallowed flames; \* above, there mount on high  
 The precious clouds of Incense; and at last  
 The *Sprinkling, Prayers*, and all due *Honours*  
 past.

Ex. 43  
 & 30. 26  
 \* 1b. 2. 5  
 6.

Lo! we the *Sacred Bells* o'th' sudden hear,  
 And in mild pomp grave *Samuel* does appear.  
 His *Ephod, Mitre*, well-cut *Diadem* on,  
 Th'*Orac'ulous Stones* on his rich *Breast plate* shone.

Ex. 39.  
 25. & 28

Tow'ards the *b'ew curtains* of *Gods* holiest place  
 ( *The Temples* bright *Third Heaven* ) he turn'd his  
 face.

Ex. 39 2  
 1b. 8.

Thrice bow'd he, thrice the solemn *Musick*  
 plaid,

And at third rest thus the great *Prophet* praid:

Almighty *God*, to whom all men that be  
 Owe *all* they have, yet none so much as *We*;  
 Who though thou fill'st the spacious world a-  
 lone,

Thy too small *Court*, hast made this place thy  
*Throne*.

With humble *Knees*, and humbler *Hearts*, Lo,  
 here,

Blest *Abrahams* seed implores thy gracious Ear.  
 Hear them, great *God*, and thy just will inspire,  
 From *Thee*, their *long-known King*, they'a *King* de-  
 sire.

Some gracious signs of thy good pleasure send,  
 Which, lo, with *Souls* resign'd we humbly here at-  
 tend.

He spoke and thrice he bow'd, and all a-  
 bout

*Silence* and reverend *Horror* seiz'd the rout.

The whole Tent shakes, the *Flames* on th' *Altar*  
 by,

In thick dull rolls nount flow and heavily.

The \* *seven Lamps* wink; and what does most  
 dismay,

\* Exod.  
 25. 37.

Th'*Orac'ulous Gems* shut in their nat'ural day.

The *Rubies cheek* grew pale, the *Em'eraud* by  
Faded, a *Cloud* o'recast the *Saphirs Skie*.

The *Diamonds Eye* lookt *Sleepy*, and swift night  
Of all those little *Suns* eclipst the Light.

Sad signs of *Gods* dread anger for our sin,  
But straight a wondrous brightness from withi  
Strook through the *Curtains*, for no *earthly Cl*  
Could those strong beams of hea'venly glo  
shroud.

The *Altars* fire burnt pure, and every *Stone*  
Their radiant *Parent* the gay *Sun* outshone.  
Beauty th'*illustrious Vision* did impart

To ev'ery *Face*, and Joy to ev'ery heart.

In glad effects *Gods* presence thus appeard,

And thus in wondrous sounds his *Voice* was hea  
This stubborn Land sins still, nor is it *Thee*, but *Us*  
(Who have been so long their *King*) they seek to  
off thus.

Five hundred rolling years hath this stiff *Nat*  
strove.

To 'exhaust the boundless stores of our unfatho  
*Love*.

Be't so then; yet once more are we resolv'd to tr  
T'out weary them through all their *Sins Variety*.  
Assemble ten days hence the num'rous people  
re;

To draw the *Royal Lot* which our hid *Mark* I  
bear.

Dismiss them now in peace; but their next ca  
shall bring

Ruine without redress on *Them*, and on their *King*

The *Almighty* spoke; th'astonisht people  
With various stamps impress on every heart.

Some their demand repented, others prais'd,  
Some had no thoughts at all, but star'd and ga

There dwelt a *Man* nam'd *Kis* in *Gibe'ah* To

For *wisdom* much, and much for *Courage* kno

More for his *Son*, his mighty *Son* was *Saul*,

Whom *Nature*, e're the *Lots*, to'a *Throne* did

He was *nach Prince*, and *when*, or *wheresoe're*

3 Sam.

9. 1.

2b. v. 2

His birth had been, Then had he reign'd and There-  
Such beauty as great Sciregeib thinks no disgrace,  
imil'd in the manly features of his Face.

His large black Eyes, fill'd with a sprightfull light,  
shot forth such lively and *Illustrious Night*,  
As the *Sun* beams, on *Fet* reflecting show,  
His *Hair*, as black, in long curl'd waves did flow.  
His tall, strait *Body* amidst thousands stood,  
like some fair *Pine* o'relooking all th'ignobler  
*Wood*.

Of all our rural sports he was the pride;  
so swift, so strong, so dextrous none beside.  
*Rest* was his *Toil*, *Labours* his *Lust* and *Game*;  
No nat'ral wants could his fierce diligence tame,

Not *Thirst*, nor *Hunger*, he would journeys go  
through raging *Heats*, and take repose in *Snow*.  
His *Soul* was ne're unbent from weighty care;  
But active as some *Mind* that turns a *Sphere*.  
His way once chose, he for ward thrust outright,  
Nor step aside for *Dangers* or *Delight*.

'Twas he wise all dangers to foresee;  
but born t'affright, and not to fear was He.  
His *Wit* was strong; not *Fine*; and on his tongue  
an *Artless* grace above all *Eloquence* hung.

These *Virtues* too the rich unusual dress  
Of *Modersty* adorn'd and *Humbleness*.  
like a clear *Varnish*, o're fair *Pictures* laid,  
More *fresh* and *Lasting* they the *Colours* made.

Till *Power* and *violent Fortune*, which did find  
No stop or bound, o're whelm'd no less his *Mind*,  
Did, *Deluge-like*, the nat'ral forms deface,  
And brought forth unknown *Monsters* in their place.

Forbid it God, my *Masters* spots should be,  
Were they not seen by all, disclos'd by me!  
But such he was; and now to *Ramah* went  
So God'd (pos'd) wit a strange, low intent.  
Great God! he went lost *Ases* to enquire,  
and a small *Present* his small questions hire,

1. Sam.  
9. 21. lb.  
10. v.  
22.

16. v. 8.

Brought simply with him to that Man to give,  
From whom high *Heav'ens chief Gifts* he must receive,

Strange Play of *Fate!* when might'iests humane things

Hang on such small, *Imperceptible Strings!*

1 Sam. 26 'T was *Samuels Birth-day*, a glad ann'ual feast

9. 12.

All *Rama* kept; *Samuel* his wondring Guest

13. v. 22.

With such respect leads to it, and does grace

23, 24.

27 With the choice meats o'th' feast, and highest place.

13. v. 26.

Which done, him forth alone the *Prophet* brings,  
And feasts his ravish'd ears with nobler things.

He tells the mighty *Fate* to him assign'd,

And with great rules fills his *capacious mind*.

1 Sam.

Then takes the sacred *Viol*, and does shed

30. 1.

28 A *Crown* of mystique drops around his head.

Drops of that *Royal Moisture* which does know

No Mixture, and disdains the place below.

1 Sam.

Soon comes the *Kingly Day*, and wit it brings

16. 17.

29 A new *Account of Time* upon his wings.

The people met, the rites and pray'rs all past

Behold, the *Heav'en instructed-Lot* is cast.

'T is taught by heaven its way, and cannot miss

Forth *Benjamin*, forth leaps the House of *Cis*.

As Glimm'ring *Stars* just at the'approach of *Day*

Casheer'd by *Troops*, at last drop all away,

By such degrees all mens bright hopes are gone.

And like the *Sun*, *Sauls Lot* shines all alone.

Ev'én here perhaps the peoples shout was heard

The loud long shout when *Gods* fair choice appear'd.

Above the whole vast through he'appear'd so tall

30 As if by *Nature* made for th'*Head* of all.

So full of grace and state, that one might know

31 'T was some wise *Eye* the *blind Lot*: guided so.

But blind unguided *Lots* have more of choice

And constancy than the slight *Vulgars* voice.

Ere yet the *Crown* of sacred *Oyl* is dry,

Whil'st *Echoes* yet preserve the joyful cry,

Some grow enrag'd their own vain hopes to miss,  
 Some envy *Saul*, some scorn the house of *Cis*.  
 Some their first mut'inous wish, *A King*, repent,  
 As if, since that, quite spoil'd by *Gods* consent.  
 Few to this Prince their first just duties pay;  
 All leave the *Old*, but few the *New* obey.  
 Thus changes *Man*, but *God* is constant still  
 To those eternal grounds, that mov'd his *Will*.  
 And though he yielded first to them, 't is fit  
 That stubborn Men at last to him submit.

32 As midst the Main a low small *Island* lies,  
 Assaulted round with stormy *Seas* and *skies*.  
 Whilst the poor heartless *Natives* every hour  
*Darkness* and *Noise* seems ready to devour:  
 Such *Israels* state appear'd, whilst ore the *West*.  
*Philistian* clouds hung threatening, and from  
 th'East

All Nations wrath into one *Tempest* joins,  
 Through which proud *Nabas* like fierce *Lightning*  
 shines.

*Tygris* and *Nile* to his assistance send,

33 And waters to swoln *Laboc's* *Torrent* lend.

*Seir*, *Edom*, *Soba*, *Amalec* adde their force;

34 Up with them march the *Three Arabia's* *Horse*.

And'mōgst all these none more their hope or pride  
 Then those few *Troops* your warlike land sup-  
 ply'd.

Around weak *Iabes* this vast *Host* does ly,

Disdains a dry and *bloodless* *Victory*.

The hopeless *Town* for *Slave'ry* does *intreat*,

But barb'arous *Nabas* thinks that grace to great.

He (his first *Tribute*) their right *Eyes* demands,

35 And with their *Faces* *shame* dilarms their *Hands*.

If unreliev'd seven days by *Israels* aid,

This bargain for *ore-rated* *Life* is made.

Ah, mighty *God*, let thine own *Israel* be

Quite *blind* it self, ere this reproach it see!

By his wanton people the new *King* forsook,

To homely rural cares himself betook.

In private plenty liv'd without the state,

2 Sam.  
 11. 1.

1b. v. 2.  
 Ver. 3.

Ver. 32.

Lustre and Noise due to a publique fate.  
 Whilst he his slaves and cattel follows home,  
 Lo the sad Messengers from *Jabes* come,  
 Implore his help, and weep as if they meant  
*That way* at least proud *Nabas* to prevent.  
 Mov'd with a Kingly wrath, his strict com-  
 mand

1. Sam.  
 11. 4.  
 Ver. 7.

He issues forth t'assemble all the land.  
 He threatens high, and disobedient they  
 Wak'd by such Princely terrors learnt t'obey.  
 A mighty Host is rais'd; th'important cause  
 Age from their Rest; Youth, from their Pleasur  
 draws,

1. Sam.  
 11. 11.

Arm'd as unfurnisht *Hast* could them provide,  
 But *Conduct*, *Courage*, *Anger* that supply'd  
 All night they march, and are at th'early dawn  
 On *Jabes* heath in three fair bodies drawn.  
*Saul* did himself the first and strongest band,  
 His *Son* the next, *Abner* the third command.  
 But pardon, Sir, if naming *Sauls* great Son.  
 I stop with him a while ere I go on.

This is that *Fonathan*, the *Foy* and *Grace*,  
 The beautifull'it, and best of *Humane Race*.  
 That *Fonathan* in whom does mixt remain  
 All that kind *Mothers* wishes can contain.  
 His *Courage* such at is no stop can know,  
 And *Vi'Pory* gains by 'astonishing the Foe.  
 With *Lightnings* force his enemies it confound  
 And melts their *Hearts* e're it the *Bosom* wound  
 Yet he the *Conquer'd* with such *Sweetness* gains,  
 As *Captive Lovers* find in *Beauties Chains*.  
 In *war* the adverse *Troops* he does assail,  
 Like an impet'uous *storm* of *wind* and *Hail*.  
 In *Peace*, like gentlest *Dew* that does assuage  
 The *burning Months*, and temper *Syrius* rage.  
 Kind as the *Suns* blest *Influence*; and where e're  
 He comes, *Plenty* and *Foy* attend him there.  
 To *Help* seems all his *Power*, his *Wealth* to *Give*  
 To do much *Good* his sole *Prerogative*  
 And yet this general *Bounty* of his *Mind*,



That with wide arms embraces all *Mankind*,  
 Such artful *Prudence* does to each divide,  
 With diffe'rent measures all are fatisfi'd;  
 Just as wise *God* his Plenteous *Manna* dealt,  
 Some gather'd more, but want by none was felt.  
 To all *Relations* their just rights he pays,  
 And worths reward above its claim does raise.  
 The tendrest *Husband*, *Master*, *Father*, *Son*,  
 And all those parts by his *Friendship* far outdone.  
 His *Love* to *Friends* no bound or rule does know,  
 What *He* to *Heav'n*, all that to *Him* they owe.  
 Keen as his *Sword*, and pointed is his *Wit*:  
 His *Judgment*; like best *Armour*, strong and fit.  
 And such an *Eloquence* to both these does join,  
 As makes in both *Beauty* and *Use* combine.  
 Through which a noble *Tincture* does appear  
 By *Learning* and choice *Books* imprinted there:  
 As well he knows all *Times* and *Persons* gone,  
 As he himself, to th'*future* I shall be known,  
 But his chief study is *Gods* sacred *Law*;  
 And all his *Life* does *Comments* on it draw,  
 As never more by *Heav'n* to *Man* was giv'en.  
 So never more was paid by *Mand* to *Heav'n*.  
 And all these *Virtues* were to *Ripeness* grown.  
 E're yet his *Flower* of *Youth* was fully blown.  
 All *Autumns* store did his rich *Spring* adorn;  
 Like *Trees* in *Par'dise* he with *Fruit* was born.  
 Such is his *Soul*; and if, as some men tell,  
 6 *Souls* form and build those mansions where they  
 dwell;

*Exod.*  
16. 18.

Whoe're but sees his *Body* must confess,  
 The *Architect* no doubt; could be no less.  
 From *Saul* his growth and manly strength he  
 took,  
*Chastis'd* by bright *Abino'ams* gentler look,  
 Not bright *Abino'am*, Beauties lowdest Name,  
 Till she to her *Children* lost with joy her fame,  
 Had sweeter strokes, Colours more fresh and fair,  
 More darting Eyes, or lovelier auborn Hair.  
 Forgive me that I thus your patience wrong,

1 *Sam.*  
14. 50.

And on this boundless subject stay so long.  
 Where too much hast ever to endt' would be,  
 Did not his Acts speak what's untold by Me.  
 Though from the time his hands a Sword could  
 wield,

He n'ere mist *Fame* and *Danger* in the field.  
 Yet this was the first day that call'd him forth,  
 Since *Sauls* bright crown gave luster to his worth  
 'Twas the last morning whose uncheerfull rise;  
 Sad *Iabes* was to view with both their Eyes,  
 Secure proud *Nahas* slept as in his Court.  
 And dreamt, vain man! of that days barb'rou  
 sport,

Till noise and dreadful tumults him awoke;  
 Till into' his *Camp* our vi'olent *Army* broke.  
 The careless *Guards* with small resistance kill'd,  
 Slaughter the camp, and wild Confusion fill'd.  
*Nahas* his fatal duty does perform,  
 And marches boldly up 't outface the storm.  
 Fierce *Jonathan*, he meets, as he pursues  
 Th' *Arabian Horse*, and a hot fight renewes.  
 'Twas here your Troops behav'd themselves so  
 well,

Till *Uz* and *Iathan* their stout *Col'onels* fell.  
 'Twas here our *Vict'ory* stopt, and gave us cause  
 Much to suspect th'intention of her pause.  
 But when our thundring Prince *Nahas* espy'd,  
 Who with a *Courage* equal to his *Pride*  
 Broke through our Troops, and tow'ards him bol-  
 dly prest,

A generous joy leapt in his youthful brest.  
 As when a wrathful *Dragons* dismal light  
 Strikes suddenly some warlike *Eagles* fight.  
 The mighty foe pleases his fearless eyes,  
 He claps his joyful wings, and at him flies.  
 With vain, though vi'olent force, their darts they  
 flung;

In *Ammons* plated belt *Jonathans* hung,  
 And stopt there; *Ammon* did his *Helmet* hit,  
 And gliding off, bore the proud crest from it.

Straight with their Swords to the fierce shock  
they came

Their *Swords*, their *Armour*, and their *Eyes* shot  
*flame*

Blows strong as *Thunder*, thick as *Rain* they delt;  
Which more than th'engag'd *Spectators* felt.

In *Ammon* force, in *Jonathan* address,  
(Though both were great in both to an excess)

To the well-judging Eye did most appear;  
*Honour*, and *Anger* in both equal were.

Two wounds our *Prince* receiv'd, and *Ammon*  
three;

Which he enrag'd to feel, and 'tham'd to see,  
Did his whole strength into one blow collect;

And as a Spaniel when we'our aim direct  
To shoot some *Bird*, impatiently stands by

Shaking his tail, ready with joy to fly  
Just as it drops, upon the wounded prey;

So waited *Death* it self to bear away  
The threatned Life; did glad and greedy stand  
At sight of mighty *Ammons* lifted hand.

Our watchful *Prince* by bending sav'd the wound,  
But *Death* in other coyn his *reck'ning* found;

For whilst th'*immoderate* strokes miscarry'ing  
*force*

Had almost born the striker from his horse,  
A nimble thrust is active En'emy made,  
'Twixt his right ribs deep pierc'd the furious  
blade,

And opened wide those *secret vessels*, where  
*Life's Light* goes out, when first they let in *aire*.

He falls, his *Armour* clanks against the ground.  
From his faint tongue *imperfect curses* sound.

His amaz'd *Troops* strait cast their arms away;  
Scarce fled his *Soul* from thence more swift then  
*they*.

As when two *Kings* of neighbour *Hives* (whose  
*rage*

And thirst of *Empire* in fierce wars engage,  
Whilst each lays claim to th'*Garden* as his owne,

And seeks t'usurp the bord'ring flowers alone  
Their well-arm'd Troops drawn boldly forth  
fight.

In th'aies wide plain dispute their doubtful right  
If by sad chance of batrel either King  
Fall wounded down, strook with some fatal sti  
His Armies hopes and courage with him dy ;  
They sheath up their faint *Swords*, and routed  
On th'other sides at once with like success  
Into the Camp, great *Saul* and *Abner* press,  
From *Jon'athans* part a wild mixt noise they he  
And whatsoere it mean long to be there,  
At the same instant from glad *Jabes* Town,  
The hasty Troops march loud and cheer  
down,

Some few at first with vain resistance fall,  
The rest is *Slaughter*, and *vast Conquest* all.  
The fate by which our *Host* thus far had gon,  
Our *Host* with noble heat drove farther on.  
Victorious arms through *Ammons* land id bore  
*Ruine* behind, and *Terror* marcht before.  
Where ere from *Rabbai's* towers they cast th  
fight,

*Smoke* clouds the *Dry* and *Flames* make clear  
*Night*.

This bright success did *Sauls* first action bring,  
The *Oyl*, the *Lot*, and *Crown* lets crown'd h  
King.

The *Happy* all men judge for *Empire* fit,  
And none withstands where *Fortune* does subtr  
Those who before did *Gods* fair choice withstar  
Th'*excessive Vulgar* now to death demand.  
But wiser *Saul* repeal'd their hasty doom ;  
*Conquest* abroad, with *Mercy* crow'nd at home  
Nor stain'd with civil slaughter that days pride,  
Which foreign blood in nobler purple dy'ed.  
Again the *Crown* th'assembled people give,  
With greater joy than *Saul* could it receive.  
Again, th'old *Judge* resigne his sacred place,  
*God* *Glorij'd* with wonders his disgrace.

I. Sam.  
11. 22.  
Ver. 13.

Ver. 15.

I Sam.  
12. 1.

With decent pride, such as did well befit  
 The *Name* he kept, and that which he hid quit.  
 The long-past row of happy years he shew'd.  
 Which to his heav'nly Government they ow'd.  
 How the torn state his just and prudent raign  
 Restor'd to *Order, Plenty, Power* again.

In war what conqu'ring *Miracles* he wrought;  
 God, then their *King*, was *Gen'ral* whē they fought.  
 Whom they depos'd with him. And that (said he)  
 You may see *God* concern'd in't more then *Me*,  
 Behold how storms his angry presence shrowd,  
 Hark how his wrath in thunder threats aloud.  
 'T was now the ripen'd *Summers* highest rage,  
 Wh'ch no taint cloud durst mediate to asswage.  
 Th'*Earst* hot with *Thirst*, and hot with *Lust* for  
*Rain.*

Gap'd, and breath'd feeble vapours up in vain,  
 Which straight were scatter'd, or devour'd by th'  
 Sun;

When, Lo, ere scarce the *active speech* was done,  
 A violent *Wind* rose from his *secret Cave*,  
 And troops of frighted *Clouds* before it drave.  
 Whilst with rude haste the confus'd *Tempest*  
 crowds,

Swift dreadfull flames shot through th'encoun-  
 tring clouds.

From whose torn womb th'imprison'd *Thunder*  
 broke;

And in dire sounds the *Prophets* sense it spoke.

Such an impetuous shower it downwards sent,

As if the *Waters*'bove the *Firmament*

Were all let lose; *Horror* and fearful noise

Fill'd the black *Scene*; till the great *Prophets* voice

Swift as the wings of *Morns*, reduc'd the *Day*;

*Wind, Thunder, Rain* and *Clouds* fled all at once  
 away.

Fear not (said he) *God* his fierce wrath removes, I. Sam.

And though this *State* my service disapproves, I. 2. 20.

My *Prayers* I shall serve it constantly. No more,

I hope, a pardon for past sins to t'implore,

But just rewards from gracious heav'n to bring  
 On the good deeds of you, and of *our King*.  
 Behold him there! and as you see, rejoyce  
 In the kind care of *Gods* impartial choice.  
 Behold his Beauty, Courage, Strength and Wit  
 The *Honour* heav'en has cloath'd him with, sits  
 And comely on him; since you needs must be  
 Rul'd by a *King*, you are happy that 'tis *He*.  
 Obey him gladly, and let him too know  
*You* were not made for *Him*, but he for *You*.  
 And both of *God*.

Whose gentlest yoke if once you cast away,  
 In vain shall *be* command, and *you* obey.  
 To foreign *Tyrants* both shall *slaves* become,  
 Instead of *King*, and *Subjects* here at home.

1b. v. 25

The *Crown* thus several ways confirm'd to *Sa*.  
 One way was wanting yet to *crown* them all;  
 And that was Force, which only can maintain  
 The *Power* that *Fortune* gives, or *worth* doe  
 gain.

11 Sam.  
13. 2.

Three thousand *Guards* of big, bold men he too  
 Tall, terrible, and *Guards* ev'en with their *Look*  
 His sacred person too, and throne defend,  
 The third on matchless *Jonathan* attend.  
 Ore whose full thoughts *Honour*, and youthfu  
 Hear,

1b. 3.

Sate brooding to hatch *Actions* good and great  
 On *Geb.* first, where a *Philistian* band  
 Lies, and around torments the *fetter'd land*.  
 He falls, and slaughters all; his noble rage  
 Mixt with *Design* his Nation to engage

1b. v. 5.

In that just war, which from them long in vain  
*Honour* and *Freedoms* voice had strove t'obtain.  
 Th'accurs'd *Philistian* rows'd with this bold blow  
 All the proud marks of *enrag'd Power* does  
 show.

Raises a vast, well-arm'd, and glittering Host,  
 If humane strength might authorize a boast,  
 Their threats had reason here; for ne're did wee  
 Our selves so weak, or foe so potent see.

Her

Here we vast bodies of their *Foot* espy,  
The *Rear* out-reaches far th'*extend* Eye.

Like fields of *Corn* their armed Squadrons stand;  
As thick and numberless they hide the land.

Here with sharp neighs the warlike *horses* sound,  
38 And with proud prancings beat the putrid  
ground. (pass

39 Here with worse noise three thousand *Chariots*  
With plates of Iron bound, or louder Brass.

About it forks, axes, and sithes, and spears,

Whole *Magazines* of *Death* each *Chariot* bears.

Where it breaks in, there a whole *Troop* it mows,

And with lopt panting limbs the field bestrows.

A like the *Valiant*, and the *Cowards* dy;

Neither can *they* resist, nor can *these* fly.

*Ib. v. 5.*  
*v. 7.*

In this proud equipage at *Macmas* they;

*Saul* in much different state at *Gilgal* lay.

His forces seem'd no *Army*, but a *Crowd*,

Heartless, unarm'd, disorderly, and lowd.

The quick *Contagion* *Fear* ran swift through't all,

And into trembling *Fits* th'infected fall.

*Saul* and his *Son* (for no such faint *Disease*

Could on their strong complection'd *Valour*  
seise)

In vain all parts of virtuous *Conduct* show'd,

And on deaf *Terror* gen'rous words bestow'd.

Thousands from thence fly scattered ev'ery day;

Thick as the *Leaves* that shake and drop away,

When they th'approach of stormy *Winter* find

The noble *Tree* all bare expos'd to the' *Wind*.

Some to sad *Jordan* fly, and swim't for hast,

And from his farther bank look back at last.

Some into woods and caves their cattel drive,

There with their *Beasts* on equal terms they live,

Nor deserve better; some in rocks on high,

The old retreats of *Storks* and *Ravens* ly.

And were they wing'ed like them, scarce would  
they dare

To stay, or trust their frighted safety there.

As th'*Host* with fear, so *Saul* disturb'd with care, *33. S.*

T' avert these ills by *Sacrifice* and *Prayer*,  
 And *Gods* blest will t'enquire, for *Samuel* sends;  
 Whom he six days with troubled hast attends.  
 But ere the seventh unlucky day (the last  
 By *Samuel* set for this great work) was past,  
*Saul* (alarm'd hourly from the neighbouring foe,  
 In patient ere *Gods* time *Gods* mind to know,  
 'Sham'd and enrag'd to see his Troops decay,  
 Jealous of an affront in *Samuels* stay,  
 Scorning that any's presence should appear  
 Needful besides when *He himself* was there;  
 And with a pride too natural thinking Heaven  
 Had given him *All*, because *much Power* t'had gi-  
 v'en)

Himself the *Sacrifice* and *Offring's* made,  
 40 Himself did th'high *selected charge* invade,  
 Himself inquir'd of *God*; who then spak  
 nought;

But *Samuel* straight his dreadful answer brought  
 For straight he came. and with a *Virtue bold*;  
 As was *Sauls sin*, the fatal Message told.

His foul *Ingratitude* to heav'n he chid,  
 To pluck that *Fruit* which was alone *forbid*  
 To Kingly power in all that plenteous land,  
 Where all things else submit to his command.

And as fair *Edens* violated *Tree*,  
 To 'Immortal Man brought in *Mortalitie*:  
 So shall that *Crown*, which *God* eternal meant,  
 From thee (said he) and thy great house be rent,  
 Thy Crime shall *Death* to all thine *Honour*  
 send,

And give thy 'Immortal *Royalty* an *End*  
 Thus spoke the *Prophet*, but kind hea'ven (w  
 hope)

Whose threats and anger know no other scope  
 But *Mans Amendment*;) does long since relent,  
 And with *Repentant Saul* it self *Repent*.

Howere (though none more pray for this than w  
 Whose wrong and sufferings might some colour  
 be



To do it *leß*, this speech we sadly find.  
 Still extant, and still active in his Mind.  
 But then a worse effect of it appear'd,  
 Our *Army* which before *Mostly* fear'd,  
 Which did by stealth and by degrees decay,  
 Disbanded now, and fled in troops away.  
 Base *Fear* so bold and impudent does grow,  
 When an excuse and colour it can show.

Six hundred only (scarce a *Princely* train)

1 Sam.  
13. 15.

Of all his Host with distress *Sadly* remain,  
 Of his whole Host six hundred; and ev'en those

(So did wise Heaven for mighty ends dispose,  
 Not would that useless *Multitudes* should share  
 In that great *Gift* it did for *One* prepare)

Arm'd not like *Soldiers* marching in a War,  
 But *Country* *Huts* alarm'd from afar

By *Holvs* loud hunger, when the well-known  
 found

Raiseth affrighted Villages around.

1b. v. 19  
20. 21.

Some *Goods*, *Flails*, *Plow-hares*, *Forks*, or *Axes*  
 bore,

Made for *Lives* use and better ends before,  
 Some knotted Clubs, and Darts, or Arrows dry'd

12 With fire, the first rude arts that *Malice* try'd,

Ev'ie Man the sins of too much *Knowledge* knew,  
 And *Death* by long *Experience* witty grew.

Such were the *Numbers*, such the *Arms* which we  
 Had by fate left us for a *Victorie*.

O're *well-arm'd Millions*; nor will this appear  
 Useful it self, when *Jonathan* was there.

'Twas just the time when the new *Ebb* of  
*Night*

Did the moist world unvail to humane sight.

The *Prince*, who all that night the field had beat

With a small party, and no enemy met

(So proud and so secure the enemy lay,  
 And drencht in *sleep* th' excesses of the *day*)

With joy this good occasion did embrace,

With better leisure, and at nearer space,

The strength and order of their Camp to view;

*Abdon* alone his gen'rous purpose knew ;  
*Abdon* a bold, a brave, and comely Youth,  
 Well-born, well-bred, with *Honour* fill'd an  
*Truth*,

*Abdon* his faithful *Squire*, whom much he lov'd,  
 And of with grief his worth in dangers prov'd.

*Abdon*, whose love to his *Master* did exceed  
 What *Natures Law*, or *Passions Power* could  
 breed,

*Abdon* alone did on him now attend ;  
 His humblest *Servant*, and his dearest *Friend*.

They went, but sacred fury as they went,  
 Chang'd swiftly, and *exalted* his intent.

What may this be (the *Prince* breaks forth) I find  
*God* or some powerful *Spirit* invades my mind.

From ought but *Heaven* can never sure be brought  
 So high, so glorious, and so vast a thought.

Nor would *ill Fate* that meant me to surprize,  
 Come cloath'd in so unlikely a *Disguise*.

You *Host*, which its proud *Fishes* spreads so wide  
 O're the whole Land, like some swoln *Rivers Tides*

Which terrible and numberless appears,

43 As the thick Waves which their rough *Ocea*  
 bears; (sa

Which lies so strongly e'ncampt, that one would

The *Hill* might be remov'd as soon as *they*,

We two alone must *fight* with and *defeat*;

Thou'rt strook, and startest at a *sound* so great.

Yet we must do't; God our weak hands has cho

T'ashame the boasted numbers of our Foes,

Which to his strength no more proportion'd be

Than *Millions* are of *Hours* to his *Eternitie*.

If when their careless *Guards* espy us here,

With sportful scorn they call to us to come near:

Well boldly climb the *Hill*, and charge them all;

Not *They*, but *Israels Angel* gives the call.

44 He spoke, and as he spoke, a *Light* divine

Did from his *Eyes*, and round his *Temples* shine;

Louder his *Voice*, larger his *Limbs* appear'd;

Less seem'd the num'rous *Army* to be fear'd.

This

1 Sam.  
14. 1.

1 Sam.  
14. 9.

This saw, and heard with joy the brave *Esquire*,  
 As he with *Gods*, fill'd with his *Masters Fire*.  
 Forbid it Heav'n (said he) I should decline,  
 Or wish (Sir) not to make *your danger mine*.  
 The great *Example* which I daily see  
 Of your high worth is not so lost on me;  
 If wonder-struck I at your words appear,  
 My wonder yet is *Innocent of Fear*.

1 Sam.  
 14. 7.

Th' *Honour* which does your Princely breast en-  
 flame,

*Harms* mine too, and joins there with *Dusias Name*.  
 In this Act ill *Fate* our *Tempter* be,  
 May all the *Ill* it means be aim'd at *me*.  
 But sure, I think, *Gods* leads, nor could you bring  
 So high thoughts from a less exalted *Spring*.  
 Bright signs through all your word and looks are  
 spread,

A rising *Vict'ory* dawns around your head.  
 With such decourse blowing their sacred flame;  
 So to the fatal place and work they came.

Strongly encampt on a steep *Hills* large head,  
 Like some vast wood the mighty *Host* was spread. *ib. v. 4.*  
 Th' only access on neighb'ring *Gabaas*'s side,  
 An hard and narrow way, which did divide  
 Two clifffy *Rocks*, *Boses* and *Senes* nam'd,  
 Much for themselves, and their big *strangeness*  
 fam'd,

More for their *Fortune*, and this *stranger* day;  
 On both their points *Philistian* out-guards lay;  
 From whence the two bold *Spies* they first espy'd;  
 And, lo! the *Hebrews*! proud *Elcanor* cry'd;  
 From *Senes* top; Lo; from their hungry *Caves*  
 A quicker *Fate* here sends them to their graves.  
 Come up (aloud he cries to them below)

Ye *Egyptian Slaves*, and to our *Mercy* owe  
 The rebel lives long since to our *Iustice* due;  
 Scarce from his lips the *fatal Omen* flew,  
 When th' inspir'd Prince did nimbly *understand*  
*God*, and his *God-like Virtues* high command.  
 He call'd him up, and up the steep ascent

With

With *pain* and *labour*, *hast* and *joy* they went.  
*Elcanor* laugh'd too see them climb, and though  
 His mighty words th'affrighted *Suppliants* broag,  
 Did new affronts to the great *Hebrew Name*,  
 (The barbarous!) in his wanton *Fancy* frame.  
 Short was his sport; for swift as *Thunders* stroke  
 Rives the frail Trunk of some hea'ven-threatn'd  
*Oak*.

The Princes Sword did his proud head divide;  
 The parted Scull hung down on either side.  
 Just as he fell, his vengeful Steel he drew  
 Half way; no more the trembling *Joints* could  
 Which *Abdon* snatcht, and dy'ed in the blood  
 Of an *amaz'd wretch* that next him stood.  
 Some close to earth shaking and grov'eling ly,  
 Like *Larks* when they the *Tyrant hobby* spy.  
 Some wonder strook stand fixt; some fly, sc  
 arm

Wildly, at th'*unintelligible Alarm*.

- 45 Like the main *Channel* of an high-swoln *Flood*  
 In vain by *Dikes* and broken *works* withstood  
 So *Jonathan*, once climb'd th'opposing hill,  
 Does all around with noise and ruine fill.  
 Like some large *Arm* of which another way  
*Ablono's* *reflows*: him too no *bank* can stay.  
 With cries th'affrighted *Country* flies before;  
 Behind the following *waters* lowdly roar.  
 Twenty at least slain on this out guard ly,  
 To th'adjoin'd Camp the rest distracted fly,  
 And th' *mixt wonders* tell, and into't bear,  
*Blind terrour*, *deaf disorder*, *helpless fear*.  
 The *Conquerors* too prefs boldly in behind,  
 Doubling the wild confusions which they find  
*Hamgar* at first, the Prince of *Ashded* Town,  
 46 Chief'mongst the *Fine* in riches and renown,  
 And *General* then by course oppos'd their way  
 Till drown'd in Death at *Jonathans* fee he lay,  
 And curst the *Heavens* for rage, and bit the grou  
 47 His *Life* for ever spilt stain'd all the grass around  
 His *Brother* too; who vertuoushaft did make

1 Sam.  
 14 14

1 Sam.  
 6. 4.

His fortune to *revenge*, or to *partake*,  
 Falls goove'ling o're his trunk, on mother earth;  
 Death mixt no less their *Bloods* than did their *birth*.  
 Mean while the well-pleas'd *Abdons* restless *Sword*  
 Dispatcht the following traint' attend their *Lord*,  
 On still o're panting corps great *Jonathan* led;  
*Hundreds* before him *feli*, and *Thousands fled*.  
*Prodigious Prince!* which does most wondrous  
 show,

Thy' *Attempt*, or thy *Success!* thy *Fate* or *Thou!*  
 Who durst alone that dreadful *Host* assail,  
 With purpose not to *Dye*, but to *Prevail!*  
 Infinite Numbers thee no more affright,  
 Than *God*, whose *Unity* is *Infinite*.

If Heav'ē to me such mighty thoughts would give,  
 What *Breast* but thine capacious to receive  
 The vast *Infusion?* or what *Soul* but *Thine*  
 Durst have believ'd that *Thought* to be *Divine?*

Thou follow'dst Heaven in the *Design*, and we 1 Sam.  
 Find in the *Act* 't was *Heav'en* that follow'ed *Thee*. 14. 18.  
 Thou ledst on *Angels*. and that sacred band  
 (The *De'ities* great *Lieut'enant*) didst command.

'T is true, Sir, and no *Figure*, when I say  
*Angels* themselves fought under him that day.  
*Clouds* with ripe *Thunder* charg'd some thither  
 drew,

And some the dire *Materials* brought for new.  
 Hot drops of *Southern Showers* (the *sweats* of  
*Death*)

The voyce of *storms* and winged *whirl-winds*  
 breath:

The flames shot forth from fighting *Dragons Eyes*,  
 The *smokes* that from scorcht *Foivers Ovens* rise,  
 The reddest fires with which sad *Comets* glow;  
 And *Sodoms* neighb'ring *Lake* did spir'its bestow  
 Of finest *Sulphur*; amongst which they put  
*Wrath*, *Fury*, *Horror*, and all mingl'ed shut  
 Into a cold moist *Cloud*, t'enflame it more;  
 And make th'enraged *Prisoner* louder roar.

Th'assembled *Clouds* burst o're their *Armer* head;  
 Noise,

Noise, Darknes, dismal Lightnings round them  
spread.

Another *Spir<sup>t</sup>* with a more potent wand  
Than that which *Nature* fear'd in *Moses* hand  
And wēt the way that pleas'd, the *Mountain* str  
The *Mountain* felt it; the vast *Mountain* shool  
Through the wide ayr another *Angel* flew  
About their Host, and thick amongst them th  
Discord, Despair, Confusion, Fear, Mistake  
And all th' *Ingredients* that swift ruine make.  
The fertile glebe requires no time to breed;  
It quickens and receives at once the *Seed*.  
One would have thought, this dismal day to  
seen,

That *Natures* self in her *Death-pangs* had bee  
Such will the face of that great hour appear;  
Such the distracted *Sinners* conscous fear.  
In vain some few strive the wild flight to stay  
In vain they threaten, and in vain they pray;  
Unheard. unheeded, trodden down they ly,  
Beneath the wretched feet of crouds that fly.  
O're their own *Foot* trampled the vi'olent Ho  
The guidless *Chariots* with impet'uous course  
Cut wide through both; and all their bloody  
*Horses*, and *Men*, torn, bruis'd, and mangled l  
Some from the *Rocks* cast themselves down h  
long,

The faint weak *Passion* grows so bold and stre  
To almost certain present *death* they fly  
From a remote and causeless fear to *dy*.

Much diffe'rent error dit some troops possess;  
And *Madness* that lookt better, though no less  
Their fellow troops for th'entred foe they tak  
And *Isra'els* war with mutual slaughter make.

Mean while the King from *Gabias* hill did view  
And hear the thickning *Tumult* at is grew  
Still great and loud; and though he knows  
why

They fled, no more than they themselves that  
Yet by the storms and terrors of the aire,

1 Sam.

14. 20.

1b. v. 16.

esses some vengeful *Sp'irits* working there ;  
 they the loud occasions sacred call ,  
 and fiercely on the trembling Host does fall.  
 At the same time their *Slaves* and *Prisoners* rise ,  
 nor does their much-wish'd *Liberty* suffice ib. 21.  
 without *Revenge* ; the scatter'd arms they seize ,  
 and their proud vengeance with the *memory* please

who so lately bore them ; All about  
 from Rocks and Caves the *Hebrews* issue out  
 the glad noise ; joy'd that their foes had shown ib. v. 22.  
 a car that drowns the scandal of *their own*.

And did the Prince midst all this storm appeare ,  
 and scatter'd *Deaths* and *Terrors* every where.  
 And did he break , still blunt his wearied Swords ;  
 and slaughter new supplies to 'his hand affords.  
 Where troops yet stood , there still he hotly flew ,  
 and tall at last all fled , scorn'd to *pursue*.

And fled at last , but many in vain ; for still  
 the insatiate *Conquerer* was more swift to kill  
 than they to save their Lives. Till , lo , at last ;  
*Death* , whose power he had so long surpass'd ,  
 would yield no more , but to him stronger foes ;  
 thought , faintness , and fierce Hunger did oppose.  
 Seeking all o're in dust , and blood , and sweat ,  
 and with the *Suns* and *violent actions* heat ,  
 against an old *Oak* his trembling Limbs he staid ,  
 for some short ease ; *Fate* in th'old *Oak* had laid  
 provisions up for his relief ; and Lo !

The hollow trunk did with bright *Honey* flow. 1 Sam.  
 With timely food his decay'd *Sp'irits* recruit ; 14. 27.  
 Song he returns , and fresh to the pursuit ,  
 his strength and *Sp'irits* the *Honey* did restore ;

Oh , the bitter / sweet strange *poison* bore !  
 Hold Sir , and mark well the *treacherous fate* ,

That does so close on humane glories wait !  
 Hold the strong , and yet *fantastick Net*  
 that ensnare triumphant *Vertue* darkly set !

Could

Could it before (scarce can it since) be thought  
The *Prince* who hath alone that morn  
fought;

A *Duel* with an *Host*, had th'*Host* orethrowne,  
And threescore thousand hands disarm'd w  
*One*;

Washt off his Countreys shame, and doubl  
dyde

In *Blood* and *Blushes* the *Philistian* pride,  
His sav'd and fixt his *Fathers* tott'ring Crown  
And the bright *Gold* new burnish'd with renown  
Should be ere night by's *King* and *Fath*  
breath?

Destin'd the bloody *Sacrifice* to be  
Of *Thanks* Himself for his own *Victorie*?  
Alone with various fate licet to become,  
*Fighting*, an *Host*; *Dying*, an *Hecatomb*?  
Yet such, Sir, was his case.

I Sam.  
14. 24.

For *Saul*, who fear'd the full plenty might  
(In the abandon'd Camp expos'd to fight)  
His hungry men from the pursuit diswade;  
A rash, but solemn vow to heav'en had made.  
Curst the be wretch, thrice curst let him be  
Who shall touch food this busie day (sayd he)  
Whil'st the blest Sun does with his fav'our  
light

Assist our vengeful Swords against their flight.  
Be he thrice curst: and if his Life we spare,  
On us those *Curses* fall that he should bear.  
Such was the *Kings* rash vow; who little thought  
How near to him *Fate* th' *Application* brought.  
The two-edgd *Oath*, wounds deep, perform'd by  
ke;

Ev'en *Perjury* its least and bluntest stroke.  
'T was his own *Son*, whom *God* and *Mank*  
lov'd,

His own victorious *Son* that he devov'd;  
On whose bright head the baleful *Curses* light;  
But *Providence*, his *helmet* in the fight,  
Forbids their entrance or their settling there;

Th



They with *brute* sound dissolv'd into the ayre.  
 Him what *Religion*, or what *vow* could bind,  
 Unknown, unheard of, till he' his life did find  
 Entangled in't? whilst *wonders* he did do  
 Must he dye now for not be'ing *Prophet* too?  
 'Tis all but him this *Oath* was meant and said;  
 He afar off, the *ends* for which 't was made  
 Was acting then, till faint and out of breath,  
 He grew half *dead* with toil of giving *death*.  
 What could his Crime in this condition be,  
 Excus'd by *Ign'orance* and *Necessitie*?  
 Yet the remorseless *King*, who did disdain  
 That man should hear him swear or threat in  
 Van,

Though 'gainst *himself*; or *fate* a way should see  
 By which attack'd and conquer'd he might  
 Be:

Who thought *Compassion*, female *weakness*  
 Here,  
 And *Equity Injustice* would appear  
 In his own *Cause*; who falsely fear'd beside  
 The solemn *Curse* on *Jon'athan* did abide,  
 And the infected *Limb* not cut away,  
 Would like a *Gangrene* o're all *Isra'el* stray;  
 Prepar'd this *God-like Sacrifice* to kill;  
 And his *rash* *vow* more *rashly* to fulfil.

What tongue can th'horror and amazement  
 Tell

Which on all *Isra'el* that sad moment fell?  
*Samel* had been their grief, fewer their tears,  
 Had the *Philistian* fate that day bin theirs.  
 Not *Sauls* proud heart could master his swollen  
 Ey;

The *Prince* alone stood mild and patient by,  
 So bright his sufferings, so triumphant show'd,  
 Less to 'be *best* than *worst* of fates he ow'd.  
 A victory now he o're *himself* might boast;  
 He Conquer'd now that Conqueror of an *Host*.  
 His charm'd *through* *ears* the sad Spectators sight,  
 Did reverence, love, and gratitude excite

And

And pious rage, with which inspir'd  
now

Oppose to *Sauls* a better publick *Vow*:

They all consent all *Israel* ought to be

I *Sam*,

14. 45.

Accurst and kill'd themselves rather than *He*.

Thus will kind force they the glad King withst

And sav'd their wondrous *Saviours* sacred ble

Ib. v. 47

Thus *David* spoke; and much did yet rema

Behind th'attentive *Prince* to entertain,

*Edom* and *Zoba's* war, for what befel

I *Sam*.

15. 3.

In that of *Moab*, was known there too well.

The boundless quarrel with curst *Am'alecs* lar

Where *Heav'en* it self did *Cruelty* command

Ib. 23.

And practis'd on *Sauls* *Mercy*, nor did e're

More punish *Inno'cent* *Blood*, then *Pity* there

But, Lo! they arriv'd now at th'appointed pl

Well-chosen and well furnisht for the *Case*.

## NOTES

UPON THE  
FOURTH BOOK.

**T**Hat is; He bow'd thrice towards the *Sun* it self (which Worshipp is most notorious to have been used all over the East) and thrice towards the chief *Temple* and *Image* of the *Sun* standing upon the Hill *Phegor*. For I have before declared that *Baal* was the *Sun*, and *Baal Peor*, a name, from a particular place of his worship. To which I meet with the opposition of a great person, even Mr. *Selden*, who takes *Baal Peor* to be *Stygian Jupiter*, or *Pluto* (*De D. Syris Syn. j. c. 5.* building it upon the authority of the 105. (according to our English Translation the 106.) *Psal. v. 20.* *They joyned themselves to Baal-Peor, and eat the Sacrifices of the Dead*; which Sacrifices he understands to be *Fusta*, or *Inferias*, Offerings in memory of the *Dead. Novendiales ferias.* But why by the name of the *Dead* may not *Idol* be meant? The Sacrifices of *Idols*? it being usual for the *Jews* to give Names of reproach and contempt to the *Heathen Gods*; as this very *Baal Peor* they called *Chemos*, *Jer. 48. 7.* and *13.* &c. that is *blindness*, in contradiction to his *Idol*ters, who called him the *eye* of the *World*; or perhaps they are called Sacrifices of the *Dead*, in regard of the immolation of men to him; for *Baal* is the same *Deity* with *Moloch* of the *Ammonites*, and had sometimes, though not so constantly, humane *Sacrifices*. However these verses will agree as well with Mr. *Seldens* interpretation; for then the sense of them will be, that he bow'd first to the *Sun*, and next to *Baal*, another *Deity* of that Country.

*Zerub*, a place in *Mosab* near the River *Arnon*.

3. *White Horses* were most in esteem among the  
 cients; such werethose consecrated to the *Sun*.  
*dian* calls then Διὸς ἵπποι, *Jupiters Horses*, wh  
 the same. This was the reason that *Camillus* contr  
 so much *Envy* for riding in *Triumph* with *White H*  
 as a thing *Insolent* and *Prophane*, *Maximè consi*  
*ipse est, curru equis albis juncto urbem in vectus,*  
*rumq; id non civile modo sed humanum etiam*  
*sum Jovis Solisq; equis equiparatum Dictatorem in*  
*ligionem etiam trahebant.* Liv.

Horace,

*Barros ut equis præcurreret albis.*

Ovid. de Art. Am.

*Quatuor in niveis aureus ibis equis.*

Virg. 12. *Fungit equos; gaudetq; tuens ante ora*  
*mentes,*

*Qui candore Nives anteirent cursibus auras.*

In which he imitates *Homer*.

Λευκότεροι χιόνος, δέξινδ' ἀνέμοισιν ὁμοιοι.

- 4 *Their side*. Scal. l. 5. Poet. says, that one but  
 and *Diana* wore their *Quivers* upon their *Shoul*  
 others, by their *Sides*, which he collect's out of some  
 ces in *Virg.* 1. *Æn.* of *Diana*,

— *Illa pharetram*

*Fert humero, gradiensq; Deas supereminet omne*

*Æn.* 4. of *Apollo*, *Tela sonant humeris.*

But of a *Carthaginian Virgin*,

*Succinctam pharetrâ* —

Yet I am afraid the observation is not solid; for *Æ*  
 speaking of the Troop of *Ascanius* and the *Boys*, he l

*Pars leves humero pharetras.*

However *Side* is a safe word.

- 5 Θεοείκελ, Like a God, is a frequent *Epithete* in  
 mer for a beautiful person.

- 6 *Nebo* was a part of the Mountain *Abarim* in the  
 of *Moab*; but not onely that Hill, but the Country abc  
 and a City, was called so too, *Fer.* 48. 1. *Deut.* 42.

- 7 1 Sam. 9. 21. *And Saul answered and said, Am not*  
*Benjamite, of the smallest of the Tribes of Israel; and*  
 fa

aily the least of all the families of the tribe of Benjamin?  
Therefore then speakest thou so to me?

Josh. 41. 4. From the wilderness and this Lebanon, unto the great River, the River Euphrates, all the land of the Hittites, and unto the great Sea, towards the going down of the Sun, shall be your coast. This was fulfilled all ways but East ward, for their Dominion never came to Euphrates; and it was but just fulfilled to the Westward, for they had very little upon the Mediterranean, or Western Main. Their own sins were the cause, which made God preserve for thorns in their sides these Nations which he had conditionally promis'd to drive out. It is true, they went East ward beyond Jordan, but that was not much; and therefore, like an odd member in accounts (as presently, where I say but Thirty years) may be left out. Jordan is the most noble and famous Boundary.

For all the wickedness and disorders that we read of during the time of the Judges, are attributed in Scripture to the want of a King. And in those days there was no King in Israel.

For it was the Tribe of Benjamin that wast almost exterminated, from whence Saul the first King descended. David says, Kings, as seeming to suppose that Sauls Sons were to succeed him.

It was in Eli, who descended from Ithamar, the youngest son of Aaron, till which time the High Priesthood had continued in Eleazar, the elder Brothers race. This was the succession, Aaron, Eleazar, Phineas, Abisua, Bukkiah, Uzzi, and then Eli of the younger house came in. In which it continued till Solomons time.

The Scepter is not appropriated to Kings, but to the Summe Magistrates, as in the famous prophesie, Gen 49. 10. The Scepter shall not depart from Judah, nor a Law-giver from between his feet, till the Shilo come.

There is nothing in the whole Scripture that admits more several opinions than the time of Sauls & Samuels reign. This I will take in the first place for granted that the 40 years assigned by S. Paul (Acts 13. 20.) to Saul, are to include Samuels Judicature; for else

there would be found more than 480 years from the departure out of *Egypt*, to the Building of *Solomons Temple*, neither could *Saul* be a young man when he was elected; besides, *David* would not have been born at the time when he is said to slay *Goliath*. We are therefore to seek how to divide those 40 years between *Samuel* and *Saul*. *Iosephus* gives *Saul* 38 years, 18 with *Samuel*, and 20 after his death. Most *Chronologers*, (says *Sulpit. Severus*) 30. *Ruffin.* and divers others 20, to wit, with *Samuel*, and two after. None of which can be true; the Ark was carried to *Cariath jearim* before *Sauls* reign and at the end of 20 years was removed from thence to *David* to *Ierusalem*; wherefore *Salianus* allows *Saul* 18 years, *Calvisius* 15, *Petavius* 12. some 11. *Bucer* 10. Others make *Saul* to have reigned but two years and these considerable Authors, as *Arius Montan.* *Mecator*, *Adricom.* &c. grounding it upon a Text of Scripture. 1 Sam. 13. 1. *Filius unius annis at Saul, cum regn. cœpisset, & duobus annis regnavit super Israel*; which others understand to be three years, to wit, two after the first. *Sulpit. Sever.* indefinitely, *parvo admodum spaterevit imperium*; which opinion seems to me extreme improbable. 1. Because we cannot well crowd all *Sauls* actions into so small a time. 2. Because *David* must then have been about 29 years old when he slew *Goliath*; for he began to reign at *Hebron* at 30. 3. Because it is hard that be true, to make up the 20 years that the Ark abode at *Cariath jearim*. 4. The Text where on this is built, do not import it; for it signifies no more, than that he had reigned one year before his confirmation at *Gilgal*, and two when he chose himself *Guards*. Our Translation hath *Saul reigned one year; and when he had reigned two years over Israel, he chose him 3000 men, &c.* To determine punctually how long he reigned, is impossible; but I should guess about 10 years, which his actions will well require, and *David* will be a little above 20 years old (fit age) when he defeated the *Gyant*, and the 20 years of the Arks abiding at *Cariath jearim* will be handsomely made up, to wit, three years before *Sauls* anointing, and 10 during his Government, and seven whilst *David* was

King at Hebron. So that of the 40 assigned by the *Apostle* to *Samuel* and *Saul*, there will remain 30 years for the Government of *Samuel*.

For first, the *Israelites* knew they were to be governed at last by *Kings*. And secondly, they desired it by reason of the great disorders and afflictions which they suffered for want of it; and it is plain, that this is not the first time that they thought of this remedy; for they would have chosen *Gideon* King, and annexed the Crown to his Race, and did after actually choose *Abimelech*.

See *Moses* his Propheſie of it, *Deut.* 17. 14. and to *Abraham* God himself says, *Genes.* 17. 6. And *Kings* shall come out of thee.

It is a vile opinion of those men, and might be punished without *Tyranny*, if they teach it, who hold, that the right of *Kings* is set down by *Samuel* in this place. Neither did the people of *Israel* ever allow, or the *Kings* avow the assumption of such a power as appears by the story of *Abub* and *Naboth*. Some indeed did exercise it, but that is no more a proof of the Right, than their Practice was of the Lawfulness of *Idolary*. When *Cambyses* had a mind to marry his Sister, he consulted with the *Magi*, whether the Law did allow it, who answered, that they knew of no Law that did allow it, but that there was a Law which allowed the Kings of *Persia* to do what they would. If this had been the case with the Kings of *Israel*, to what purpose were they enjoined so strictly the perpetual reading, perusing, and observing of the Law (*Deut.* 17.) if they had an other Particular Law that exempted them from being bound to it?

The *Tetragrammaton*, which was held in such reverence among the Jews, that it was unlawful to pronounce it. It was called therefore ἀνεξφώνητος, Unutterable. For they read *Atonai*, the reason of the peculiar Sanctity of this Name, is, because other names of God were applicable to other things, as *Elohim*, to Princes; but this name *Jehovah*, or *Jave*, or *Jai* (for it is now grown unutterable, in that no body knows how to pronounce

it) was not participated to any other thing. Where God says *Exod. 3. 16. This is my name for ever, and is my memorial to all generations. And Exod. 6. 3. by my name Jehovah was I not known unto them.* The Jews call this *Tetragrammaton*, Τὰ τετράγραμματα, *Sacred Letters*; and Προσηγορίαν Θεῶν ἢ μοι ἱερὰ ἐστίν. A name of which it is not *Lawful* for me to speak; again, Τὸ φοβερὸν ὄνομα τοῦ Θεοῦ The Dreadful Name of God. Stat.

*Triplicis mundi summum, quem Scire Nefastum est.*

Whose name it is not lawful to know.

And *Plato* relating how *Caligula* used him and his fellow *Ambassadors* from the *Jews*. You (said *Caligula* to them) are *Enemies* to the *Gods*, and will not acknowledge me to be *One*, who am received for such by all the rest of the world; but by the *God* that you dare not name (*ἀνεπανόμαστον ὑμῖν*) and then lifting up his hand to heaven, he spoke out the *Word*, which it is not *Lawful* much as to *bear*, &c. And the *Heathens* had somewhat like this custom; for the *Romans* kept secret the name of the *Tutelar* of their *City*; lest the enemies, if they knew how to call him right, might by charms drive him away. And in their Solemn *Evocation* of *Gods* from the *Cities* which they besieged, for fear lest they should mistake the *Deities* proper name, they added always, *quo alio nomine voceris.*

18 The *Tabernacle*, *Exod. 39. 9. And thou shalt take anointing oyl, and anoint the Tabernacle, and all the vessels therein; and shalt hallow it, and the vessels therein; it shall be holy.*

19 The *Bells* upon the *High-Priests* *Garments*, *Exod. 38. 25.*

20 There want not *Authors*, and those no slight ones, who maintain that *Samuel* was *High-Priest* as well as *Judges*. *S. Augustine*, and *Sulpit. Severus*, who says, *Admo senex sacerdotio functus refertur.* And some make him have succeeded *Eli*, others *Achitob*. But there is a manifest error, for he was not so much as a *Priest*, onely a *Levite*, of the Race of *Isahar*, the younger Brother of *Amram*, from whom *Aaron* came, and all



succession of Priests, 1 Chronic. 6. It will be therefore askt, Why I make him here perform the office of the High-Priest, and dress him in the Pontifical Habits? For the first, it is plain by the story that he did often do the duty of the High-Priest, as here, and when Saul was appointed to stay for his coming to celebrate the Sacrifice &c. For the latter, I know not why he might not as well wear the Habit, as exercise the Function; nay, I believe the function could not be well exercised without the habit. I say therefore with Petavius, L. 10. de Doctr. Tempor. That he was constituted of God, High-Priest Extraordinary, and lookt upon as such by reason of the extraordinary visible marks of Sanctity, Prophecie, and Miracles, without which singular testimonies from God we know that in latter times there were often two at once, who did execute the High-Priests Office, as Annas and Caiphas.

*Well cut Diadem*: i. The Plate of pure Gold tyed upon the Mitre, on which was engraven, Holiness to the Lord, Exod. 28. 36. and Exod. 39.

This Breast-Plate is called by the Septuagint, Τὸ λογίσιον ἢ κρίσιον, The Oracle of Judgments: Because whensoever the High-Priest consulted God, he was to have it upon his Breast. The Description of it, and the stones in it, see Exod. 28. 15. These stones so engraven, and disposed as God appointed, I conceive to be the Urim and Thummin mentioned Verse 30. the Doctrina ὁ Veritas, as the Latine, the φωσμοὶ καὶ τελειώσεις, Light and Perfection, as Aquila; the ἀλήθεια καὶ δῆλωσις. Truth and Demonstration, as the Septuagint: All which signifie no more than Truth and Manifestation, or the Manifestation of Truth by these stones; with some say, was by the shining of those particular Letters in the Names of the Tribes, that made up some words or word to answer the question propounded. Others, that when the stones shone very brightly, it implied an Affirmative to the question, and when they looked dimly and cloudily, a Negative. But when the Demands required a prolix, or various answer, that was either given by Illumination of

the High-Priest understanding, making him speak Gods Organ or Oracle (as the Devil is believed to have inspired Sybils and Pythian Priests) or by an audible voice from within the *Sanctum Sanctorum*; which latter way I take here, as most proper for Poetry.

- 23 The *Tabernacle* is called a *Temple*, 1 Sam. 10. 2 Sam. 22. 7. Psal. 18. 3 *Josephus* terms it *ναὸν μεταφερόμενον*, A Moveable Temple — The *Temples* bright third Heaven — The *Tabernacle* being Gods seat upon earth, was made to Figure out the Heavens which is more properly his Habitation; and was therefore divided into three parts, to signify the same division of the Heavens in Scripture Phrase. The first was the Court of the *Tabernacle*, where the Sacrifices were slain and consumed by fire, to represent the whole space from the earth up to the Moon (which is called very frequently *Heaven* in the Bible) where all things are subject to corruption. The second was the *Sanctum*, the *Holy Place*, wherein stood the Altar of *Incense*, to represent all that space above which is possess'd by the *Stars*. The third was the third *Sanctum Sanctorum*, the *Holiest Place*, to represent the third Heaven (spoken of by *S. Paul*) which is the Dwelling-Place of God, and his *Cherubims* or *Angels*. Neither did the colours of the Curtains allude to any thing but this similitude betwixt the *Tabernacle* and *Heaven*.

- 24 In all times and all Countreys it hath been counted a certain sign of the displeasure of the Deity to whom they sacrificed, if the Fire upon the Altar burnt not clear and chearfully. *Seneca* in *Thyest*.

*Et ipse fumus tristis ac nebulâ gravis  
Non rectus exit, seq; in excelsum levans  
Ipsos Penates nube deformi obsidet.*

And a little after,  
*Vix lucet ignis, &c.*

- 25 According to the old senseless opinion, that the  
Hea-

Heavens were divided into several *Ores* or *Spheres*, and that a particular *Intelligence Angel* was assigned to each of them, to turn it round (like a *Mill-horse*, as *Scaliger* says) to all eternity.

26 How came it to pass that *Samuel* would make a solemn Sacrifice in a place where the *Tabernacle* was not? which is forbid, *Deut.* 12. 8. *Grotius* answers, first, that by reason of the several removes of the *Tabernacle* in those times, men were allowed to sacrifice in several places. Secondly, that the authority of an extraordinary *Prophet* was above that of the *Ceremonial Law*. It is not said in the Text, that it was *Samuels Birth-day*; but that is an innocent addition, and was proper enough for *Rama*, which was the Town of *Samuels* usual Residence.

27 A choice part of the meat (for we hear nothing of several *Courses*) namely the *Shoulder*. The *Left Shoulder* (*Grotius* observes) for the *right* belonged to the *Priest*, *Levit.* 7. 32. This *Josephus* terms *μερίδα βασιλικήν*, The *Princely Portion*. The men over subtle in *Allusions*, think this parts was chosen to signify the *Burden* that was then to be laid upon his *Shoulders*. So *Menochius*, as *Philo* says that *Joseph* sent a part of the *Breast* to *Benjamin*, to intimate his *heartly* affection. These are pitiful little things, but the *Ancients* did not despise sometimes as odde *Allusions*.

In old time even at feasts men did not eat of dishes in common amongst them, but every one had his *Portion* apart: which *Plut.* calls, *Ὀμηρικὰ δ᾿απνα*, and *Ὀμηρικὰ δ᾿απνα*, *Homeric Feasts*; because *Homer* makes always his *Heroes* to eat so, which whom the better men had always the most commons. *Ajax*. *ἰώπειαι δὲ μετέωρα γαστρίεσσιν*, hath a *Chine of Beef*, *Perpetri-tergum bovis*. And *Diomedes* hath both more meat and more cups of drink set before him; of which see *Athen.* l. 3. c. 11. who says likewise that *Δαῖς*, a *Feast*, comes a *Δαταῖς*, from dividing equally, which makes *Homer* call it so often, *Δαταῖς ἴσην*.

- 28 See Note 12. on Book 1. That *Oyl* mixt with any other liquor, still gets uppermost, is perhaps one of the chiefest *Significancies* in the Ceremony of *Anointing Kings* and *Priests*.
- 29 *The Kingly day.* The day for election of a *King*, which causes a new *Æra*, or *Beginning of Chronological accounts*. As before they were wont to reckon, *From the Going out of Egypt*, or *from the beginning of the Government by Judges*: So now they will, *From the Entrance of their Kings*. Almost all great changes in the world are used as *Marks* for separation of *Times*.
- 30 In many *Countreys* it was the custom too choose their *Kings* for the comeliness and *Majesty* of their *Persons*; as *Aristotle* reports of the *Ethiopians*; and *Heliogabalus*, though but a *Boy*, was chosen *Emperour* by the *Roman Souldiers* at first sight on him, for his extraordinary beauty. *Eurip* says finely, Ἐὶδὲ ἄξιον τυράννου, a countenance that deserved a *Kingdom*.
- 31 *Aristotle* says, *L. 6. Pol.* That it was a popular Institution to choose *Governors* by *Lots*. But *Lots* left purely in the hand of fortune would be sure a dangerous way of *Electing Kings*. Here *God* appointed it, and therefore it was to be supposed would look to it; and no doubt all *Nations* who used this custom did it with reliance upon the care of their *Gods*. *Priests* were like wise so chosen.  
*Laocoon ductus Neptuni sorte sacerdos.*
- 32 This *Seneca* in *Tb.* says, was the case of *Ithaca*:

*Et putat mergi sua posse pauper  
Regna Laertes Ithacá tremente.*

- 33 *Jaboc*, a *River*, or *Torrent* in the country of *Ammon*, that runs into the *River Arnon*.
- 34 *Arabia the Stony*, *Arabia the Desert*, and *Arabia the Happy*.
- 35 For some conceive that the reason of this extravagant demand of *Nabas*, was to disable them from shooting.
- 36 It was *Themistius* his saying, that the *Soul* is the *Architect* of her own dwelling place. Neither can we attribute the *Formation* of the *Body* in the *womb* to any thing

so reasonably as to the *Soul* communicated in the Seed ; this was *Aristotles* opinion , for he says, *Semen est artifex*. The *Seed* is a skilful *Artificer*. And through we have no Authorities of this nature beyond the *Gracian* time ; yet it is to be supposed , that wise men in and before *Dauids* days had the same kind of opinions and discourses in all points of *Philosophy*.

- 37 In allusion to the *Lamps* burning in the *Sepulchres* of the Ancients, and going out as soon as ever the *Sepulchres* were opened and air let in. We read not (I think) of this Invention but among the *Romans*. But we many well enough believe (or at least say so in verse) that it came from the *Eastern parts* , where there was so infinite expence and curiosity bestowed upon *Sepulchres*.

That *Naas* was slain in this battel , I have *Josephus* his authority ; that *Jonathan* slew him, is a *stroke* of *Poetry*.

- 38 In emulation of the *Virgilian* Verse ,  
*Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.*

- 39 The Text says , *Thirty thousand Chariots* ; which is too many for six thousand *Horse*. I have not the confidence to say *Thirty thousand* in Verse. *Grotius* believes it should be read Three Thousand. Figures were often mistaken in old *Manuscripts*, and this may be suspected in several places of our *Bibles* , without any abatement of the reverence we owe to the Scripture.

- 40 I confess I incline to believe , that it was not so much *Sauls* invasion of the *Priestly* office , by offering up the Sacrifice himself (for in some cases( and the case here was very extraordinary) it is probable he might have done that) as his disobedience to Gods command by *Samuel* , that he should stay *seven days*, which was the sin so severely punished in him. Yet I follow here the more common opinion , as more proper for my purpose.

- 41 1 Sam. 13. 10. 27. So it came to pass in the day of battel that there was neither sword nor spear found in the hands of any of the people that were with Saul and Jonathan ; but with Saul and Jonathan his Son there were found, &c. And before, There was no Smith throughout the Land of Israel.

But for all that, it is not to be imagined, that all the people could be without arms, after their late great victories over the *Philistines* and *Ammonites*; but that these six hundred by *Gods* appointment were unarmed, for the greater manifestation of his glory in the defeat of the enemy, by so small and so ill-provided a party; as in the story of *Gideon*, God so disposed it, that but three hundred of two and twenty thousand lapped the water out of their hands, because (says he) the people are yet too many.

42 At first men had no other weapons but their *Hands* &c.

*Arma antiqua, manus, ungues, dentesq; fuerunt.*

Then Clubs;

*Stipitibus duris agitur sudibusq; praeustis.*

And at last Iron,

*Tum Ferri rigor, &c.*

*Tum varia venere artes, &c.*

*Hic torreat armatus adusto,*

*Stipitis hic gravidis nodis, quod cuiq; repertum*

*Rimanti, telum ira facit.*

43 The *Mediterranean*, upon the coast of which the whole Countrey of the *Philistines* lies, and contains but very few miles in breadth.

44 Hom. 6. Odyss.

Τὸν μὲρ Ἀθηναίη θῆκεν Διὸς ἐκγεγαυῖα

Μείζονα τ' εἰσιδέειν ἢ πάσσονα, καὶ δ' δε κέρηλα

οὐλας ἤκε κόμας ὑάκινθῶν ἀεθ' ὁμοίως.

Virg. *Lumenq; juventa*

*Purpureum, & latos oculis afflatur honores.*

45 Hom. 5. Il.

Οὐτε γὰρ ἀμπεδῶν ποταμῶν πλήθοντι εἰκῶς

Χερμαρῶν, ὅς τ' ἠγορέων ἐπέδωκε γεφύρας.

Τὸν δ' ἔτ' ἄρτι γεφύρας ἐρμύραι ἰχθυόσιν.

οὐτ' ἄρα ἔκεια ἰχθὺς ἀλωαῶν ἐβήλων

Ἐλτόντ' ἔξασπίνης ἄτ' ἐπιβέλῃ διὸς ἄμβρος.

Πολλὰ δ' ὑπ' αὐτῆς ἔργα κατῆλπε κελ' αἰζήσῃ.

And in the 13. ll. there is an excellent comparison of *Hector* to a *River*, and the like too in the 11. so that it seems he pleased himself much with the similitude. And *Virgil* too liked it very well,

*Non sic aggeribus ruptis cum spumeus amnis*  
Exit, &c

And in several other places.

6 1 Sam. 6. 4. *Five golden Emerods, and five golden Mice,* according to the number of the *Lords of the Philistines.*

7 *His Blood.* *Moses* says often, that the *Soul* is in the *Blood*, not thrice in one Chapter, *Levit. 17.* and he gives that reason for the Precept to eat *Blood.* *Virg.*

*Purpuream vomit ille animam.*

8 See the *Cyclops* making of *Thunder* in *Virg. Æn. 8.*

9 *Brute.* That signified nothing. So *Thunders* from whence the *Ancients* could collect no *Prognostications*, were called *Brute Thunders*; From *Brute Beasts*, whose sounds are inarticulate.

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F I N I S.

## DAVIDEIDOS

## LIBER PRIMUS.

Autore A. COWLEY.

**B**ella canō, fatigue vices, *Regēque* potente  
 Mutato qui *Sceptra* pedo *Solymæia* gessit.  
*Rex* olim & *Vates*; *duo* maxima munera cœli  
 Multa prius tulit immotâ discrimina mente  
 Et *Sauli* & *Sathana* furiis imbellibus actus.  
 Multa quoque & regno, tam longa exercuit irâ  
*Victorem* *Fortuna* suum; nec *pulsa* quievit.  
 Ast illam *Virtus* tandem indefessa domavit  
 Et populos latè fadit, gentēsque rebelles  
 Nequicquam numeris & magno milite sævas;  
 Hi *Bello*, hic ipso *Bellorum* numine fretus!

At Tu, *Jessai* qui sanguinis *Autor* & *Hæres*,  
*Bethlemia* intactâ quondam de *Virgine* natus,  
 Qui *Ligno*, *Clavis*, *Hasta*, omnipotentibus armis,  
 Ipsam (sic visum est) potuisti occidere *Mortem*,  
 Ingentes referens per *Tartara* victa *Triumphos*;  
 Dum tremuit *Princeps* *Erebi* metuitque videre  
 Æternùm amissos divinæ *Lucis* honores:  
 Qui nunc ipse sedes placidi leve pondus *Olympi*,  
 Ad dextram *Pâtris*, & gaudentis *Sydera* calcas,  
 Frontem ibi (quam cinxit merito suffusa rubore  
 Spina ferox, cæus de quâ cruor undique fluxit,  
 Ut pretiosa *humilem* decoraret *gemma* *Coronam*)  
 Frontem illam innocuæ redimitus sidere flammæ;  
 Tu, precor ô, sanctum dimitte in corda furorem,  
 Da mihi *Jessilen* *Jessida* carmine magno,  
 Et cantu celebrare pari; tua *Flamma* *Ministra*;  
*Isaci* diem longis ductrix erroribus olim,  
 Dirigat audaces ignoto in limite gressus,



Producatque sacræ non trita per avia *fama*.  
 In sanctos manibus puris ut sumeret *Ignes*  
*estivens* se *Musa* facit; benè libera curis  
 libera delictisque jocisque & amore profano  
 Consecrat, ecce, tibi reliquos mea *Magdalis* annos.  
 Ecce opus hoc solidis *numerorum* inmane *Columnis*,  
*templum* ingens statuo, varium & multâ arte poli-  
 tum.

Ingredere, ô *Numen*, quò te plaudentibus alis  
*Musa* vocat, sanctos *Cerberorum* imitata recessus,  
 facias, cedent illi; *Solemnia Templi*,  
*regis Idumæ* cedent, sat tempore longo  
 nunc fixere sibi coluere *Idolis Camanæ*,  
 sed Tu me, *Verbum æternum*, tu voce vocasti;  
 et novus insolito percussus lumine *Paulus*,  
 et adeo *Musarum* immensos convertere *Mundos*,  
 et *Cælum*, seris ignotum aperire *Pœtis*.

et juvat, ô, purgare suis sacra flumina monstris!  
 et vili purgare algâ cænoque profundo,  
 et liquidi ingenuos *Fontes* inducere *Veri*!

Jam pænè obductam est *Saul* sub pectore vulnus;  
 integra *Fessida* per tot certamina virtus  
 lassatum magnis frangit successibus iram,  
 fluctis superare timet concurrere *Fatis*,  
 et *famam* tantæ sine viribus *invidet* illi  
*invidia*; vidit pressam sub pondere *palmam*,  
 jam pænè suæ redeuntem in viscera terræ  
 ex lætum cælo caput ostentare propinquo  
 suo onere *elatam*, & sua brachia ferre sub auras;  
 vidit pacatis *Jordanem* currere lymphis.  
 Num fovet amplexu ripas, atque oscula libat,  
 et si quis motos posito premit objice fluctus  
 notum præcludit iter, mox colligit iras  
 et re tumens rapido, & contorquet vortice silvas;  
 et iam sonitu ingenti vocat ad nova prælia fluctus,  
 et longus ponè ruit furiosæ *Exercitus* undæ.  
 Num pecore ac natis montem petit inscius, amens  
*astor*, & attonito *decrepant* arva *Colono*.

Hoc metuens *Saul* premit alto corde dolo-  
 rem,

Et vultum induitur placidum, similemque *David*  
Dat dextram, testemq; *Deum*, amplexusq; pate  
nos;

Nec violaturum se sensit pignora tanta;  
Nequicquam; nam quid potuit, nescivit & ipse;  
Ac *Dominos* intus gestavit victus acerbos.  
Excipiunt plausu *Abramida* nova fœdera læti,  
Tanta in *Iessiden* pietas indigna ferentem  
Multa diu, & sævi reverentia tanta *Tyranni*.  
Exultant homines, exultant agmina cœli  
*Sidera* *sidere*aq; anima dulcissima *Pacis*  
Nomina *Iessidaque* illis; at turba *Barathri*  
Neutrum amat; infernos *Concordia* nostra *Tum*  
*tus*

Progenerat, magnosq; *quies* humana *labores*.  
Subter ubi in *Matris* secreta cubilia *Terra*  
Descendit *solis* virtus fœcunda *Mariti*;  
Fatalisq; *Aurividet* incunabula flava.  
(*Auri* quod superis simul ac caput extulit oris;  
Perstringit mundum, nec *vi*, nec *luce* minori)  
Subter ubi implumis nido jacet *Aura* profundo,  
Et tener innocuo *vagit* cum murmure *Ventus*.  
Subter ubi æternâ longè sub mole repôst  
*Thesauri* ingentes magnarum arcentur *Aquarum*;  
(*Oceanus Maris* ipsius, quo *fluminis* instar  
Fertur, & omnigenas inter confunditur undas)  
Nulla ubi sopitos fluctus exulcitaura,  
Nec *Dominâ* irritat placidos vis improba *Luna*.  
Est locus immensum in spatium, imensumq; pro  
fundum

Porrectus, quem nox, genuinusq; obruit horror.  
Illum indefessum nullo objice meta coercet,  
Nec *Loca* se minùs extendunt quam *Tempora* *pœna*.  
Nôn illum recreat dulcis tenuissima cœli  
*Rima*, nec *Eois* scintilla excussa quadrigis  
Perstringit, *solidasque* valet terebrare tenebras.  
Non hic gemmatis stillantia sidera guttis.  
Impugnant *sæva* *pos* in *violabile* *Nectis*,  
*Lucis* hoc latè tenet illætabile regnum  
*Ince* *ruca* *minaz*, inter *armata* *supte* *bus*,

Ipso quem patitur, crudelior Igne Tyrannus.  
 Dux quondam æthereæ præfulgentissimus aulæ,  
 Qualis ubi in curru procedens *Hesperus* aureo  
*Militiam* æternam *Stellarumq;* agmina ducit.  
*Fulmine* sed cecidit correptus, *Fulminis* instar  
 Ipse ruens, nec enim gemitum dedit ore minorem;  
 Ut primum sensit medios absorptus in ignes.  
 At comites circum, conjuratæq; catervæ  
 Ingens turba) cadunt. Aër crepat undiq; adustus,  
 Et densâ *vi flammarum* prætexitur æther.  
 Ex illo æternæ solamina tristia pœnæ;  
 Eternæ socias mortales reddere pœnæ,  
*Tortæ & Carnifices!* *Hominem* tentamine primo  
 a se armant ipsum; magna & *cælo aqua* voluptas!  
 Quos cauta & fœlix virtus si evaserit hamos,  
 Victricem bello tandem aggrediuntur aperto,  
 Et malè tentatis succedunt *Arma Venenis.*  
 Iac vi *lessiden* (neq; enim corrumpere sperat)  
 Oppugnat furvus barathri noctisq; Tyrannus,  
 Exacuitq; animos *Sauli* invidiamq; potentem,  
 Viderat egregio generosam in corpore formam,  
 Virgineoq; maritatam cum flore virilem  
 Majestatem oris; miracula viderat alti  
 Nobiliora animi, vastamq; inpectore mentem;  
 Viderat augustâ perfusam aspergine frontem,  
 Divinæq; novos spirantem lucis honores.  
 Condideratq; alto sub corde *Oracula* sacra  
 Imperium *Judæ* quæ concessere perenne,  
 Tenturûsq; *Shilo* stimulos subjecerat acres,  
 Et nimium *Vigiles Erebi* sufflaverat ignes.  
 Cit miser incassum tantis se opponere rebus,  
 Nec validam fati perumpere posse catenam,  
 Vincula sed morfu tentat, dentisq; fatigat,  
 Et *vinci certus* gaudet tamen esse *rebellis.*  
 Sed jam conversa in melius violentia *Sauli*,  
 Consiliûmq; dolosq; & spes turbavit inanes.  
 Nam multum *Saxo*, quem longo noverat usu  
 Vidit, & erubui: *falli fraudum* ipse *Magister.*

Quis faciat? quo se rerum hoc in cardine verset?  
 Errati frendet ter concusso ordine dentis,

Ter quatit iratæ rugosa volumina frontis ,  
Ter fremit horrendum exululans , oculóq; cruc  
to

Commixtum ardenti jaculatur sanguine lumen.

Ferrea lux terret *noctem Mare*sq; perustos

Ignotus trepidos habet & crudelior *Ignis*.

Et jam vociferans ; Nihil ergò possumus ? inquit ,

Me , me *ipsum* infœlix *puer* , & mea regna trium  
pho

Ducet ovans ? dum vos ( pudet oh ! ) torpetis ine  
res.

*Innocui* ludunt & adhuc per colla *Cera*stæ ?

Nil *Furiis* dignum & populo memorabile *nostro*

Quod timeat *Deus* , & quod vel stupeam *Ips*e , p  
ratis ?

Quæ nova *Formido* , aut peior formidine *Virtus*  
Corda gelat ? quondam ( memini ) fortissima cord.  
Perdidi ob hoc *Cælum* ?

Pectora tum longæ percellit verberare caudæ ,

Iratus tantæ quod non suffecerit Iræ.

Deinde sedet , vultuq; horrendum cætera profert.

Stant *Furie* juxtà , & se lumine circumspiciunt ,

Dum latè loca vasta silent , *sæ*vdq; *quiete*

Tristis nativi duplicata horroris imago est.

Ipsi flammantes infano sulphure rivi

Jam tacitis serpunt per littora conscia Lymphis ,

Vincula nulla sonant , non Angues sibila mittunt ,

Non audent inter *tormenta* gemiscere *Sontes*.

Tandem prorepat diræ fœdissima turbæ

*Invidia* ; impexis crinem serpentibus atrum

It crispata ; cutis multum laxata pependit ,

Ossaq; liquit iners , ossa aspera longo luctu.

Dipsas ( monstrum atrox ) latitat sub pectore a  
helo ,

Nocte diéq; bibens nigrum insaturata *cruorem* ,

Et ne tam crebro fontem consumeret hauustu

Nocte diéque suo compensat damna *veneno*.

Sanguine deformatam hominum , tabóque flue  
tem

Pallam humeris gerit , & dextrâ rotat alta *flagellum*

Immanem levâ crateræ sustinet orbem,  
 spumantem felle atque absynrhia tetra vomentem  
 Quo bibit assidue, & sese ebria facta flagellat.

Hoc jam torva modo, se pro medio agmine sistit  
*no. dia*; ô barath'o *Furiarum* maxima tota  
*nyi lia*! ô nunquam, nisi cum *se punit*, amanda!

Summe *Pater*, clamat *stygii Barathri*, & mihi *Nu-*  
*men*;

se puer imbellis nostros meruisse timores  
 lactabit, magnôque *Erebum* miscere tumultu  
*his Calubris*, *Meque*, & *Te*; nostro *Principe*, sal-  
 vis?

Te minitante tremet perterrita fabrica mundi,  
 et legum errabit *Natura* oblita suarum,  
 Te minitante dabunt rapidæ responsa procellæ  
 et timidum horrendo resonabit fulmine cœlum,  
 tunc & inauratos temerè *Sol* contra het ignes,  
 exilietque, diêmque abducet limite noto.

œdera dirumpet *Pontus*, supera ardua tangens,  
 vicinâsque *undas Flammæ* elementa pavescens;  
 ipse *Polus* fixam sedem & loca iussa relinquet  
*phæarumque* hilarum cessabit lubricus orbis,  
 Diffugient nitidi hûc illûc *picta agmina cœli*,  
 ipse etiam *Deus* illorum.

Nâmque olim *timuit* certè cum sumpsimus arma  
 Nobilia arma, & quæ meruerunt *victa trium-*  
*phum*!

O laudanda dies! ô ingens gloria nostri!  
 O iterum talem liceat mihi cernere lucem,  
 ipse licet vincat, licet in *nova tartara* trudat  
 et pejora istis; possint si talia fingi.

His par concurret *pastor rudis* & *puer armis*?

Quid possunt tortæ stridentia verbera fundæ?

Quem torvus longâque fame stimulatus & irâ

Non domuit *Leo*, non infandus membra *Goliath*,

Hunc mea *vox* perdet sola, & sub tartara mittet.

Multa prius passum; & nequicquam *Numine* fi-  
 sum.

Quod si *Jessilen* tantâ pietate foveret

Sed satis est longo notus mihi tempore) *Saulus*,

Quanto

Quanto nos odio premimus, quantoque furore  
 Ante bis exactos superis ex ordine soles,  
 Corde novum toto longè excutiemus amorem,  
*Ipsa*, & vos cari, fidissima turba, *Colubri*.  
 Me suadente nefas, fraterno sanguine fecit  
*Cainus*, & ætatum dedit *Omnia lata* sequentum.  
 Vidi toto ingens connixum corpore saxum  
 Jactantem, *fratris mortem*, & *monumenta* sepulti.  
 Quis potuit risus (equidem risi ipsa) tenere  
 Cum sua sic *primus* nutriret rura *Colonus*?  
 Post eadem à tergo spirans furiale venenum,  
 Divisum pepuli ad marmor *Pharaona* superbum,  
 Currusque, clypeosque virum, ardentisque caba  
 los,

Me gelidam mortem suadente & *frigida fata*,  
 Hauserunt avidi pestis, mentem ipsa mantimque  
*Dathano* armavi, cum rela rebellia sumpfit,  
 Cum *Magicum*) cujus nomen detestor & *Ipsum*  
 Deseruit pulchrâ pro libertate *Tyrannum*.  
 Huc (vidistis enim) cava per penetralia longè  
 Desiluit, vasto terrarum exhaustus hiatus,  
 Prorque *Rogo*, nostras descendit *virius* in *Ignes*.  
 Me suadente, moras quid cesso abrumpere inanes?  
 Quid *nova* non agito, dum *gesta antiqua* recordor?  
 Jam tibi, *Ieffiles* (viden'?) hic tibi sibilat *anguis*!  
 Nil tua te pietas; nil te, *Puer*, ipse juvabit  
 Cui frustra inservis, *Deus*; ô, si, te juvet, orbis  
 Latè omnis longâ compositus pace senescat,  
 Nec *Mores*, vel *Fata* hominum nascantur *iniqua*;  
 Ipsa autem his meritò dilectis exul ab oris  
 Contempta evadam in terris, miserandaque *Vir-*  
*tus*.

Dixerat, & simul ora premunt, & lumina ver-  
 sant,  
 Mox fremitus currunt obscuraque murmura cir-  
 cum,  
*Gaudentiumque* & *mirantium*; nihil illa movetur,  
 Sed fremit, & tantas *sibi laudes* invidet *ipsi*.  
 Exilit ardenti solio *Rex Ditis* acerbi  
 Amplexusque petit; subito cum mota furore

et submissa genu rapidâ fugit ocyor aurâ.  
 armura dant *Furia*, dant sibi læta *Colubri*.  
 Nox erat, humanos & valla silentia fenus  
 urgebantque *brevi Lethe*, plumbôque ligabant.  
 tum etiam regni molem sub corde ferentem  
 etan. è nique graves curas sopor altus habebat.  
*idem*, sopor *Invidiam* sed nullus habebat.  
 et per *Isacium* magnas itæxior urbes,  
 que videt structas ingenti marmore turres,  
 que ebur, & fulvi discrimina clara metalli,  
 gite jam clamat, propiis tumulata *rimis*  
 et ego tecta dabo, & *selâ lucentia flammâ*.  
 osticit in cursu medio, ac sua fræna remisit  
 unda *Luna*, novis sudavit floridas *Hermon*  
 tibus, ipse *Sion* trepidavit vertice toto.  
*Ianus* latebram in ripâ quæsit utraq;  
 ritus, & multâ tandem caput abdidit algâ.  
 e domum ingreditur *Sauli*, quæ tota tremi-  
 scit,

que funtamenta tremunt, tremunt excita tellus;  
 veneranda senis sese convertit in ora  
*Jamini*, oculosque graves, vultumque severum,  
 chiâque, & latos humeros, & fortia membra  
 imilat. pendetque ingens propectore barba;  
 alis ubi steterat super atria celsa palati,  
 regium *Sculptoris* opus) de matremore factus.  
 portam magni latus vigilare *nepuis*!  
 e adstans *Saulo* notæ sibi inagine formæ,  
 inæ verbi sacre non *Respondentia* tundit.  
 urge, age, *Rex brevis Abramidum*; sic nempè se-  
 pulchus

*enalis fat?* *Somnus* tibi *ferreus* iastat  
 que eterna quies; Si *Regem* r-tè vocavi,  
 onduum tua scepra gerit *Pastorculus* ille.  
 ndum? unquâ me geret? vigila, & totum indue  
*Saulum*.

Et tu, magne *Deus*, justi si qua est tibi cura,  
 quod dubito, meliùsq; irent mortalia vellem )  
 Cedecus hoc *Sauls*, atq; *Mibi* patiaris inultum,  
 ra nautique tuis sacræq; in secula genti.

O *Cananae* famens ! quid non me absumpseris ante  
 Quàm femur in genus exhaustissem fertile tantum ?  
 Heu genus infelix nullàque in sorte beatum ,  
 Donatum magno in *pœnam* a' que *opprobria Sceptro* !  
 Coëtile quid fugistis opus , *Memphitica* iussa ,  
 Invito *Pharaone* truci , auspiciisque sinistris ?  
 Quid *magica* (infandum) *virgæ* mare paruit ipsum ?  
 Denfatumque vias nova per *divortia* duxit ?  
 Quin , si me auditis , *rubri* per marmora *Ponti* ,  
 Per nemorum errores , immanisque invia silvæ.  
*Argillam Ægypti* , lateresque requirite vestros.  
 Dedecus hoc quanto minus est *Pastore Tyranno* ?  
 Tunè potes *Domino* contentus vivere *Servo* ?  
 Concedent tua *Sceptra Tyra* ? jam *sceptira* supersunt  
 Sola tibi , titulique & regni *nomen* inare.  
 Illum aliæ magnâ laudant formidine gentes ,  
 Illum omnis *Iudæa* colit. Meministin' ovantem  
 (Si quicquam in te , *Saule* , viri est , meminisse necess  
 est)

Cum cantu rediisse domum , festisque choreis ?  
 Mille viros gladio *Saulus* confoderit ; esto ;  
 Quis dederit letho decies totidem , arduus , audax ,  
 Plusquam *Agmen Puer* ? & vivit tamen ille , tuisque  
*Perfruitur damnis* ; illi tua regia servit ;  
 Quam non illa diù *Tua* ? jam diadema capeffit ,  
 Conscenditque tuos thalamos , *Saulique* potentis  
*Ieffidæ* dabit *hæredem* ( pro dedecus ! ) *Uxor* .  
 Hoc struit , hoc sperat *Samuel* ; talem tibi pestem  
 Molitur , cum dicta Dei crudelia spargit  
 Per populos passim , cum vana *Oracula mendax*  
 Quæque optat , fingit ; *Deus* est , *Deus* illa minatus  
 Sic te tractâisset *Rex Divûm Hominûmque Baâlus* ?  
 Aut tam averfa *suis Astarte* magna fuisset ?  
 Quid queritur ? sacram te vi rapuisse coronam ?  
 At magnæ processerunt iussu ordine *sortes* ;  
 Néve aliter potuit ( quid enim taceam ? ) *Ipse* ju  
 bere ;

Non unquam plus te *Sortive Deo* ve fatebor  
 Quàm meritis debere *tuis* . Quid tempore ab illo  
 Ipse *Deus* , populusque dei tibi debeat , ulli .



Haud reor obscurum ; tantâ tu laude coronam  
 O mi chare nepos , ô magnæ maxime gentis )  
 Divinum tanto cumulâsti munere munus ,  
 Nequicquam ; nam quæ tantis data præmia factis ?  
 Te Puer , & Vates furiosus & omnia vorfant ,  
 Contrâ Te sanguis tuus , & Natura rebellat ,  
 Ac vanum infidi præfertur nomen Amici ,  
 O furor , ô scelus infandum ! Sceptroq ; Patriq ;  
 Qui causæ indormis ? quæ Manes sulcitat ipsos ;  
 Ixa sepulchrorum atq ; oculorum claustra resignat ;  
 Nec cineres puer ille sinit dormire sepultos ,  
 Sed negat æternæ jus indubitabile Noctis :  
 Quid facis ? aut talem quid non interficis hostem  
 Qui turbat vitamq ; tuam mortemq ; tuorum ?  
 Ude , age , nil illo restat tibi triste remoto ,  
 Solus hic objectus ( seu Terræ ignobilis umbra  
 Usa laboranti quæ Solem advertere Lunæ )  
 Id te ventura & tibi debita munera cœli  
 Occupat , ac sacri radios intercipit ignis ,  
 Effectum post hunc superant tibi candida fata ,  
 Ormosique dies , & vitæ lucidus ordo .  
 Inevitabiles nos , Nate , tuos , regaliaq ; astra  
 Conscriptamq ; notis Fortunas vidimus aureis .  
 Nondum , ô , nondumne ardescit tibi pectus honesto  
 Ardescit certè ) vindictæ ac laudis amore ?  
 Magnam aliquid pariat . Memor esto Tuiq ; Meiq ;  
 Tuorumq ; vale , freor ad cœlum sedesque tuorum ,  
 : Luce , & nutu magni revocatus Abrami .

Dixit , & ora viri flatu percussit iniquo ;  
 Erat Lethalis labefactas aura medullas ;  
 Illi vanescit dubii nubecula somni ,  
 Uè illuc fert circum oculos ; tremit inde repente  
 Um simulacra videt formis volitantia mixtis ,  
 Uæ confuta malè in vacuo timor aëre pingit .  
 Sani crines , sudor perfundit frigidus artus ,  
 : toto ingentes decurrunt corpore guttæ .  
 In pedibus terram , manibus jam pectora tundens  
 Cipit ; Et verum est ; oravit vera , suique  
 Cœlitis adhuc ; pietas me stulta fefellit ,  
 e Puer , & Vates furiosus & omnia vorfant .

*Sacrilega*, heu, facta est *patientia* nostra sepultos  
 Heu *violat cineres*, tumulosq; recludit avitos.  
*Otingentorum* minus est *Mors ipsa* profunda  
 Annorum, quem quo torpet mea *Vna veterno*.  
 Indigno, tu sancte *parent*, ignosce *Nepoti*,  
 Quem propter placidis voluisti linquere sedes,  
 Mortalesque agros; miserūq; revitere mundum.  
 Sancte *parent*, tua iusta libens mandata capescam,  
 Et te vincam odio, & tandem *me vivere* nosces.  
 Nec frustra hunc tantam capies, *Magna Umbra*, l  
 borem.

Non *Homines* illum nobis, non *Sidera* cœli,  
 Non *Deus* eripiet.  
 Interea in placidis, Tu *Dive*, relabere sedes,  
 Et repete antiquam pacatâ mente quietem  
 Sub terras, ubi *Jessiden* mox afforet tristem  
*Latw*, & effuso pallentem sanguine cernes.  
 Post lucem hanc nostros iterum si lædat ocellos,  
 A Te, inagne *Pater*, perrumpere discat oportet  
*Natura Leges*, & ferrea *claustra Sepulchri*.

His dictis nutrit flammam stimulatq; furores.  
*Jessides* securus abest; illum *Saper* udus  
 Non jam rore levi, sed plenâ proluit *Urnâ*,  
 Dormiat, & *solidam* accipiat per membra soporem  
 Qualem animus castus, qualem mens integra d  
 nat,

Quis metus est *vigilante Deo*, *domine Davidem*?  
 Palantes nubes supra implicitosq; *l. bores*  
*Ætheris*, atq; *volumen inextriabile Cœli*,  
*Gaudia sphaerarum* supra & modulamina certa  
 Supra Orbem, qui perpetuo benè *per vigiligne*  
 Exiguus splendet *Gemmis*, *numeri* umq; requirit,  
 Est *Loius* immensa qui *exhaustus* luce fatiscit;  
 Hic *Polus* excurrit longè, & se ponè relinquit,  
 Nec *propria* lassus valet ipse attingere *Mittas*.  
 Igne *umet* blando, & *tranquillo fulgure* vibrat,  
*Gloria* nec tanto in spacio *immoderata* tenetur,  
 Non hic *obscuri* tremebunda *crepuscula Solis*  
 Nativum jubat inficiant *castumq; serenum*.  
 Non hic *Luna* suis *vestitur pallida furtis*,

face languenti spargit per inane *Tenebras*,  
 hic præcipiti *Tempus* super orbe rotatur,  
 vaga partitur repetitis *Sæcula* gyris  
 igo; Nihil hîc *Fuit*, & nihil hîc *Erit* unquam.  
 constans, immotumq; æternumque *selet Nunc*;  
 c domus, hoc magni sanctum penetrale *Tonan-*  
*tis*;

*Labor* augusti, dulcis *Labor Infiniti*,  
 apat atq; implet *Cælum*, sed limite cœli  
 tentus nullo; solus se *continet* Ipse.  
 ondam immane fuit *Vacuum*; *Sint omnia* dixit;  
 simul dixit, parent simul omnia *Verbo*,  
 Verbum fuit *Ipsè* suum. *Turgescere* cœpit  
 undum *Nihil*, & plenâ cuncta edidit alvo.  
 vos, O *Deus*, aut quis vestra palatia pandet  
*une*!

te perfrueris *oto*, atq; has maximus arces  
 rnùm colis, intercâ non deseris orbem  
 m fecisti olim nostrum, sed pondera vasta  
 zitas nutu informans *molémque sequacem*.  
 d si vim tacitam auferres dextrâque potentem  
 mplo turbata fides ac fœdera rerum,  
 die rector fusis nullo ordine habenis  
 ò ageret currus, & mundi cardo coacti  
 a sonitu rueret, laxis discurrere, *stellis*,  
 ne lege hominum *confundere fata* liceret.  
 etiam rationis egens *Natura* pararet  
 ihilum properare suum; nam *Spiritus* aptum  
 ratumq; *exercet* opus, seq; addit ubiq;  
 aciat subito torperent cuncta, malòq;  
 laborarent somno, æternòq; veterno.  
 ia *nobiscum* (qui *Nos*) *Deus* efficit; orsis  
 dedignatus socium se adungere nostris.  
 t circùm aurati, turma officiosa, *Ministri*,  
*Dei* iussa expectant, gaudèntq; juberi.  
 z *Domini* in vultu immenso sine fine bibentes  
 mortalem oculis lucem fixo ore tenentur.  
 m ex his nutu vocat ipse; silentia servat  
 ia cœlorum, & reverentèr tota tremiscit.  
 rgone tam subito excidimus? (sic infit ab alto)

*Sceptra* videt , nec *Nos* simul ? imperiôq ; po-  
tus

Ignorat per quem steterat ? creditne procellas  
Irrita per pontum rapuisse ferocia verba  
Injustasq ; minas ? *Surdine effecimus Aures ;*  
Falleris , O demens , audivimus omnia , *S. iule* ,  
Atq ; emptum optabis magno nil tale locutum.  
Quæ mala *Fessida* intentas meliora merenti  
Cuncta tui in caput unius conversa ferentur.  
Diximus : an dictis nostris *Gens Terra* repugnet ?  
Ah imbellè *lutum* ! non hoc tua *Lingua* referret ,  
Injusta in medio subsisteret ista palato ,  
Si tibi nota dies fieret , quo tu ipse jacebis  
*Gilboacos* multo deformans sanguine campos ,  
*Ipsè miser* , n itiq ; tui , & capita illa superba  
Pendebunt *Templis* monumentum infame pro-  
nis ,

Stultorum jocus , & ludibria sæva *Deorum*.

Dextera *Iessida* immeritò quæ tanta minatur  
Justa aderit vindex , & te , te occiderit ipsum ,  
Quocum nunc iras atq ; implacabile bellum  
Nequicquam geris , ille tuo lucebit in auto ,  
Dilectôq ; nimis cinget diademate frontem ,  
Et quod tu *Socium* fecisti infame piabit.

Ergo age , *Iessida* insani fer dicta *Tyranni* ;  
Ipse nihil ; sed enim timeat , properantior ipsam  
Arcessitus eat ( nam *Rex* arcesset ) ad aulam  
Non ullum metuet , benè si nos noverit , hostem.  
Incolumem dixi ) qui nunc jubeo ire , reducam.

Sic ait , inflectit sese polus ipse decenter ,  
Nec non turba poli famulatrix ; ocyùs omnes  
Interruptâ iterum exercent modulamina Sphæ-  
ræ ,

*Angelicæq ;* simul renovant *sacra orgia Turmæ*.  
At non qui missus *Iessida* *Nuncius* ibat ;  
Ille vehens pennis magnum per inane citatis ,  
Nubila plus solito jam candescencia tranat ,  
Quâq ; volat niveus signat vestigia limes.  
Aligerum cœli sic vulnerat aera fulgur ,  
Plurima sic primæ currit *structura* diei ,

ic aut tarda magis) cum vixdum Sole relicto  
ce simul terram ferit, atq; resurgit in altum.  
x ipsum rapidi Tempus miracula Motus  
rcipit attonitum, & mensuram non habet ul-

lam  
m curtam, excelso sic præpes ab æthere lapsus  
incius astabat Iessida, ac talia fatur.

Surge, bone, insaniq; exaudi dicta Tyranni  
vera, nempe tuo jam mane cruore litabit;  
è nihil sed enim timeas; properantior ipsam  
cessitus eas (nam Rex arcesset) ad aulam.

tum (dixit enim) qui te jubet ire, reducet.  
Exilit ille toris, & circum lumina versat  
quicquam; nox undiq; & undiq; funditus  
aer,  
sq; Metúsq; adsunt dubii, vicibúsq; recur-  
sant.

os vario exagitans convolvit pectore, donec  
escunt primo montana cacumina Sole,  
n Rex Iessiden arcessit sævus, ut ægram  
cautum specie si fallere posset honestâ)  
etur fidibus mentem, curásq; soporet.

Dic mihi, Musa, sacri quæ tanta potentia Ver-  
sus?

am tibi scire datum, & versu memorare potenti;  
acta vides, nec te poterit res tanta latere  
egno Regina, tuo) vim Diva reclusam  
minis, & latè penétralia ditia pande,  
esaurósq;, & opes; & inenarrabile Sceptrum.

ce sprevere homines, tandèm ut mirentur &  
méntq;,

isq; accedat reverentia justa Poetis.

It sacri primùm fœcundo in pectore Vatis

Igesta operis surgunt Elementa futuri,

eries donec paulatim lumere formas

piat, jussóq; incedant ordine verba,

oenè dispositus leni fluat agmine versus:

is erat Naturæ olim nascentis Imago,

Si magnum Mundi divino ex ore Poema

Pdiit, artificisq; informis massa supremam

Imploravit opem, longo impatienter amore.  
 Indociles nondum subierunt *sædere Partes*  
*Fraterno* commune jugum : bellúmq; sine arte  
 Gesserunt discurrentes nullo ordine *Motus*.  
 Æterni *Ratio* quos tandè *Musica* verbi  
 Discrevitq; locis, & *vincula dulcia victis*  
 Imposuit; *Numerosq;* pios, facilemq; tenorem  
 Elicuit; *Medios Aer* atq; *Unda Sonores*  
 Concertu referunt *muto* : levis *Ignis acutos*,  
*Terra graves*, rapido *Lura* n diverberat ictu,  
 At lentam *Saturni* operoso pollice *Chordam*.  
 Sic *celer* *Motus* cum *tarais* intertexti,  
 Jam festum *Recti*, *Curvi*, *Longiq;* *Brevisq;*  
 Exercēt *Ludum*, & docto discrimine plaudunt,  
 Ut peccent magnæ vestigia nulla *Chorea*.  
 Hæc est quæ *Menti* auditur *Symphonia* dulcis,  
 Ornatu cernendam alio sese exhibet *Auri*,  
 Dives opum, varióq; superba *Scientia* cultu,  
 Hæc habitat vatum libris, hæc *carmine in isto*  
*Harmonia* est; non *Cantoris* non illa *Legentis*  
 Indiget, in charta multum *facunda flenti*.  
 Hæc agilis *Magni* percurrit corpora *Mundi*,  
 Hæc *Parvi* toto se miscet corpore *Mundi*.  
*Totus Homo Harmonia* est; omnes *Symmetria*

sus

Congerit hîc, omnis *Natura Archiva* tenentur.  
 Ipse *Chorum* facit *Unus*, & est *Dans ipse Choraqus*.  
 Hinc in nos nata est *Numerorum* sancta potestas.  
 Nam simul ac portas humani corporis intrant  
 Inveniunt *Fratrésq;* suos, charósq; *Sodales*  
 Et pariles numeros, & respondentia metris  
 Metra suis; jungunt dextras, redduntq; salutem  
 Nec nos vi victos capiunt, bellóq; subactos,  
 Stant *Cives* intus dilecti à partibus *Hostis*.  
 Et sese dedunt sine *Pro litione volentes*,  
 Hoc rerum ingenio mirâ medicatus ab arte  
 Effusus *Sanguis* distantia vulnera quærit  
 Ignotum per iter, quàmq; accipit ipse salutem  
 Absenti gaudet *Gratus* transmixtere *Fonti*.

aud aliter parili tentis conamine *Chordis*  
*aterno* hæc trepidat, cum tangitur altera, motus;  
 a suo, hæc solo *Natura* vivida pulsu.  
 c. *Lyræ Fessidæ*; tum dulci callida furto  
 gra subintravit miseri præcordia *Regis*,  
 acavitq; æstus animi, sævósq; tumultus;

*Psalmus* 114.

Uum sacra sævis *Isacidum* manus  
 Exiret oris, terribilem procul  
 didivit, aspexitq; gentem,  
 Et refluxum trepidavit æquor.  
 qui sequentes ante volans fugâ  
 asit hostes, stat procul arduo  
 monte respectans, & omnes  
 Aure sonos bibit inquietâ.  
 exit undas sic *Mare* turbidum  
 signa vidit prætereuntia,  
 usq; pendentes utrimque  
 Ut *Scopuli* steterunt acuti.  
 ystallini non mœnia limpida  
 indi figurâ plus stabili manent  
 elaborato nitentùm  
 Marmorè consolidata aquarum.  
 on audet *Amnis* ad mare progredi;  
 ntêm revisit mentis inops suum.  
 isto latebrosos recessus  
 Fons aperit, gremiùmq; vasto.  
 rcùm tremiscunt culmina *Montium*;  
 aliusq; *Collis* *Montibus* adsilit,  
 matris abscondunt sub alis  
 Se teneri trepidantq; *Pulli*.  
 udere viso fluctivagum mare;  
 udere *Flumen* nobile, nec fuit  
 gisse post *Montes* fugaces  
 Mobilibus pudor ullus *Vndis*.  
 obis nocebit nil fuga *Montium*.  
 rsi nocebit nil fuga *Fluminis*,

I Flumen, i formidolosum,

Et pavidi procùl ite Montes.

Æquare summis ima valet Deus.

Discent in altum plana tumescere;

Vallesq; turgescant, ferentq;

Attonitò capita alta cœlo:

Fontemq; Flumen si repetis tuum,

Fontem refundet dura filix novum;

Nec saxa cessabunt, nec ipsæ

Flumina suppeditare rupes.

Sic cecinit sanctus *Vater*, digitòsq; volantes

Innumeris per filà modis trepidantia movit,

Intimàq; elicuit *medici* miracula plectri.

Audivère sonum & victi cessère furores.

At non *Invidia* *Sauli* de pectore cessit

Indomitus *Serpens*; vocem nihil ille salubrem;

*Incantatoris* nihil irrita carmina curat.

Fingit adhùc morbum, & spumas agit ore *Tyrannus*,

Et verum falso scelus excusare furore

(Heu nimiùm ingratus tantæ oblitùsq; salutis!)

Sperat, adhùc miser, & nequicquam mente re-  
ceptâ.

Jamq; inopinatam sustollens fervidus *hastam*

(Quam caram sibi pro *Sceptro* gestare solebat)

Dentibus infrendens, oculisq; immane minatus;

Pectora *leffida* crudeli destinat ictu,

Dulcia dum sacræ renovat medicamina vocis,

Nil meritis metuensve mali; volat illa per auras;

Stridens, oppositoq; dat irrita vulnera muro.

Námq; polo lapsus *Miles cælestis* ab alto

Detorsitq; manu, *justoq;* errore fefellit.

O cæcas hominum vires, frustràq; superbas!

Arma sui dextram *Domini* mandatàq; fallunt,

Ni jubeat *Deus* infirmùmq; impellat acumen.

Vulneris ille tui jam *felicissimus* error,

Tam benè *Gilboacis* non deludêris in arvis.

Indè tuam excipiet gentem, & *fatalia* sceptrâ

*Je-Joles*, manésq; tuos ea fama (sub imo



iquid res hominum mersos *Acheronte* move-  
bunt)

semper morte novâ & *secundo vulnere* rodet.

Hinc *Deus* ipse tuas dedit illi evadere fauces  
incolumem, hinc *Parcas* jam fila extrema legen-  
tes

restaurare opus, & telam producere jussit.

Ille fugam celerans vix duro elapsus ab hoste  
erit adhuc; sed & arma sequi, sed & agmina cre-  
dit

tergo; creditq; hastam exaudire volantem.

Nec frustra; tantos causa urget honesta timores,

osq; *Formido* illius *divina* futuri est.

Jam superaccensa est fato violentia *Regis*,

at quæ *Iessiden* non fixit lancea, *Saulum*

vulnerat hæc ipsum; salvo jam nescit *honore*

exuere insanam mentem, nec judicat esse

*Regis*, inexpletum *crudumq;* relinquere crimen.

ergo manum lectam juvenum quos ipse furentes

impulerat monitis, scelerumq; incoxerat usu.

At, ferro, jubet incautum superare *Davidem*,

errorumq; suum successu abolere *nefasto*.

At animo *Saulus*, contra *Deus* omnia voluit.

Interea *Michole* *Iessides* multa timenti,

sultaq; ploranti *curisq;* *decentibus* agræ,

Namq; oculis plus illa suis, plus lumine cæli

dilexit, non ipsa minus dilecta, *Maritum*)

acta refert, & parva sui discrimina lethi.

Orte super *Micholes* dotalia tecta, ubi & *Hortus*

*Ethereus* mirâ florebat *pensilis* arte,

arvum ubi multa nemus pandebat citrea malus;

Quamq; dedit lucem cæli vicinia, flavis

seddebat pomis, ut *Solis lumina* *Stellæ*;

genti incedebant manibusq; oculisq; plicatis;

lurimâq; alloquio lenibant tristia dulci.

Jam *Michole* (visus nam plusquam *aquilinus* aman-  
tum est)

seu veniunt diri, veniunt, exterrita clamat,

*arnifices*; equitum video agmen, equosq; fremen-

tes

Audio; clarescunt mediis in frondibus arma,  
 Sævâq; per densam transmittunt fulgura silvam.  
 Tolle gradum citus, & propera; fuge quolibet, in  
 quit,

Ne morere, O *Conjux*; fuge dictis ocyus; ac  
 sunt;

Quid nos. quid vinclo junxit pater ipse jugali,  
 Voce vocans in sacra *Deum*, populûmq; liber  
 tem?

Bis certum meruisse nihil præputia credit?  
 Ingratus! Sudor, sanguis, belliq; labores  
 Dostibi noster erant. Tum pleno uberrima fontè  
 Discurret, vocisq; vicem pia lacryma servat.  
 Mox iterûm; Nihil efficiet; per aperta fenestræ  
 Hinc te demittam incolumem; tu quâ via cæca,  
 Arripe iter; fuge mî *Conjux*; non hæc tibi dico  
 More meo, *invisa* est tua jam *præsentiæ* primûm.

Ille refert contra; O cunctis præstantior una  
*Conjugibus*! ---- *Michole* dicturum plurima moll  
 Occupat amplexu, & rapûm multa oscula turbat.  
 Dum lacrymas *Luctûs*, ac gaudia miscet *Amoris*.  
 Parce, ait, incassûm pretiosa effundere verba,  
 Aspice quanta tuæ tristis *vicinia mortis*.  
 Ergò alacer paret dictis; hæc callida lecto  
*Fessida* *Statuam*, mirâ factam arte reponit;  
 Jamq; manus juvenum sese in penetralia fundit  
 Dedignata moram sceleris, jamq. ensibus ipsum  
 Illum ipsum exposcunt, & verba haud mol  
 jaçant.

At *Michole* laudanda parat mendacia contrâ,  
 Docta *piam fraudem*, ac dives muliebribus armi:  
 Flet scinditq; comas, & luctifono ululatu  
 Tecta replet, tum sic bene ficto pectore fatur.

Quid facitis? quem vos prohibetis *vivere*, du  
 Huic ipsam misero *mortem*, & *sua fata* negatis?

Quæritis exitium *Fessida*? parcite *Vobis*:

Nil opus est *Scelere*; ardentis vis improba morbi  
 Jamdudûm inservit Patri, & vos esse nocentes

Non sinit: ecce illum jamdudûm *Lingua* *Oculiq;*

Deficiunt; tantam frustri quid perditis iram?

Nec Mortem, nec Vos, nec vestros sentiet Enses.

Si vos innocui sitis urget tanta cruoris;

(Me miseram!) facite ut lubet, & satiate furorem.

Non faciet brevis hora minus; nec tempore longo

Restabo infelix: Tum lumina iussa decoro

Imbre madent, mirósque oculis dolor afflat honores.

O quem non *Luctus* dominæq; potentia *Forma*

Viribus admixtis frangent? turba impia discit

Credere jamprimùm & *miserescere*; linq̄ere moestam

*Tristis* & ipsa domum properat: Statua ipsa recumbit

fasciolisq; voluta caput, stratóq; Sepulta

Purpureo, atque refert *morientis mortua* vultum.

Lugentes famuli circùm tacitíq; ministrant,

Et medicinalis panduntur fercula pompæ;

*Triste ornamentum* mensæ; dat & arte locata

Horrorem obscurum non clara lucerna cubili:

scilicet ista *favent fraudi*: at supra omnia *Numen*,

effudit spectantium oculos caligine *sacrâ*.

O tandem nullo *fœlix* in crimine cessa

Virtutem imbelli frustrâ tentare duello,

O *manibus* decepte tuis, *oculisq; tuorum*!

*Saulus*, ut hæc audit, Quis talia crederet, inquit?

illum igitur *bis quinque* virum qui millia fudit

illum animam segni tandem deponere letho?

Nimirùm *Deus* hunc fertur defendere fontem:

ionsve insonsve fuat, defendat: sit precor illi

Talis membrorum modus & concordia iusta.

Qualis erat primis olim mortalibus ante

quam *Scelus*, aut sceleris *Morbi* dignissima merces.

Robora fregissent subito nativa veneno:

Nostrum immane odium est, totumque explere *David*

*regis* haud poterit: quid se laudem addit in istam

*Adjutrix* *Fortuna* mihi? memorabile nil est

*partizâ* in pœna. Pereuntem extinguere lucem

Quid juvat? exhaustæ quid *facem* emittere vitæ,  
 Et pænè *atruum* feriendo abrumpere filum?  
 Usq; adeonè humilem mea vera & nobilis ira  
 Se dabit? Ah meliùs! *solennis* *victimæ* nobis  
*Iessida* vita est, & non nisi *opimæ*, litabit.  
 Nondùm vindictæ maturus, *crescit* in iram  
 Pinguescâtq; meam; tunc ipse libidine quantâ  
 Singultantem animâ multùm luctante videbo,  
 Pugnântemq; diù & *productâ* morte cadentem?  
 Quid loquor? aut quò nunc vindictam differo se  
 râm.

*Cunctator*?

Forſitan & pietas ſtulta & clementia ſegnis  
 Juratûsq; meo *Samuel* malus hoſtis honori,  
 Quæ mihi nunc fixa eſt, mutabunt deniq; men  
 tem.

Adde quod & noſtræ vindex *Fortuna* querelæ  
 Implicitum tenet, & fugiendi copia nulla eſt;  
 Haſta impunè erret, jam ſæpè ferire licebit,  
 Et geminare iſtus, totûmq; haurire cruorem.  
 Si fato oppetere, & placidâ jam morte neceſ  
 ſi eſt;

At videam extremos trepidanti pectore ſenſus  
 Fundentem, atq; oculos optato funere paſcam.  
 Ergo agite hîc, juvenes, *Ieffiten* ſiſtite nobis,  
 Expirantem animam licet, & ſuprema gemit  
 tem.

Jam pulchræ apparent latè veſtigia fraudis;  
 At *Michole* irati juſſa incuſare *Mariti*,  
 Crudelêſq; minas, & vim prætereſtate facto.  
*Sulius* ut hæc; vix immodicâ ſe ſuſtinet irâ,  
 Volventêſq; premiſi luctanti pectore curas,  
 Amens, & rubis ſuffectus lumina flammis;  
 Sic olim *Hircanæ* metuenda potentia *ſilvæ*  
 Indomitus *Leo*, cui rabiem jejunia longa  
 Addiderunt, ſiquem incautum procul ire juve  
 cum.

Aspiciat, ille jubam quaſſat, dapibûſq; futuris  
 Accingit ſeſe lætus, cum cæca viarum  
 Speratam ſi fortè tegunt exitibus elcam,

Deluduntq; famem, torquet flammantia cir-  
cum

Lumina, & irato tellurem vulnerat ungue,  
Horrendumq; fremens silvas rimatur opertas.  
Nil opus est vento, trepidant formidine frondes;  
Speluncisq; feras timor abdit & urget in ipsis.  
Mœstus ubiq; horror; nemorũque silentia vasta:  
Non audet turbata rugitum imitariet *Eccho*.

In medio silvæ immensæ quæ proxima *Roman-*  
*Obtegit*, illustratque verendi nominis umbrâ,  
Inclita sanctorum sita sunt *Collegia* *vatum*,  
Sub magnis juvenum fervens ubi turba *Magistris*,  
Ad sacros effula pedes didicere silentes,  
Cordâq; cœlesti stiparunt cerea melle.  
Succrescunt palmo veluti radicibus alta  
Germina, rore *Dei*, & materno lacte repasta;  
Nunc parva, haud umbras olim factura minores;  
Non tam mole suâ quam *fundatore* superbit  
Grata *Domus*, nollet *Samuelis* nomine marmor  
Aut mutare aurum; tantum decus addidit *author*.  
Hanc pius extruxit *Vates*; medicosq; & honestos  
Suffecit reditus, paupertatẽque *decoram*.  
Nec sese tantum *dextra* tamen illa benignæ,  
Quam *Lingua* debere putat, quæ prodiga sacros  
Explicuit sensus, magniq; æraria cœli  
Doctores illic *Samuel* cunctosq; *Prophetas*  
Sub pedibus lætos vidit; nec gloria tanta  
Quod docuere alios, quam quod didicere sub illo  
Quadrata exiguis includitur area tectis;  
Nam non illa *artis* fabricavit inepta libido,  
Sed *Natura* usus, quæ gaudet *maxima* parvo;  
Intus quadratæ viridis stat porticus umbræ;  
Et densæ *Solis* propellant spicula *Laurus*,  
Securæ cœli, rapidosque ad fulguris ictus  
Impavida; in mediõque argentea vena salubris  
Exiliebat aquæ, violatæ carcere nullo  
Marmoris, aut tristi plangentis vincla susurro;  
Sed lætæ topho viridi, argurisque lapillis.  
Non minùs illa tamen, corpus purgare, levare  
Appetit, aut *sanctos* accedere *pauper* ad usus.

Hic sua cuiq; data est *cella*, & sua cuiq; *supellex*  
 (*Lauities veterum Sanctorum & copia diues*)  
 Sponda brevis, scamnum, necnon ex abite eodem  
 Mensa tripes; portam clausissent plura volenti  
 Inferre; antiqui *pomæria* *justa* *Necessi*  
 Servantes, pulchræque *ausi* *contemnere* *Vana*.  
 Fallimur heu! nec magna opulentum aut plurim  
 reddunt,

Sed forma, ac generi benè respondentia vitæ.  
 Impedit, atq; *onerat* dominum *numerosa* *supellex*  
 In *parvâ* congesta *domo*. Ponè altera surgit  
 Altior; atq; usu cultûq; augustior ædes.  
 Ad latus hîc lævum se pandunt *Aula*, *Scholeq;*  
*Bibliotheca* tenet dextrum, & *Synagoga*, precat  
 tum

Nunquam muta choro. Stat plurima fagina mensa  
 Ornamentum Aulæ; non invidiosa, nec impar  
 Pellibus instratis, quibus est circumdata, *Lectis*.  
 Accumbunt primi capitîsq; comæq; verendæ  
*Doctores*, *Socii* in gremiis jacuère recepti.  
 At *Furcæ* infra benè læti rebus egenis  
 Graminibus super aggestis, ulvâq; palustri  
 Decumbunt; *Lectos*, *Mensâsque* *Dapêsq;* mir  
 strat

Terra ferax, & *Sole* *Coquo* convivia gaudent.  
*Bibliotheca* fuit paucis decorata libellis,  
 Non onerata malis; nondum insatiata libido  
 Scribendi (pestis jucunda) invaserat orbem,  
 Nec *Medicinæ* *Artes* curandis mentibus aptæ  
 In *morbum* fuerant *ipsa* scabiêmq; pudendam  
*Conversæ*, quæ nunc latè *contagia* serpunt.  
 Scilicet hos importunos exclusit *Amantes*  
*Virgo* *Musa*, novæ gemmanti in flore juventæ  
 Spectari pavida, & vultum velata modestum.  
 Nunc fugit amplexus *Mœretix* deperdita nullos;  
 Garrula, vana, ptocax, *cultu* *mendica* *superbo*,  
 Et *populo* compressa (nefas) parit horrida *Mæ*  
 stra.

Quis furor hic tanto frustra sudare labore  
*Disfidans*, miserôq; insanæ mœre *Sibylla*

Scribere quæ volitent vacuis ludibria *Ventis* ?  
 Diversas illic artésq ; modósq ; videres,  
 Queis brevis atq ; fugax *Verborum Natio vitam*  
*Exiit aeriam* , & firmum sibi vindicat ævum.  
*Tesserulis* quædém leviter commissa caducis ,  
 At alia in solido deponsta fideliter *are* ,  
*Palmarum* hæc foliis vano mandata labore  
 Ni cognata *Oleum* præberet *Cedrus* amicum.  
 Hic longa arboreis scribuntur carmina *libris* ,  
 Tam bene florenti non *vixit* in arbore cortex ;  
 Illic *Pistoris* signata *elementa* videres ,  
 Hic *Textoris* acu ; doctæq ; volumina vestis.  
 Illic ceratásq ; stilo perarante tabellas ,  
 At hic membranas tenues , biblónq ; palustrem ;  
 Tunc rudia , atq ; artis nova tentamenta futuræ ,  
 Nec non & paries perfungitur ipse *Scholarum*  
*Munere librorum* ; totus describitur orbis ,  
 Equoræq ; viæ , sparsæq ; per æquora terræ ,  
 Etheriæq ; Plagæ , palantesq ; æthere *Stella*.  
 Adduntur *Sententiolæ* , monitúsq ; verendi ,  
*Historiæq* ; breves ; pars clara & aperta legenti ;  
 At pars *Niliacæ* animantium obscura *figuris*.  
 Hic sociatorum *sacra Constellatio Vatum*  
 Quos felix virtus evexit ad æthera , *nubes*  
*Luxuriæ* suprâ , *Tempestatésq* ; *Laborum*)  
 Dispersit latè radios , tenebrásq ; fugavit ,  
 Doctrina effundens *Lucem Influxúm*q ; benig-  
 num.

Astrorum *Nathanus* virésq ; viásq ; latentes ,  
 Aureáq ; explicuit superi penetralia mundi.  
*Haud magico* cælis deducens Sydera versu-  
 sol ut utrósq ; *polos* conversâ luce salutat  
 Gaudentes ; sequiturq ; volubilis *Annus* euntem.  
 Quam gravibus numeris *argentea Scena* supernè  
 Procedit , quantâq ; coercita *lege* vagatur  
 Ipse quidem *Vates* , sed enim nil debuit *Astris*  
 Contemnens *Rivos* , & *Fonte* repletus ab ipso  
*Materiam* ingenti *Mahol* insecratur amore ,  
 Per gyros , per mæandros , per cæca viarum  
*Venator* , fugit illa levis , premit ille fugacem ,

Oráq; vertentem, & tentantem evadere furto.  
 At solidas signare notas in pulvere ducto  
 Gaddus, & aternas gaudet turbare figuras.  
 Necnon & longe Numeros sine fine vagantes  
 Producit patiens Comes; exuperabile nunquam  
 Tentat adire jugum, punctóq; ascendit ab Uno.  
 Pyramidem in versam, & crescentem semper ace  
 vum

Defunctis victura struit monumenta *Seraias*,  
 Condit aromaticâ prohibétq; putrescere laude.  
 Et quos præteriti vastum *Mare Temporis* annos  
 Absorpsit, fundo petit *Urinator* ab imo.  
 Quam celer *occasus*; tardúmque; sit *incrementum*  
 Imperiis; & quæ fabricat solertia *Fatum*  
 Edocet; at *Samuel* divina oracula fidus  
 Explicat interpret; nec cæcos more ferarum  
 Sed lætos parere homines jubet, atq; scientes.  
 Sæpè etiam abreptus mentis violentibus alis,  
*Temporis* ingreditur penetralia celsa futuri,  
*Inplumesq;* videt *nidis* cœlestibus annos.  
 Hæ reliquæq; Artes hic excipiuntur amico  
 Hospitio tantùm; poterat sed sancta *Poesis*  
 Hoc nata atq; educita loco, & regnare videri.  
 Non magis assiduo resonat domus aurea cantu  
 Angelici cœli; nullo non spirat ab ore  
 Carmen; dulcisonúmque; chorum moderantur *As  
 phus*

*Hemanúsque;* ambo genio excellente *Poetae*,  
 Voce pares liquidâ, digitisq; *loquacibus* ambo  
 Parte aliâ *Synagoga* pio pulcherrima luxu  
 Splendebat (nam sunt illic *di-pendia frugi*)  
 Perstringunt oculos auro laquearia fulvo,  
 Spectantuni; sed quos recreant anlæa vicissim  
 Cœruleo, *sacrosq;* colore; illic prece forti  
 Térq; die soliti *vim cœlo* inferre *voenti*,  
 Térq; die sanctum *Mosis* versare volumen,  
 Térq; piis, totisq; *Deum* resonantibus *Hymnis*;  
 Exercent lætam stadio *septem-plate* vocem.  
 Talis erat quondam, tam celso *Musa* volatu.  
 Sprevit humum, *generis* memor, atq; *superba* decente



Carmen erat *Deus* hunc *Mundum* quâ voce loquens  
tus;

Namq; prius tenebræ diffundebantur inanes,  
Imensumq; *Nihil Vacuiq;* informis hiatus.  
Plenus ubiq; sui, propria ipse *Palatia* sedit  
Omnipotens, sese contentus & omnia solus.  
Ille autem totus *Bonitas*, *Sapientia* totus,  
Fons *Amor*, voluit gratis producere cuncta;  
Cuncta *Voluntati*, nondum producta gerebant  
*Artifici* morem, & latè capita alta ferebant.  
Antè alia imperio citùs sese extulit ingens  
Immense, indigestum *Aliquid*; sine lumine formæ;  
& sine honore jacens; (*Monogramma Exordia* munda  
di!)

*Festinasse* illud scires, dum sancta capescit  
Iussa libens; rebûsq;, aliis præcurrere gaudet.  
Hoc tamen in gremio, & nil promittente recessu;  
Ditia cunctarum glomerantur semina rerum.  
Iuiccat hinc subito lucenti vortice *Flamma*,  
Ascenditq; *Polum*, & multo sese implicat orbe;  
Olli se jungit comitem & vestigia tentat  
Iussus circum *Aer*; *Tellus* onerosa gravisq;  
Ad *Mundi* medium nativo pondere se dat  
Aersa mari; sed mox densæ penetralia terræ  
Iasta aperit *Pater*, & magnum descendere *Pontum*  
Voce iubet, penitusq; cavis habitare latebris.  
At timidi contra non audent hiscere fluctus,  
Nq; uterum terræ sine murmure delabuntur.  
Convexa accendit cœli meliore metallo,  
Iamq; nova arcano prorumpit gloria fonte,  
Iaque implet *Sciem* exundans, hic flumine vivo  
Lucis inexhaustæ mundum se spargit in omnem  
Magnum, quo facta est, *Numen* studiosa referre.  
Inde rudem *Lunæ* massam, simplèxque polivit  
Voce opus, & radios aurato *pelline* compfit.  
Iurge, ait, & incertæ regnum vigil accipe noctis;  
Iurrexit, traxitq; sacræ vagæ *Syrinata* lucis.  
Attollunt famulas hinc atque hinc *sidera* tædas,  
Et pulchram cingunt *Dominam*, & comitantur eundem.

Turget humus foecunda, & pubescentibus herbis,  
 Miratur risumq; suum, insolitòsq; colores.  
 Jámq; iter aerium radunt impunè volantes,  
 Exultántque alacres passim formidine nullâ,  
 Nondum *luxuries* illis *humana* minata est,  
 Nondum læthalis modulamina rupit arundo.  
 Tum magnum tenui cecinerunt gutture *Numen*  
 Securæ fraudum; *Numen* námque omnia laudant;  
 Fluctivagi *Pisces*, *mutum genus*; illius ipsi  
 Munus erant, *Montesq;* maris, volventia *Cete*,  
 Quiq; suas parvo superant vix corpore arenas.  
 Inde feræ immissæ silvis, cœlestia jussa;  
 Quidnam ultrà potuit; *Cæli Terræq;* *catenam*;  
 Ipsum *Hominem* potuit; quo miscuit omnia in uno  
 Admirandum opus, & *compendia ditia Mundi*.  
 Tum verò magni *monitrix clementia* Patris  
 Carmen erat, *raraq;* *iræ*, fulménq; *coactum*;  
 Impia cum *sacras* damnassent crimina terras,  
 Unda ruens victrix magno sonitúq; ruinâq;  
 Omnia vassa dedit; frondentia tecta volucrum  
 Implicuère hilares frustra, *nova retia*, pisces.  
*Naufragium* passa est *Natura*; os *Phæbus* ab alto  
 Extulit, & solos percussit lumine fluctus.  
 Non tamen hæc homines memori sub pectore ce-  
 dunt

Insani, fervétq; iterùm furiosa libido;  
 Cum subitò ardescunt nubes, incendia cælo  
 Terra micant, totúsq; *in pœnam* excandet *Olympu*  
 Mox *Sodomas* tabescentes, liquefactâq; tecta  
 Corripuit rapidus flammanti sulphure nimbus,  
 Senserunt *vivi* membris crepitantibus ignem  
 Qui nunc æternùm miseros post funera torret.  
 Longè alia implicuit pestis *Pharaona* superbum;  
 Cum fluctus *conjurati*, & *commilito* ventus  
 Auxilium *Abramidis* tulerant; pecus omne pr-  
 fundi

Miratur, *Regiúm*q; sedent in curribus aureis.  
*Regum* corporibus satiati; in gurgite toto  
 Apparent semesartus, natat unda cruore,  
 Nec *Mare* jam *vano* censerur nomine *Rabram*.

Plurimus ipse etiam in carmen veniebat *Abramus*,  
 Cujus iter genti mansurum in sæcula nomen  
*Hebræa* dedit, & *Moses*, *Nunniq;* propago  
 Bellipotens; quantosque illi fregere Tyrannos,  
*Sibonem*, membrisq; superbum ingentibus *Oggum*,  
*Zipporidemq;* *Hobamumq;* trucem fortēq; *Debirum*,  
 Quos dextrā *Isacidum* divina potentia stravit.

Sic fragilis vitæ fugientia tempora prendunt,  
 Pacatisq; animis cælum labuntur in ipsum.  
 Non illos aurum perstringit fulgure sacro  
 Dulce malum, ignotum sæclis quibus *Aurea Nomen*,  
 Cujus nunc ergo sudore ad tartara multo  
 Heu non à miseris tantum effossoribus itur.

Quantum ô stultorum turbam superabat avaram  
 Dives opum contemptus, & ingens copia mentis!  
 Non illos *Bombyx* pretioso sedulus ornat  
 Funere, nec Tyrio deformant corpora fuce,  
*Gloria*, nunc animis æternōq; empta dolore,  
 Aura illic visa est levis, & sine pondere nomen.  
 Accipit ingenuum fessos durumq; cubile.

Quodq; benè extremi jubeat meminisse *sepulchri*:  
 In medium facilis per silvam quæritur esca,  
 Nec populant fluvios crudeli, aut aëra ventre,  
 Nec crudo hesternas accusant pectore cœnas.

Conturbat nunquam tali *Natura* paratu,  
 Hæc bona mundities animi est: *rubigine* nullâ  
 Inficitur vitii, nitidum sic sordibus ævum  
 Deterget miseris, purōq; incedit amictu.  
 Hinc Deus intrat agens sacro præcordia motu;  
 Nec propriam cœli præsentior incolit ædem.  
 Hinc alacres justo funguntur munere *Sensus*,  
 Nec titubant, revocantve gradum, *Ratione* magi-  
 strâ.

Hinc simulacra animo depingit mystica *Somnus*  
 Molliter in victos simul ac defluxit ocellos.  
 Transilit admissis præsentia *Tempora* saltu,  
*Etatūq;* inter silvas, & amœna vireta  
 Ambulat, atq; annos jam nunc exire parantes,  
*Frangiq;* mordentes cernit: micat undiq; fati  
 Ordo ingens, valvæq; patent, longiq; recessus.

O fortunatos nimium, & bona qui sua norunt!  
 O quàm præcelso despectant culmine mundum!  
 Et nubes rerum, & jactatum turbine *Saulum*!

Hæc domus hospitio *Jessiden* læta recepit  
 Solantem curas, & densa pericula cantu,  
 At manus hùc juvènum (quò non penetraverit *ira*  
*Invidiaq*; oculus!) *Regisq*; *suoq*; furore  
*Sæva* venit; votis *dæmnati* immanibus omnes.  
 Segnis erat qui non pestem *juraverat* amens  
*Jessida*, membrumq; aliquod *promiserat* ensi.  
 Sic *absens* totum partita est *Ira* cadaver.

Jamq; adsunt, subitòq; afflantur corda sereno,  
 Ignotum insinuat sepe per pectora cælum.  
 Lascivit paulatim horror, vultusq; recedit  
 Fulgur atrox; & jam pacato sidere vernat.  
 Venarum casto gaudentes flumine rivi,  
 Lenè micant; signat divinus tempora candor.  
 Mira *dies* frontis, sacro quæ fusa pudore  
*Prima* rubet; ponit belli cæd. sq; cupido,  
 Dum Numen pacis celebrant, & carmina fundunt  
*Pacis* opus; bis jamq; alios, bis lusus eisdem  
 Miserat exemplis, ipsum jam plena *Tyrannum*  
 Ire lubet rabies læsamq; ulciscier iram.

Cum melior subitò furor implet mentem animùm  
 Pérq; omnes sensus, perq; intima pertinet ossa.  
 Tum chlamydem illusam gemmis, auróq; rigent  
 Exuit, & capitis deponit nobile pondus.  
 Ah puduit regni decus atq; insignia ferre  
 Turpe jugum vitii, & servilia jura ferentem;  
 Tum primùm *Rex Saulus* erat; *lux una* beatæ  
 Instar habet *vita*, & longum præponderat ævum.  
 Miratur populus, dictumq; emanat ubiq;  
 Ipsum etiam vatum turbæ se adjungere *Saulum*.

*Balmus* sic *Beorides* *Moabitida* venit,  
 Ut *benedictam* ageret diris & carmine gentem;  
 Et pretio infœlix *fatalia* venderet ora,  
 Sic secum; at didicit tandèm (mirabile dictu)  
 Ipso *Asino* sapere, ac *fari* meliora *magistro*.  
 O magnum *Isacidum* decus! ò pulcherrima castra  
 O arma ingentes olim paritura triumphos!

Non sic herbarum vario subridet amictu ,  
 Planities pictæ vallis , montisve supini  
 Olivus , perpetuis *cedrorum* versibus altus.  
 Non sic æstivo quondam nitet *hortus* in anno ;  
 Rondésq ; fructúsq ; ferens , formosa secundum  
 lumina , mollis ubi viridísq ; supernatat umbra.  
 Quid video ? *mortem Isacidum* super arma sedentem !  
 Æta sepet , prædámq : expectat avara futuram ,  
 lures *Isacida* gladios , plura arma parate ;  
 Sicut hæc crebro *Victoria* conteret usu.  
 Cum *Lio* se attollit *Iudæ* , torvumq ; tuetur ,  
 omnia diffugient pressis animalia longè  
 turibus ; & medio si fortè recumbit in antro ;  
 urmura tum ponent silvæ , metuendáq ; *Tigris*  
 ætereus ipso vel *dormitante* tremiscet.  
 Æta mala , quis *Iudæ* vel prospera fata precatur ;  
 omnia in ipsius caput ingeminata ferentur.

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F I N I S.

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*Verses written on several occasions.*

**CHRISTS PASSION,**

*Taken out of a Greek Ode, written by Mr.  
Masters of New Colledge in Oxford.*

1.

**E**Nough, my Muse, of Earthly things;  
And inspirations but of wind,  
Take up thy Lute, and to it bind  
Loud and everlasting strings;  
And on'em play, and to'em sing,  
The happy mournful stories,  
The Lamentable glories,  
Of the great Crucified King.

Mountainous heap of wonders! which do'st rise  
Till Earth thou joynest with the Skies!

Too large at bottom, and at top too high,  
To be half seen by mortal eye.

How shall I grasp this boundness thing?

What shall I play? what shall I sing?

I'll sing the Mighty riddle of mysterious love,  
Which neither wretched men below, nor blessed  
Spirits above

With all their Comments can explain;

How all the whole Worlds Life to die did not di-  
dain.

2.

I'll sing the Searchless depths of the Compassion D-  
vine,

The depths unfathom'd yet

By reasons plummet, and the line of Wit,

Too light the Plummer, and too short the line;

How the Eternal Father did bestow

His own Eternal Son as ransom for his Foe,

I'll sing aloud, that all the World may hear,

The Triumph of the buried Conquerer.

How Hell was by its Pris'ner captive led,

And the great slayer Death slain by the Dead.

3. M

3.

Methinks I hear of murdered men the voice,

Mixt with the Murderers confuted noise,  
Sound from the top of *Calvarie*;

My greedy eyes fly up the Hill, and see  
Who 'tis hangs there the midmost of the  
three;

Oh how unlike the others he!

Look how he bends his gentle head with blessings  
from the Tree;

His gracious Hands n'er stretcht but to do good,  
Are nail'd to the infamous wood:

And sinful Man do's fondly bind  
his arms, which he extends t' embrace all humane  
kind.

4.

Unhappy Man, canst thou stand by, and see

All this as patient, as he?

Since he thy Sins do's bear,

Make thou his sufferings thine own;

And weep, and sigh, and groan,

And beat thy Breast, and tear,

Thy Carments, and thy Hair,

And let thy grief, and let thy love

Through all thy bleeding bowels move.

Dost thou not see thy Prince in purple clad all  
o're,

Not purple brought from the *Sidonian* shore,

But made at home with richer gore?

Dost thou not see the Roses, which adorn

The thorny Garland, by him worn?

Dost thou not see the livid traces

Of the sharp scourges rude embraces?

If yet thou feelest not the smart

Of Thorns and Scourges in thy heart,

If that be yet not crucifi'd,

Look on his Hands, look on his Feet, look on his  
Side.

5. Open;

2 *Verses written on several occasions*

5.  
Open, Oh! open wide the Fountains of thine eye,  
And let'em call  
Their stock of moisture forth, where e're it lie,  
For this will ask it all.  
'T would all (alas) to little be,  
Though thy salt tears came from a Sea:  
Canst thou deny him this, when he  
Has open'd all his vital Springs for thee?  
Take heed; for by his sides misterious flood  
May well be understood,  
That he will still require some waters to his blood

---

*An Orinda's Poëms.*

O D E.

**W**E allowd' You Beauty, and we did submit  
To all the Tyrannies of it;  
Ah! Cruel Sex, will you depose us too in Wit?  
*Orinda* does in that too reign,  
Does Man behind her in Proud Triumph draw,  
And Cancel great *Apollo's* Salick Law.  
We our old Title plead in vain,  
Man may be Head, but Woman's now the Brain.  
Verse was Loves Fire-arms heretofore,  
In Beauties Camp it was not known,  
Too many Arms besides that Conquerour bore:  
'T was the great Canon we brought down  
T'assault a stubborn Town;  
*Orinda* first did a bold sally make,  
Our strongest Quarter take,  
And so successful prov'd, that she  
Turn'd upon Love himself his own Artillery!

2.

Women as if the Body were their Whole;  
Did that, and not the Soul  
Transmit to their Posterity;



If in it ſometime they conceiv'd,  
 Th'abortive Iſſue never liv'd,  
 were ſhame and pity' *Orinda*, if in thee  
 ſpirit ſo rich, ſo noble, and ſo high  
 Should unmanur'd, or barren lye.  
 t thou induſtriouſly haſt ſow'd and till'd  
 The fair, and fruitful field;  
 d't is a ſtrange increaſe, that it does yield.  
 An when the happy Gods above  
 Meet altogether at a feaſt,  
 A ſecret Joy unſpeakably does move,  
 their great Mother *Cybele's* contented breaſt!  
 With no leſs pleaſure thou methinks ſhouldſt  
 ſee,

This thy no leſs immortal Progenie.  
 And in their Birth thou no one touch doſt find,  
 Of th'ancient curſe to Woman kind,  
 Thou bringſt not forth with pain,  
 either Travel is, nor labour of the brain,  
 So eaſily they from thee come,  
 And there is ſo much room  
 n rh'unexhauſted and unfathom'd Womb,  
 That like the *Holland* Counteſs thou mayſt bear  
 child for every day of all the fertill year.

3.

Thou doſt my wonder, would my envy raiſe  
 o be praiſ'd I lov'd more than to praiſe,  
 Where e're I ſee an excellence,  
 uſt admire to ſee thy will knit ſenſe,  
 y numbers gentle, and thy Fancies high,  
 oſe as thy forehead ſmooth, theſe ſparkling as thi-  
 ne eye,

'T is ſolid, and 't is manly all,  
 Or rather 't is Angelical.  
 For as in Angels, we  
 Do in thy Verſes ſee  
 Both improv'd Sexes eminently meet;  
 y are than Man more ſtrong, and more than Wo-  
 man ſweet.

4.

They talk of *Nine*, I know not who,  
 Female *Chimera's* that o're Poets reign,  
     I ne'er could find that fancy true;  
 But have invok'd them oft t'm sure in vain:  
 They talk of *Sappho*, but alas, the shame!  
 Ill manners soil the lustre of her Fame  
*Orinda's* inward virtue is so bright,  
 That like a Lanthorn's fair inclosed Light,  
 It through the Paper shines where she do's write:  
 Honour and Friendship, and the generous scorn  
     Of things for which we were not born,  
 (Things that can only by a fond Disease,  
 Like that of Girles, out vicious Stomachs please)  
 Are the instructive Subjects of her pen,  
     And as the *Roman* Victory  
 Taught out rude Land, Arts, and Civility.  
 At once she overcomes, enslaves, and betters Me

5.

But *Rome* with all her Arts could n'er inspire,  
     A Female Breast with such a fire.  
     The warlike *Amazonian* train,  
 Who in *Elysium* now do peaceful reign,  
 And wits milde Empire before Arms prefer;  
 Hope 't will be settled in their sex by her.  
*Merlin* the Seer, (and sure he would not ly,  
     In such a sacred Company,  
     Does Prophecies of Learn'd *Orinda* show;  
     Which he had darkly spoke so long ago.  
     Ev'n *Boadicia's* angry Ghost  
 Forgets her own misfortune, and disgrace,  
     And to her injur'd Daughters now does boast;  
 That *Rome's* o'ecome at last, by a woman of  
     Race.

O D E.

*Upon occasion of a Copy of Verses of my  
Lord Broghills.*

E gon (said I) Ingrateful Muse, and see  
What others thou canst fool as well as me.  
Since I grew Man, and wiser ought to be,  
My business and my hopes I left for thee:  
Thee (which was more hardly given away)  
I left, even when a Boy, my Play.  
But say, Ingrateful Mistress, say,  
What for all this, what didst Thou ever pay?  
Thou'lt say, perhaps, that Riches are  
The fruit of the growth of Lands, where thou dost Trade,

I, as well my Country might upbraid  
Because I have no vineyard there.  
All: but in Love, thou dost pretend to Reign;  
There thine the power and Lordship is,  
Thou bad'st me write, and write and write again;  
'T was such a way as could not miss.  
I like a fool, did thee obey,  
I wrote, and wrote, but still I wrote in vain;  
After all my expense of Wit and Pain,  
My empty, unwriting Hand, carry'd the Price away.

2.

As I complain'd, and straight the Muse reply'd;  
That she had given me Fame.  
A name so very Immense! And that too must be try'd,  
When I my self am nothing but a name.  
Who now, what Reader does not strive  
To validate the gift whilst w'are alive?  
When a Poet now himself doth show,  
As if he were a common Foe,  
All draw upon him, all around,  
And every part of him they wound,  
To copy the Man that gives the deepest blow;

6 *Verses written on several occasions.*

And this is all, kind Muse, to thee we owe.

Then in a rage I took

And out at window threw

*Ovid* and *Horace*, all the chiming Crew,

*Homer* himself went with them too,

Hardly escap'd the sacred *Mantuan* Book:

I my own Off-spring, like *Agave* tore

And I resolv'd, nay and I think I swore,

That I no more the Ground would Till and Sow

Where only flowry Weeds instead of Corn

grow.

3.

When (see the subtil ways which Fate does find

Rebellious man to bind,

Just to the work for which he is assign'd)

The Muse came in more chearful than before,

And bad me quarrel with her now no more.

Loe thy reward! look here and see;

What I have made (said she)

My Lover, and belov'd, my *Brogil* do for thee:

Though thy own verse no lasting fame can give,

Thou shalt at least in his for ever live.

What Criticks, the great *Hectors* vow in Wit,

Who Rant and Challenge all men that have Wit

Will pare dare t'oppose thee when

*Brogil* inthy defence has drawn his conquering

I rose and bow'd my head,

And pardon askt for all that I had said,

Well satisfi'd and proud,

I straight resolv'd, and solemnly I vow'd,

That from her service now I ne'r would part

So strongly, large Rewards work on a gra

Heart.

4.

Nothing so soon the drooping Spirits can raise

As praises from the Men, whom all men praise.

'T is the best Cordial, and which only those

Who have at home th'Ingredients can compose:

A Cordial, that restores our fainting Breath,

And keeps up Life even after Death.

the only danger is, lest it should be  
To strong a remedie:  
It, in removing cold, it should beget  
To violent a heat;  
And into madness; turn the Lethargie.  
Ah! Gracious God! that I might see  
The time when it were dangerous for me  
To be o're heat with Praise!  
That I within me hear (alas) too great allayes:

5.

As is said, *Apelles* when he *Venus* drew,  
And naked Women for his pattern view,  
And with his powerful fancy did refine  
Their humane shapes into a form Divine;  
One who had set could her own Picture see,  
Or say, One part was drawn for me:  
And though this nobler Painter when he writ,  
Was pleas'd to think it fit,  
That my Book should before him sit,  
Not as a cause, but an occasion to his wit:  
What have I to boast; or to apply  
To my advantage out of it, since I,  
Instead of my own likeness, only find  
The bright *Idea* there, of the great Writers mind?

---

O D E.

*Dr. Cowley's Book presenting it self to the  
University Library of Oxford.*

**I** All Learnings *Pantheon*! Hail the sacred Ark  
Where all the World of science do's imbarque!  
Which ever shall withstand, and last so long with-  
stood.

Insatiate Times devouring Flood.  
Hail Tree of knowledge, thy leaves Fruit! which  
well  
Dost in the midst of Paradise arise,

8 *Verses written on several occasions*

*Oxford* the Muses Paradise,  
From which may never Sword the blest expell.  
Hail Bank of all past Ages! where they lye  
T<sup>r</sup>inrich with interest Posterity!  
Hail Wits Illustrious Galaxy!  
Where Thousand Lights into one brightness spre  
Hail living Univerfity of the Dead!

2.

Unconfus'd Babel of all tongues, which er'e  
The mighty Linguift Fame, or Time the mig  
Traveler,

That could speak, or this could hear.  
Majestick Monument and Pyramide,  
Where still the Shapes of parted Souls abide  
Emblam'd in verfe, exalted souls which now  
Enjoy those Arts they woo'd so well below,  
Which now all wonders plainly see,  
That have been, are, or are to be,  
In the mysterious Library,  
The Beatifick *Bodley* of the Deity.

3.

Will you into your Sacred throng admit  
The meanest British Wit?  
You Gen'ral Council of the Priests of Fame,  
Will you not murmur and disdain,  
That I place among you claim,  
The humbleft Deacon of her train?  
Will you allow me th'honourable chain?  
The chain of Ornament which here  
Your noble Prisoners proudly wear;  
A Chain which will more pleasant seem to me  
Than all my own Pindarick Liberty:  
Will ye to bind me with those mighty names subli  
Like an Apocrypha with holy Writ?  
What ever happy book is chained here,  
No other place or People need to fear;  
His Chain's a Passport to go ev'ry where.

4.

As when a feat in Heaven,  
Is to an unmalicious Sinner given,

Who casting round his wondring eye,  
Is none but Patriarchs and Apostles there espie;  
Martyrs who did their lines bestow,  
And Saints who Martyrs liv'd below;  
With trembling and amazement he begins,  
To recollect his frailties past and sins,  
He doubts almost his Station there,  
His soul says to it self, How came I here?  
I know no otherwise with me  
When I my self with conscious wonder see,  
To stand in this purifi'd elected Companie.  
With hardship they, and pain,  
Did to this happiness attain:  
My labour I, nor merits can pretend,  
I thank Predestination only was my friend.

5.

That my Author had been ty'd like me  
To such a place, and such a Companie!  
Instead of sev'ral Countries, sev'ral Men,  
And business which the Muses hate,  
I might have then improv'd that small Estate,  
Which nature sparingly did to him give,  
He might perhaps have thriven then,  
I settled, upon me his Child, somewhat to live.  
I had happier been for him, as well as me,  
For when all, (alas) is done;  
Your Books, I mean, Your Books, will prove to be  
The best and noblest conversation.  
For though some errors will get in,  
Like Tinctures of Original sin:  
Yet sure we from our Fathers wit  
Draw all the strength and Spirit of it:  
Leaving the grosser parts for conversation,  
The best blood of Man's employ'd in generation.

O D E.

*Sitting and Drinking in the Chair, made  
out of the Reliques of Sir Francis  
Drake's Ship.*

**C** Hear up my Mates, the wind does fairly blow,  
Clap on more sail and never spare;  
Farewell all Lands, for now we are  
In the wide Sea of Drink, and merrily we go  
Bless me, 't is hot! another bowl of wine,  
And we shall cut the burning Line:  
Hey Boyes! she scuds away, and by my head I know  
We round the world are sailing now.  
What dull men are those who tarry at home,  
When abroad thy might wantonly come,  
And gain such experience, and spy too  
Such Countries, and Wonders as I do?  
But pry thee good *Pilot* take heed what you do,  
And sail not to touch at *Peru*;  
With Gold; there the Vessel we'll store,  
And never, and never be poor,  
No never be poor any more.

2.

What do I mean? What thoughts do me misguide?

As well upon a staff may Witches ride  
Their fancy'd Journies in the Ayr,

As I sail round the Ocean in this Chair:

'Tis true; but yet this Chair which here you  
see,

For all its quiet now, and gravitie,

Has wandred, and has travailed more,

Than ever Beast, or Fish, or Bird, or ever Tree be  
fore.

In every Ayr, and every Sea't has been,

'Thas compass'd all the Earth, and all the Heaver  
't has seen.



*Verses vwritten on several occasions.* II

It not the Pope's it self with this compare,  
His is the only Universal Chair.

3.

The pious Wandrers Fleet, sav'd from the flame;  
Which still the Reliques did of *Troy* pursue,  
And took them for its due)

Squadron of immortal Nymphs became:  
All with their Arms they row about the Seas;  
And still make new and greater voyages;  
Nor has the first Poetick Ship of *Greece*,  
Though now a star she so Triumphant show;  
And guide her sailing Successors below,  
Light as her ancient freight the shining fleece;)   
Yet to this day a quiet harbour found,  
The tide of Heaven still carries her around.

Only *Drakes* Sacred vessel which before  
Had done, and had seen more,  
Than those have done or seen,  
E'en since thy Goddesses, and this a Star has been;  
A reward for all her labour past,  
Is made the seat of rest at last.

Let the case now quite alter'd be,  
And as thou went'st abroad the World to see;  
Let the World now come to see thee.

4.

The World will do't; for Curiosity  
Does no less than devotion, Pilgrims make;  
And I my self who now love quiet too,  
As much almost as any Chair can do,

Would yet a journey take,  
To hold wheel of that Chariot so see,

Which *Phaeton* so rashly brake:  
Yet what could that say more than these remains of  
*Drake*?

Great Relique! thou too, in this Port of ease,  
Hast still one way of Making Voyages;  
The breath of fame, like an auspicious Gale,  
(The great Trade-wind which ne're does fail,)  
Shall drive thee round the World, and thou shalt run,  
As long around it as the Sun.

12 *Verses vwritten on several occasions.*

The straights of time too narrow are for thee ,  
Lanch forth into an indiscovered Sea ,  
And steer the endless course of vast Eternitie ,  
Take far thy Sail this Verse , and for thy Pilot mee

*Upon the Death of the Earl of Balcarres.*

1.  
**T**Is folly all , that can be said  
By living Mortals of th'immortal dead,  
And I'm afraid they laugh at the vain tears we shed  
'Tis , as if we , who stay behind  
In Expectation of the wind  
Should pity those , who pass'd this strait before  
And touch the universal shore.  
Ah happy Man , who art to fail no more !  
And , if it seem ridiculous to grieve  
Because our Friends are newly come from Sea ,  
Though ne're so fair and calm it be ;  
VVhat would all sober men believe  
If they should hear us sighing say :  
*Balcarres* , who but th'other day  
Did all our Love and our respect command  
At whose great parts we all amaz'd did stand ,  
Is from a storm , alas ! cast suddenly on land ?

2.  
If you will say: Few persons upon Earth  
Did more than he , deserve to have  
A life exempt from fortune and the grave ;  
VVhether you look upon his Birth ,  
And Ancestors , whose fame's so widely spread ,  
But Ancestors alas , who long ago are dead !  
Or whither you consider more  
The vast increase , as sure you ought ,  
Of honour by his Labour bought ,  
And added to the former store.  
All I can answer , is , that I allow  
The privilege you plead for ; and avow  
That , as he well deserv'd , he doth enjoy it now.

3. Though

3.

Though God for great and righteous ends,  
VVhich his unerring Providence intends,  
Erroneous mankind should not understand,  
VVould not permit *Balcarras* hand,  
That once with so much industry and art  
Had clos'd the gaping wounds of ev'ry part;  
To perfect his distracted Nations Cure,  
Or stop the fatal bondage, 'twas t'endure;  
Yet for his pains he soon did him remove  
From all th'oppression and the woe  
Of his frail Bodies Native Soil below;  
To his Souls true and peaceful Count'ry above;  
O God, like Kings, for secret causes known  
Sometimes, but to themselves alone,  
One of their ablest Ministers elect,  
And send abroad to Treaties, which th'intend  
Shall never take effect.  
But, though the Treaty wants a happy end,  
The happy agent wants not the reward,  
For which he Labour'd faithfully and hard;  
His just and righteous Master calls him home,  
And gives him near himself some honourable  
room.

4.

Noble and great endeavours did he bring  
To save his Country and restore his King;  
And whilst the Manly half of him, which those,  
Who know not Love, to be the whole suppose,  
Perform'd all Parts of Virtues vigorous Life;  
The beauteous half his lovely V.Wife  
To all his Labors and his cares divide,  
Nor was a lame, nor paralytick side.  
In all the turnes of human state,  
And all th'unjust attacques of fate  
She bore her share and portion still;  
And would not suffer any to be ill:  
If fortunate for ever let me be,  
If I believe that such was he,  
VVhom, in the stormes of bad success,

14 Verses written on several occasions.

And all that error calls unhappiness,  
His virtue, and his virtuous Wife did still accomp  
ny.

5.

With these companions 't was not strange |  
That nothing could his temper change.  
His own and Countries union had not weigh  
Enough to crush his mighty mind.  
He saw around the Hurricans of State,  
Fixt as an Island 'gainst the waves and wind.  
Thus far the greedy Sea may reach,  
All outward things are but the breac  
Beach,

A great Mans Soul it doth assault in vain.  
Their God himself the Ocean doth restrain.  
With an imperceptible chain,  
And bid it to go back again:  
His Wisdom, Justice, and his Piety,  
His Courage both to suffer and to die,  
His Virtues and his Lady too  
Were things Celestial. And we see  
In spite of quarrelling Philosophie,  
How in this case 'tis certain found,  
That Heav'n stands still, and only Earth go  
round.

---

O D E.

Upon Dr. Harvey.

I.

Coy Nature, (which remain'd, though age  
grown,  
A Beauteous virgin still, injoy'd by none,  
Nor seen unveil'd by any one)  
When *Harveys* violent passion she did see,  
Began to tremble, and to flee,  
Took Sanctuary like *Daphne* in a tree:  
There *Daphnes* lover stop't, and thought it much  
The very Leaves of her to touch.

But *Harvey* our *Apollo*, stopt not so,  
 Into the Bark, and rood he after her did goe:  
 No smallest Fibres of a plant,  
 For which the eicbeams Point doth sharpness want;  
 His passage after her withstood.  
 What should she do? through all the moving wood  
 Of Lives indow'd with sense she took her flight,  
*Harvey* pursues, and keeps her still in sight.  
 But as thee Deer long-hunted takes a flood,  
 he leap't at last into the winding streams of blood;  
 Of mans *Meander* all the Purple reaches made,  
 Till at the heart she stay'd,  
 Where turning head, and at a Bay,  
 Thus, by well-purged ears, was she o're-heard to say)

2.

Here sure shall I be safe (said) she  
 I shall be able sure to see  
 This my retreat, but only He  
 Who made both it and me.  
 he heart of Man, what Art can e're reveal?  
 A wall impervious between  
 Divides the very Parts within,  
 and doth the Heart of man ev'n from its self conceal  
 She spoke, but e're she was aware,  
*Harvey* was with her there,  
 and held this slippery *Proteus* in a chain;  
 till all her mighty Mysteries she descry'd,  
 Which from his wit the attempt before to hide  
 Was the first Thing that Nature did in vain.

3.

He the young Practise of New life did see;  
 Whil't to conceal its toilsome Poverty,  
 for a living wrought, both hard, and privately  
 Before the Liver understood  
 The noble Scarlet Dye of Blood,  
 Before one drop was by it made,  
 or brought into it, to set up the Trade;  
 before the untaught Heart began to beat  
 he tuneful March to vital Heat,  
 from all the Souls that living Buildings rear;

Whether imply'd for Earth, or Sea, or Air,  
 Whether it in the Womb or Egg be wrought,  
 A strict account to him is hourly brought,  
 How the Great Fabrick does proceed,  
 What time and what materials it does need.  
 He so exactly does the work survey,  
 As if he hir'd the workers by the day.

4.

Thus *Harvey* sought for Truth in Truth's own Book  
 The Creatures, which by God himself was writ;  
 And wisely thought 't was fit,  
 Not to read Comments only upon it,  
 But on th'original it self to look.  
 Methinks in Arts great Circle others stand  
 Lock't up together, Hand in Hand,  
 Every one leads as he is led,  
 The same bare path they tread,  
 A Dance like Fairies a Fantastick round,  
 But neither change their motion, nor their ground:  
 Had *Harvey* to this Road confin'd his wit,  
 His noble Circle of the Blood, had been untrod  
 yet.

Great Doctor! Th'Art of Curing's cur'd by thee,  
 We now thy patient Physick see,  
 From all inveterate diseases free,  
 Purg'd of old errors by thy care,  
 New dieted, put forth to clearer air,  
 It now will strong and healthful prove,  
 It self before Lethargick lay, and could not move.

5.

These useful secrets to his Pen we owe,  
 And thousands more 'twas ready to bestow,  
 Of which a barb'rous Wars unlearned Rage  
 Has robb'd the ruin'd age;  
 O cruel loss! as if the Golden Fleece,  
 With so much cost, and labour bought,  
 And from a far by a great *Heroe* brought  
 Had sunk ev'n in the Ports of *Greece*.  
 O cursed Warr! who can forgive thee this?  
 Houses and Towns may rise again,

And ten times easier it is  
To rebuild *Pauls*, than any work of his.  
That mighty Task none but himself can do,  
Nay, scarce himself too now,  
For though his *V*ith the force of Age withstand,  
His Body alas! and Time it must command,  
And Nature now, so long by him surpass't,  
Will sure have her revenge on him at last.

---

O D E.

*Acme and Septimius out of Catullus.*

*Acmen Septimius suos amores  
Tenens in gremio, &c.*

**W**Hilst on *Septimius* panting Brest,  
(Meaning nothing less than Rest)  
*Acme* lean'd her loving head,  
Thus the pleas'd *Septimius* said.

My dearest *Acme*, if I be  
Once alive, and love not thee  
With a Passion far above  
All that e're was called Love,  
In a *Libyan* desert may  
I become some Lions prey,  
Let him, *Acme*, let him tear  
My Brest, when *Acme* is not there.

The God of Love who stood to hear him;  
(The God of Love was always near him)  
Pleas'd and tickl'd with the sound,  
Sneez'd aloud, and all around  
The little Loves waited by,  
Bow'd and blest the Augurie.  
*Acme* inflam'd with what he said,  
Rear'd her gently-bending head,  
And her purple-mouth with joy  
Stretching to the delicious Boy.

Twice (and twice could scarce suffice)  
She kist his drunken, rowling eyes.

My little Life, my All (said she)  
So may we ever servants be  
To this best God and ne'r retain  
Our hated Liberty again,  
So may thy passion last for me,  
As I a passion have for thee,  
Greater and fiercer much than can  
Be conceiv'd by Thee a Man,  
Into my Marrow is it gone  
Fixt and setled in the Bone,  
It reigns not only in my Heart,  
But runs, like Life, through ev'ry part.

She spoke ; the God of Love aloud,  
Sneez'd again, and all the crowd  
Of little Loves that waited by,  
Bow'd and blest the Augurie.

This good Omen thus from Heaven  
Like a happy signal given,  
Their Loves and Lives (all four) embrace,  
And hand in hand run all the race.  
To poor *Septimius* (who did now  
Nothing else but *Acme* grow)  
*Acme's* bosome was alone,  
The whole worlds Imperial Throne,  
And to faithful *Acme's* mind  
*Septimius* was all Human kind.

If the Gods would please to be  
Bud advis'd for once by me,  
I'de advise'em when they spie,  
Any illustrious Piety,  
To reward Her, if it be she ;  
To reward Him, if it be He ;  
With such a Husband, such a Wife,  
With *Acme's* and *Septimius's* Life.



O D E.

Upon His Majesties Restoration and Return.

Virgil. --- *Quod optanti Divam promittere nemo  
Auderet,volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro;*

I.

**N**OW Blessings on you all, ye peaceful Stars,  
Which meet at last so kindly, and dispence  
Your universal gentle Influence,  
To calm the stormy World, and still the rage of Wars;  
Nor whilst around the Continent,  
Plenipotentiary Beams ye sent,  
Did you *Pacifick Lights* did gain,  
In their large Treaty to contain  
The world apart, o're which do raign  
Your seven fair Brethren of Great *Charls his Wade*;  
No Star amongst ye all did, I believe,  
Such vigorous assistance give,  
As that which thirty years ago,  
At \* *Charls his Birth*, did, in despite  
Of the proud Sun's Meridian Light,  
His future *Glories*, and this Year foref how,  
No less effects than these we may  
Be assur'd of from that powerful Ray;  
Which could out-face the Sun, and overcome the Day.

\* The Star that appeared at Noon, the day of the King's  
Birth, just as the King His  
Father was riding to St. Pauls to give thanks to God for that  
Blessing.

2.

Auspicious Star again arise,  
And take thy Noon-tide station in the skies;  
Again all Heaven prodigiously adorn;  
For loe! thy *Charls* again is Born.  
He then was Born with and to pain:  
With, and to Joy he's Born again.  
And wisely for this second Birth,

20 Verses vwritten on several occasions.

By which thou certain wert to ble's  
The Land with full and flourishing *Happiness*  
Thou mad'st of that fair *Month* thy choice,  
In which *Heaven, Air, and Sea, and Earth,*  
And all that's in them all does smile, and does rejoice  
'Twas a right *Season*, and the very *Ground*  
Ought with a face of *Paradise*. to be found,  
Than when we were to entertain  
*Felicity and Innocence* again.

3.  
Shall we again (good Heaven! that *Blessed pair* be-  
hold,  
Which the abused *People* foundly sold  
For the bright *Fruit* of the *forbidden Tree*,  
By seeking all like *Gods* to be?  
Will *Peace* her *Halcyon Nest* venture to build  
Upon a *Shore* with *Shipwracks* fill'd?  
And trust that *Sea*, where she can hardly say,  
Sh'has known these twenty years one *calmy day*?  
Ah! mild and gaulless *Dove*,  
Which dost the *pure and candid Dwellings* love;  
Canst thou in *Albion* still delight?  
Still canst thou think it *white*?  
Will ever fair *Religion* appear  
In these deformed *Ruins*? will she clear  
Th' *Augaun Stables* of her *Churches* here?  
Will *Justice* hazard to be seen  
Where a *High Court* of *Justice* e're has been?  
Will not the *Tragique Scene*,  
And *Bradshaw's* bloody *Ghost* affright her there?  
Her who shall never fear?  
Then may *White-hall* for *Charles* his *Seat* be fit,  
If *Justice* shall endure at *Westminster* to sit.

4.  
Of all, methinks; we least should see  
The chearfull looks again of *Liberty*.  
That *Name* of *Cromwell*, which does freshly still  
The *Curses* of so many sufferers fill,  
Is still enough to make her stay,  
And jealous for a while remain.

lest as a *Tempest* carried him away,  
 some *Hurican* should bring him back again.

Or she might justlier be afraid  
 lest that great *Serpent*, which was all a *Tail*,  
 And in his poy's'nous folds whole *Nations Prisoners*  
 made).

Should a third time perhaps prevail  
 to joyn again, and with worse sting arise,  
 as it had done, when cut in pieces twice.

Return, return, ye *Sacred Four*,  
 and dread your peris'ht Enemies no more,  
 Your fears are causeless all, and vain  
 Whilst you return in *Charles* his train,  
 or *God* does *Him*, that *He* might *You* restore,  
 Nor shall the world him only call,  
*Defender of the Faith*, but of ye *All*.

5.

As long with you *Plenty* and *Riches* go  
 With a full Tide to every Port they flow,  
 With a warm fruitful *wind* o're all the Countrey  
 blow.

*Honour* does as ye march her *Trumpet* sound,  
 The *Arts* encompasses you around,  
 And against all *Allarms of Fear*,  
*Safety* it self brings up the *Rear*.

And in the head of this *Angelique band*,  
 how the *Goodly Prince* at last does stand  
 O *Righteous God!*) on his own *happy Land*.  
 'Tis *Happy* now, which could, with so much ease  
 recover from so desperate a *Disease*,

A various complicated *Ill*,  
 Whose every *Symptome* was enough to *kill*,  
 which one part of *Three Frenzey* possist,  
 And *Lithargy* the rest.

'Tis *Happy*, which no *Bleeding* does indure  
 A *Surfet* of such *Blood* to cure.

'Tis *Happy*, which beholds the *Flame*  
 which by hostile hands it ought, to burn,  
 Or that which if from *Heaven* it came  
 did but well deserve, all into *Bonsfire* turn.

## 6.

We fear'd and almost toucht the black degree  
 Of instant *Expectation*)  
 That the three dreadful *Angels* we  
 Of *Famine, Sword* and *Plague* should here establish  
 see

(*God's great Triumvirate of Desolation*)  
 To scourge and to destroy the sinful *Nation*.  
 Justly might *Heav'n Protectors* such as those,  
 And such *Committees* for their *Safety* impose,  
 Upon a *Land* which scarcely *Better chose*.

We fear'd that the *Fanatique war*  
 Which men against *God's houses* did declare;  
 Would from th' *Almighty Enemy* bring down  
 A sure destruction on our *Own*.

We read th' *Instructive Histories* which tell  
 Of all those endless mischiefs that befell,  
 The *Sacred Town* which *God* had lov'd so well,  
 After that *fatal Curse* had once been said,  
*His Blood be upon ours, and on our Childrens head.*  
 We knew, though there a *greater Blood* was spilt,  
 'Twas scarcely done with *greater Guilt*.  
 We know those miseries did befall  
 Whilst they rebell'd against that *Prince* whom all  
 The rest of *Mankind* did the *Love*, and *Joy*, of *Man-*  
*kind* call.

## 7.

Already was the *shaken Nation*  
 Into a wild and deform'd *Chaos* brought  
 And it was hasting on (we thought)  
 Even to the last of *Illis Annihilation*.  
 When in the midst of this confused *Night*,  
 Lo, the blest *Spirit* mov'd, and there was *Light*.  
 For in the glorious *General's* previous *Ray*,  
 We saw a new created *Day*.

We by it saw, though yet in *Mists* it shone,  
 The *beauteous Work* of *Order* moving on.  
 Where are the men who bragg'd that *God* did bless  
 And with the marks of good *success*  
*Signe* his allowance of their *wickedness*?

Vain men! who thought the Divine Power to find  
In the fierce *Thunder* and the violent *Wind* :

God came not till the storm was past,  
In the *still voice* of *Peace* he came at last.

The cruel business of *Destruction*,  
May by the *Claws* of the great *Fiend* be done.  
Here, here we see th' *Almighty's* hand indeed,  
Both by the *Beauty* of the *Work*, we see't, and by  
the *Speed*.

8.

He who had seen the noble *British Heir*,  
Even in that ill disadvantageous *Light*,  
With which misfortunes strives t'abuse our sight,  
He who had seen him in his *Cloud* so bright :

He who had seen the double *Pair*  
Of *Brothers* heavenly good, and *Sisters* heavenly fair,  
Might have perceiv'd (me thinks) with ease,

But *wicked men* see only what they please)  
That God had no intent t'extinguish quite

The *pious King's* eclipsed *Right*.

He who had seen how by the power Divine

All the young *Branches* of this Royal Line

Did in their *fire* without *consuming* shine,

Now through a *rough Red sea* they had been led;

By *Wonders* guarded, and by *Wonders* fed.

Now many-years of trouble and distress

They'd wandred in their fatal *Wilderness*,

And yet did never *murmure* or *repine*;

Might (me-thinks) plainly understand,

That after all these conquer'd *Trials* past,

Th' *Almighty Mercy* would at last

Conduct them with a strong un-erring hand

To their own *promis'd Land*.

For all the glories of the *Earth*

Ought to be *entail'd* by right of *Birth*

And all *Heavens blessings* to come down

Upon his *Race*, to whom alone was given

The double *Royalty* of *Earth* and *Heaven*,

Who crown'd the *Kingly* with the *Martyrs Crown*.

24 *Verses vwritten on several occasions,*

9.

The *Martyr's blood* was said of old to be  
 The *seed* from whence the *Church* did grow.  
 The *Royal Blood* which dying *Charles* did sow  
 Becomes no less the *seed* of *Royalty*.  
 'T was in *dishonour* sown,  
 VVe find it now in *glory* grown,  
 The *grave* could but the *dross* of it devour ;  
 'T was sown in *weakness*, and 'tis rais'd in *power*.  
 VVe now the *Question* well decided see,  
 VVhich *Eastern Wits* did once contest  
 At the *Great Monarch's Feast*  
*Of all on earth what things the strongest be* :  
 And some for *Women*, some for *Wine* did plead ;  
 That is, for *Folly* and for *Rage*,  
 Two things which we have known indeed  
 Strong in this latter *Age*.  
 But as 'tis prov'd by *Heaven* at length,  
 The *King* and *Truth* have greatest *strength*,  
 VVhen they their sacred force unite,  
 And twine into one *Right*,  
 No frantick *Common-wealths* or *Tyrannies*,  
 No *Cheats*, and *Perjuries*, and *Lies*,  
 No *Nets* of humane *Policies* ;  
 No stores of *Arms* or *Gold* (though you could joyn  
 Those of *Peru* to the great *London Mine*)  
 No *Towns*, no *Fleets* by *Sea*, or *Troops* by *Land*,  
 No deeply entrencht *Islands* can withstand,  
 Or any small resistance bring  
 Against the *naked Truth*, and the *unarmed King*.

10.

The *foolish Lights* which *Travellers* beguile,  
 End the same night when they begin ;  
 No *Art* so far can upon *Nature* win  
 As e're to put out *Stars*, or long keep *Meteors* in.  
 VVhere's now that *Ignis Fatuus* which e're while  
 Mis-lead our *wandering Isle* ?  
 VVher's the *Impostor Cromwel* gon ?  
 VVhere's now that *Falling-star* his *Son* ?  
 VVhere's the *large Comet* now whose raging flame

So fatal to our *Monarchy* became?  
 Which o're our heads in such proud horror stood,  
 Infatiate with our *Ruine* and our *Blood*?  
 The fiery *Tail* did to vast length extend;  
 And twice for want of *Fuel* did expire,  
 And twice renew'd the dismal *Fire*;  
 Though long the *Tayl* we saw at last its end.  
 The flames of one triumphant day,  
 Which like an *Anti-Comet* here  
 Did fatally to that appear,  
 For ever frightened it away;  
 Then did th'allotted hour of *dawning Right*  
 First strike our ravish'd sight  
 Which *Malice* or which *Art* no more could stay,  
 Than *Witches Charms* can a retardment bring  
 To the *Resuscitation* of the *Day*,  
 Or *Resurrection* of the *Spring*.  
 We welcome both, and with improv'd delight  
 Bless the *preceding Winter* and the *Night*.

11.

Man ought his *future Happiness* to fear,  
 If he be always *Happy here*  
 He wants the *bleeding Mark* of *Grace*,  
 The *Circumcision* of the *chosen race*.  
 If no one part of him supplies  
 The duty of a *Sacrifice*,  
 He is (we doubt) reserv'd *intire*  
 As a whole *Victime* for the *Fire*.  
 Besides' even in this *World* below,  
 To those who never did ill *Fortune* know,  
 The good does *nauseous* or *insipid* grow  
 Consider man's *whole Life*, and you'll confess,  
 The sharp *Ingredient* of some *bad success*  
 Is that which gives the *taste* to all his *Happiness*,  
 But the true *Method* of *Felicity*,  
 Is when the worst  
 Of humane *Life* is plac'd the first,  
 And when the *Childs Correction* proves to be  
 The cause of *perfecting* the *Man*  
 Let our *Weak Dayes* lead up the *Van*,

26 Verses written on several occasions.

Let the brave *second* and *Triarian Band*,  
Firm against all impression stand;  
The first we may *defeated* see;  
The *Virtue* and the *Force* of these, are sure of *Victo*

12.

Such are the *years* (*great Charles*) which now we see  
Begin their *glorious March* with Thee:  
Long may their *March to Heaven*, and still *Triumphant* be

Now thou art gotten once before,  
*Ill-Fortune* never shall o're-take the more.  
To see't again, and pleasure in it find,  
Cast a disdainful look behind,  
Things which offend, when present, and affright,  
In *Memory*, well painted, move delight.

Enjoy then all thy *afflictions* now;  
Thy *Royal Father's* came at last:  
Thy *Martyrdom's* already past.

And *different Crowns* to both ye owe  
No gold did e're the *Kingly Temples* bind,  
Than thine more try'd and more refin'd.  
As a choise *Medal* for *Heaven's Treasury*  
God did stamp first upon one side of Thee  
The *Imarge* of his *suffering Humanity*;  
On th'other side, turn'd now to sight, does shine  
The *glorious Image* of his *Power Divine*.

13.

So when the wisest *Poets* seek  
In all their liveliest colours to set forth  
A *Picture* of *Heroick* worth,  
(The *Pious Trojan*, or the *Prudent Greek*)  
They chuse some comely *Prince* of *heavenly Birth*:  
(No proud *Gigantick* son of *Earth*,  
Who strives t'usurp the *god's forbidlen seat*)  
They feed him not with *Nectar*, and the *Meat*  
That cannot without *Foy* be eat.  
But in the *cold* of *want*, and *storms* of *adverse chance*  
They harden his young *Virtue* by degrees;  
The *beauteous Drop* first into *Ice* does freeze,  
And into *solid Christal* next advance.



is murdered friends and kindred he does see,  
 And from his flaming Country flee.  
 Much is he tost at Sea, and much at Land,  
 Does long the force of angry Gods withstand.  
 He does long troubles and long wars sustain,  
 E're he his fatal Birth right gain  
 With no less time or labour can  
 Destiny build up such a Man,  
 Who's with sufficient virtue fill'd  
 His ruin'd Country to rebuild.

14.

Nor without cause are Arms from Heaven,  
 To such a Hero by the Poets given.  
 No human Metal is of force to oppose  
 So many and so violent blows.  
 Such was the *Helmet, Breast-plate, Shield,*  
 Which *Charles* in all Attacks did wield:  
 And all the Weapons Malice e're could try,  
 And all the several makes of wicked Policy,  
 Against this Armour struck, but at the stroke,  
 Like Swords of Ice, in thousand pieces broke.  
 No Angels and their Brethren Spirits above,  
 No how on Earth can sure so pleasant prove,  
 As when they great misfortunes see  
 With Courage born and Decency.  
 Were they born when *Worc'ster's* dismal Day  
 And all the terrors of black Fate display  
 Were they born when no Disguises cloud  
 His inward Royalty could shroud,  
 And one of th' Angels whom just God did send  
 To guard him in his noble flight;  
 Troop of Angels did him then attend  
 Sur'd me in a Vision th' other night,  
 At *He* (and who could better judge than *He*?)  
 Did then more Greatness in him see;  
 More Lustre and more Majesty,  
 Than all his Coronation Pomp can shew to Human  
 Eye.

15.

and his Royal Brothers when I saw

New marks of *honour* and of *glory*,  
 From their *affronts* and *sufferings* draw,  
 And look like *Heavenly Saints* even in their *Purgatory*  
 Me-thoughts I saw the *three Judæan Youths*,  
 (Three *unhurt Martyrs* for the *Noblest Truths*)

In the *Chaldæan Furnace* walk;  
 How chearfully and unconcern'd they talk!  
 No *hair* is findg'd, no smallest *beauty* blusted;  
 Like *painted Lamps* they shine *unwasted*.  
 The greedy *fire* it self dares not be fed  
 VVith the blest *Oyl* of an *Anointed Head*.

The *honourable Flame*  
 (VVhich rather *Light* we ought to name)  
 Does, like a *Clory* compass them around,  
 And their *whole Body's* crown'd.  
 VVhat are those *Two Bright Creatures* which we see  
 VValk with the *Royal Three*  
 In the same *Ordeal fire*,  
 And *mutual joyes* inspire?  
 Sure they the *beauteous Sisters* are,  
 VVho whilst they seek to bear their *Share*  
 VVill suffer no *affliction* to be there.  
 Less favour to those *Three* of old was shown,  
 To solace with their company,  
 The *fiery Trials* of *Adversity*;  
*Two Angels* joyn with these, the others had but *One*.

16.

*Come forth, Come forth*, ye men of *God* *belov'd*  
 And let the *power* now of that *flame*,  
 VVhich against you so *impotent* became,  
 On all your *Enemies* be proved.  
 Come, mighty *Charls, desire of Nations*, come;  
 Come, you *triumphant Exile*, home.  
 He's come, he's safe at shore; I hear the noise  
 Of a whole *Land* which does at once *rejoyce*,  
 I hear th'*united People's* *sacred voice*.

The *Sea* which circles us around,  
 Ne're sent to *Land* so loud a *sount*;  
 The mighty *shout* sends to the *Sea* a *Gale*,  
 And swells up every *sail*;

*Verses vwritten on several occasions.* 29.

he *Bells* and *Guns* are scarcely heard at all ;  
he *Artificial Ioy's* drown'd by the *Natural*.  
l *England* but one *Bonfire* seems to be ,  
ne *Aetna* shooting *flames* into the *Sea*.  
he *Starry Worlds* which shine to us afar ,  
Take *ours* at this time for a *Star*.  
With *Wine* all *rooms* , with *Wine* the *Conduits* flow  
nd *We* , the *Priests* of a *Poetick* rage ,  
Wonder that in this *Golden Age* ,  
The *Rivers* too should not do so.  
ere is no *Stoick* sure who would not now ,  
Even some *Excess* allow ;  
nd grant that one *wild fit* of *cheerful folly* !  
ould end our *twenty years* of *dismal Melancholy*.

17.

here's now the *Royal Mother* , where ,  
To take her mighty *share*  
In this so ravishing sight ,  
d with the *part* she takes to *add* to the *Delight* ?  
Ah ! Why art *Thou* not here ,  
ou always *Best* , and now the *Happiest Queen* ,  
see our *Ioy* , and with new *Ioy* be seen ?  
d has a *bright Example* made of *Thee* ,  
To shew that *Woman-kind* may be  
ove that *Sex* , which her *superiour* seems ;  
wisely managing the wide *Extreams*  
great *Affliction* , great *Felicity*.  
ow well those different *Virtues* *Thee* become ;  
ughter of *Triumphs* , *Wife* of *Martyrdom* !  
e *Princely Mind* with so much *Courage* bore  
*Distinction* , that it dares return no more ;  
th so much *Goodness* us'd *Felicity*.  
at it cannot refrain from coming back to *Thee* ;  
is come , and seen to day in all its *Bravery*.

18.

no's that *Heroick Person* leads it on ;  
And gives it like a glorious *Bride*  
(Richly adorn'd with *Nuptial Pride*)

Into the hands now of thy Son?  
 'Tis the good *General*, the *Man of Praise*,  
 Whom *God* at last in gracious pitty  
 Did to th'enthrall'd Nation raise,  
 Their great *Zerubbabel* to be,  
 To loose the *Bonds* of long *Captivity*,  
 And to rebuild their *Temple* and their *City*.  
 For ever blest May *He* and *His* remain,  
 Who, with a vast, though less-appearing gain  
 Prefer'd the *solid Great* above the *Vain*,  
 And to the world this *Princely Truth* has shown,  
 That more 'tisto *Restore*, than to *Usurp a Crown*.  
 Thou worthiest Person of the *Brittish Story*,  
 (Though 't is not *small* the *Brittish glory*)  
 Did I not know my *humble Verse* must be  
 But ill-proportion'd to the *Height* of *Thee*,  
 Thou, and the *World* should see,  
 How much my *Muse* the *Foe* of *Flattery*,  
 Do's make *true Praise* her *Labour* and *Design*;  
 An *Iliad* or an *Aeneid* should be *Thine*.

19.

And ill should VVe deserve this happy day,  
 If no acknowledgments we pay  
 To you *great Patriots*, of the *Two*  
 Most *truly Other Houses* now,  
 Who have redeem'd from *hatred* and from *shame*  
 A *Parliaments* once *venerable name*;  
 And now the *Title* of a *House* restore,  
 To that, which was but *slaughter-house* before.  
 If my advice, ye *Worthies*, might be ta'ne,  
 Within those reverend places,  
 Which now your *living presence* graces,  
 Your *Marble-Statues* alwayes should remain,  
 To keep alive your *useful Memory*,  
 And to your *Successors* th' *Example* be  
 Of *Truth*, *Religion*, *Reason*, *Loyalty*.  
 For though a firmly settled *Peace*  
 May shortly make your publick labours cease,  
 The grateful *Nation* will with joy consent,  
 That in *this sense* you should be said,

(Thou

(Though yet the Name sounds with some dread)  
To be the Long, the *Endless Parliament.*

---

*On the Queens Repairing Somerset House.*

When God (the Cause to Me and Men unknown)  
Forsook the Royal Houses, and his own,  
And both abandon'd to the Common Foe;  
How near to ruine did my Glories go?  
Nothing remain'd t' adorn this Princely place  
Which Covetous hands could Take, or Rude Deface!  
In all my rooms and galleries I found  
The richest Figures torn, and all around  
Dismembred Statues of great Heroes lay;  
Such *Naseby's* Field seem'd on the fatal Day:  
And Me, when nought for Robbery was left,  
They starv'd to death; the gasping walls were cleft;  
The Pillars sunk, the Roofs above me wept,  
No sign of Spring, or Joy, my Garden kept,  
Nothing was seen which could content the Eye,  
Till Dead the impious Tyrant Here did lye.

See how my face is chang'd, and what I am  
Since my true Mistress, and now Foundress, came;  
It does not fill her Bounty to restore  
Me as I was (nor was I small) before.  
She imitates the Kindness to Her shown;  
She does, like Heaven (which the dejected Throne  
At once restores, fixes, and higher rears.)  
Strengthen, Enlarge, Exalt what she Repairs.  
And now I dare (though proud I must not be,  
VWhil'st my great Mistress I so Humble see  
In all her various Glories) now I dare  
Ev'n with the proudest Palaces compare,  
My Beauty, and Convenience, will (I'm sure)  
So just a boast with Modesty endure.  
And all must to me yield, when I shall tell.  
How I am plac'd, and VWho does in me dwell.

Before my Gate a Street's broad Channel goes,  
VWhich still with VVaves of crowding people flows,

And every day there passes by my side,  
 Up to its Western Reach, the *London Tide*,  
 The Spring-Tides of the Term; my Front looks down  
 On all the Pride, and Business of the Town.  
 My other Front (for as in Kings we see  
 The liveliest Image of the Deity,  
 We in their Houses should Heaven's likeness find,  
 Where nothing can be said to be Behind)  
 My other fair and more Majestick Face  
 (Who can the Fair to more advantage place?  
 For ever gazes on it self below  
 In the best Mirrour that the world can show.

And here, behold, in a long bending row,  
 How two joynt Cities make one glorious Bow,  
 The Midst, the noblest place, possess'd by Me  
 Best to be Seen by all, and all O' resee.  
 Which way soe'r I turn my joy full Eye,  
 Here the Great Court, there the rich town, I see  
 On either side dwells Safety and Delight;  
 Wealth on the Left, and Power upon the Right  
 T' assure yet my defence, on either hand,  
 Like mighty Forts, in equal distance stand  
 Two of the best and stateliest piles, which e're  
 Man's liberal Piety of old did rear,  
 Where the two Princes of th' Apostles Band,  
 My Neighbours and my Guards, watch and com-  
 mand.

My warlike Guard of Ships, which farther lye  
 Might be my Object too, were not the Eye  
 Stopt by the Houses of that wondrous Street  
 Which rides o're the broad River, like a Fleet.  
 The Stream's eternal Siege they fixt abide,  
 And the swoln Stream's Auxiliary Tide,  
 Though both their ruine with joynt power conspire  
 Both to out-brave, they nothing dread but Fire  
 And here my *Thames*, though it more gentle be  
 Than any Flood, so strength'ned by the Sea,  
 Finding by Art his Natural forces broke,  
 And bearing, Captive-like, the Arched Yoke,  
 Do's roar, and foam, and rage at the disgrace,

but recomposes strait and calms his Face,  
 s into reverence and submission strook,  
 As soon as from afar he does but look  
 Tow'rds the White Palace where that King does  
 reign

Who lays his Laws and Bridges o're the Main.

Admidst these lowder Honours of my Seat,  
 and two vast Cities, troublesomly Great,  
 n a large various plain the Country too  
 Opens her gentler blessings to my View,  
 n me the Active and the Quiet Mind  
 y different wayes equal content may find.

f any prouder Vertuoso's sence  
 at that part of my Prospect take offence,  
 y which the meaner Cabanes are descri'd;  
 f my Imperial River's humbler side,  
 they call that a Blemish, let them know;  
 od, and my God-like Mistrefs, think not so;  
 or the distrest and the afflicted lye  
 lost in their Care, and always in their Eye.

And thou, fair River, who still pay'st to Me  
 ust Homage, in thy passage to the Sea,  
 take here this one Instruction as thou goest;  
 When thy mixt Waves shall visit every Coast,  
 When round the world their Voyage they shall  
 make,

nd back to Thee some secret Channels take,  
 sk them what nobler sight they e're did meet  
 xcept thy mighty Master's Sovereign Fleet,  
 hich now triumphant o're the Main does ride;  
 he Terror of all Lands, the Ocean's Pride.

From hence his Kingdom's Happy now at last,  
 Happy, if Wise by their Misfortunes past)  
 rom hence may Omens take of that success  
 hich both their future Wars and Peace shall bless:  
 he Peacefull Mother on mild *Thames* does build,  
 With her Son's Fabriks the rough *Sea* is fill'd.

## The Complaint.

I.

**I**N a deep Vision's intellectual scene;  
 Beneath a Bow'r for sorrow made,  
 Th' uncomfortable shade,  
 Of the blak Yew's unlucky green,  
 Mixt with the mourning VVillow's careful gray,  
 VVhere Reverend *Cham* cuts out his Famous way.  
 The Melancholy *Cowley* lay:  
 And Lo! a Muse appear'd to' his closed sight,  
 (The Muses oft in Lands of Vision play)  
 Bodied, arrayed, and seen, by an internal Light;  
 A golden Harp, with silver strings she bore,  
 A wondrous Hieroglyphick Robe she wore,  
 In which all Colours, and all figures were,  
 That Nature or that Fancy can create,  
 That art can never imitate;  
 And with loose pride it wanton'd in the Air:  
 In such a Dress, in such a well cloath'd Dream;  
 She us'd, of old; near fair *Ismenus* Stream,  
*Pindar* her *Theban* Favourite to meet;  
 A Crown was on her Head, and wings were on her  
 Feet.

2.

She touch'd him with her Harp, and rais'd him from  
 the Ground;  
 The shaken strings Melodiously Resound.  
 Art thou return'd at last, said she,  
 To this forsaken place and me?  
 Thou Prodigal, who didst so loosely waste  
 Of all thy Youthful years, the good Estate;  
 Art thou return'd here, to repent too late?  
 And gather husks of Learning up at last,  
 Now the rich harvest time of Life is past,  
 And *Winter* marches on so fast!  
 But, when I meant t'adopt Thee for my Son,  
 And did as learn'd a Portion assign,  
 Asever any of the mighty Nine.



Had to their dearest Children done ;  
When I resolv'd t' exalt thy' anointed Name,  
mong the Spiritual Lords of peaceful Fame,  
hou Chāgling, thou, bewitcht with noise and show,  
Vouldst into Courts and Cities from me go ;  
Vouldst see the VWorld abroad , and have a share  
all the follies , and the Tumults there,  
hou would' st, forsooth, be something in a State,  
ad business thou would' st find , and would' st  
Create ;

Business ! the frivolous pretence  
f humane lusts to shake off Innocence ;  
Business ! the grave impertinence :  
Business ! the thing which I of all things hate,  
Business ! the contradiction of thy Fate.

3.

), Renegado , cast up thy Account,  
And see to what Amount  
Thy foolish gains by quitting me :  
e sale of Knowledge , Fame , and Liberty ;  
e fruits of thy unlearn'd Apostasy.  
ou thought' st if once the publick storm were past,  
l thy remaining Life should sun-shine be :  
hold the publick storm is spent at last ,  
e Sovereign is tost at Sea no more ,  
ad thou , with all the Noble Company ,  
Art got at last to shore.

it whilst thy fellow Voyagers , I see  
l marcht up to possess the promis'd Land ,  
ou still alone ( alas ) dost gaping stand ,  
pon the naked Beach , upon the Barren Sand.

4.

a fair morning of the blessed spring ,  
After a tedious stormy night :  
eh was the glorious entry of our King ,  
riching moysture drop'd on every thing ;  
enty he sow'd below , and cast about him light :

But then ( alas ) to thee alone ,  
ne of Old *Gideons* Miracles was shown ,  
or every Tree , and every Herb around ,

With Pearly dew was crown'd,  
 And upon all the quickned ground,  
 The fruitfull seed of Heaven did brooding lye;  
 And nothing but the Muses Fleece was dry.

It did all other Threats surpass,  
 When God to his own People said,  
 (The Men whom through long wandrings he had  
 led)

That he would give them ev'n a Heaven o  
 Brass:

They look'd up to that Heaven in vain,  
 That Bounteous Heaven, which God did not restrain  
 Upon the most unjust to Shine and Rain.

5.

The *Rachel*, for which twice seven years and more  
 Thou didst with Faith and Labour serve,

And didst (if Faith and labour can) deserve,

Though she contracted was to thee,

Giv'n to another than didst see,

Giv'n to another who had store

Of fairer, and of Richer Wives before,

And not a *Leah* left, thy recompence to be.

Go on, twice seven years more, thy fortune try;

Twice seven years more, God in his bounty may

Give thee, to sling away

Into the Courts deceitful Lottery.

But think how likely 't is, that thou

With the dull work of thy unweildy Plough,

Shouldst in a hard and Barren season thrive,

Shouldst even able be to live,

Thou, to whose share so little bread did fall,

In the miraculous year, when *Manna* rain d' or  
 all.

6.

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a smile,  
 That seem'd at once to pity and revile.

And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,

The Melancholy *Cowley* said,

Ah wanton foe, dost thou upbraid

The Ills which thou thy self hast made?

When in the Cradle, Innocent I lay,  
 Thou, wicked Spirit, stolest me away,  
 And my abused Soul didst bear,  
 Into thy new-found Worlds I know not where,  
 Thy Golden Indies in the Air,  
 And ever since I strive in vain  
 My ravish'd freedom to regain;  
 Still I Rebel, still thou dost Reign;  
 Lo, still in verse against thee I complain.  
 There is a sort of stubborn VVeeds,  
 VVhich, if the Earth but once, it ever breeds;  
 No wholsom Herb can near them thrive,  
 No useful Plant can keep alive:  
 The foolish sports I did on the bestow,  
 Make all my Art and Labour fruitless now;  
 VVhere once such Fairies dance, no grass doth ever  
 grow.

7.

VVhen my new mind had no infusion known,  
 Thou gav'st so deep a tincture of thine own,  
 That ever since I vainly try  
 To wash away th'inherent dye:  
 Long work perhaps may spoil thy Colours quite,  
 But never will reduce the Native white:  
 To all the Ports of Honour and of Gain,  
 I often steer my course in vain,  
 Thy Gale comes cross, and drives me back again,  
 Thou stack'nest all my Nerves of Industry,  
 By making them so oft to be  
 the tinkling strings of thy loose minstrelsie.  
 VVho ever this worlds happiness would see,  
 Must as entirely cast off thee,  
 As they who only Heaven desire,  
 Do from the world retire.

This was my Error, This my gross mistake;  
 My self a demy-votary to make.

Thus with *Saphira*, and Husbands fate,  
 (A fault which I like them, am taught too late)  
 For all that I gave up, I nothing gain,  
 And perish for the part which I retain.

Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse,  
 The Court, and better King t'accuse;  
 The Heaven under which I live is fair;  
 Thine, thine is all the Barrenness; if thou  
 Mak'st me sit still and sing, when I should plough  
 When I but think, how many a tedious year  
 Our patient Sovereign did attend  
 His long misfortunes fatal end;  
 How chearfully, and how exempt from fear;  
 On the Great Sovereigns Will he did depend:  
 I ought to be accurst, if I refuse  
 To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse!  
 Kings have long hands (they say) and though I be  
 So distant, they may reach at length to me.  
 However of all Princes thou  
 Shouldst not reproach Rewards for being small  
 slow;  
 Thou who rewardest but with popular breath,  
 And that too after death.

*The Adventures of Five hours.*

**A**S when our Kings (Lords of the spacious Main)  
 Take in just wars a rich Plate Fleet of Spain;  
 The rude unhapen Ingots they reduce  
 Into a form of Beauty and of use;  
 On which the Conquerors Image now does shine  
 Not His whom it belong'd to in the Mine;  
 So in the mild Contentions of the Muse  
 (The War which Peace it self loves and pursues)  
 So have you home to us in triumph brought,  
 This Cargazon of Spain with Treasures fraught;  
 You have not basely gotten it by stealth,  
 Nor by Translation borrow'd all its wealth,  
 But by a pow'rful Spirit made it your own  
 Metal before, Money by you 't is grown.  
 'T is cutrant now, by your adorning it  
 With the fair stamp of your victorious wit;

ut though we praise this voyage of your Mind,  
nd though our selves enrich by it we find,  
e're not contented yet, because we know  
hat greater stores at home within it grow;  
e're seen how wel you forrain Oars refine,  
roduce the Gold of your own Nobler Mine.  
he World shall then our Native plenty view;  
nd fetch materials for their wit from you,  
hey all shall watch the travails of your Pen;  
nd *Spain* on you shall make Reprisals then.

---

*On the Death of Mrs. Catherine Philips.*

! Ruel disease? Ah, could it not suffice  
! Thy old and constant spight to exercise  
ainst the gentlest and the fairest Sex,  
hich still thy Depredations most do vex?  
Where still thy Malice most of all  
hy Malice or thy Lust) does on the fairest fall?  
d in them most assault the fairest place,  
e Throne of Empress Beauty, ev'n the Face?  
ere was enough of that here to assuage,  
ne would have thought) either thy Lust or Rage:  
as't not enough, when thou, prophane Disease,  
Didst on this Glorious Temple seize.  
as't not enough, like a wild Zealot, there,  
the rich outward Ornaments to tear,  
face the innocent pride of beauteous Images?  
as't not enough thus rudely to defile  
: thou must quite destroy the goodly Pile?  
d thy unbounded Sacrilege commit  
th' inward Holiest Holy of her Wit?  
uel disease! There thou mistook'st thy power;  
No Mine of Death can that devour,  
her embalmed Name it will abide  
An everlasting Pyramide,  
high as Heav'n the top as Earth, the Basis wide:

2.

All Ages past, record, all Countreys now,  
 In various kinds such equal Beauties show,  
 That ev'n Judge *Paris* would not know  
 On whom the Golden Apple to bestow,  
 Though Goddesses to his sentence did submit  
 Women and Lovers would appeal from it:  
 Nor durst he say, Of all the female race,  
 This is the Sovereign Face,  
 And some (though these be of a kind that's Rare,  
 That's much, ah, much less frequent than the Fair)  
 So equally renown'd for Virtue are,  
 That it the Mother of the Gods might pose,  
 When the best Woman for her guide she chose:  
 But if *Apollo* should design  
 A Woman *Laureat* to make,  
 Without dispute he would *Orinda* take,  
 Though *Sappho* and the famous Nine  
 Stood by, and did repine.  
 To be a Princess or a Queen  
 Is Great; but 'tis a Greatness always seen;  
 The world did never but two Women know,  
 Who, one by fraud, th'other by wit did rise  
 To the two tops of Spiritual Dignities,  
 One Female Pope of old, one Female Poet now;

3.

Of Female Poets who had names of old  
 Nothing is shown, but only Gold,  
 And all we hear of them perhaps may be  
 Maie Flat'ry only, and Male-Poetry.  
 Few minutes did their Beauties Lightning waste,  
 The Thunder of their voice did longer last,  
 But that too soon was past.  
 The certain proofs of our *Orinda's* wit,  
 Indiscreet lasting Characters are writ,  
 And they will long my praise of them survive;  
 Though long perhaps too that my live.  
 The Trade of Glory mannag'd by the Pen  
 Though great it be, and every where is found  
 Does bring in but small profit to us Men;

'Tis by the number of the ſharers drown'd,  
*Orinda* on the Female coaſts of Fame,  
Ingroſſes all the Goods of a Poetique Name.  
She does not Partner with her ſee,  
Does all the buſineſs there alone, which we  
Are forc'd to carry on by a whole Company.

4.

But wit's like a Luxurian Vine;  
Unless to Virtue's prop it joyn,  
Firm and erect towards Heaven bound;  
Thought it with beauteous Leaves and pleaſant Fruit  
be crown'd,  
It lies deform'd, and rotting on the Ground.  
Now Shame and Bluſhes on us all,  
Who our own Sex Superior call!  
*Orinda* does our boaiſting Sex out-do,  
Not in Wit only, but in Virtue too.  
She does above our beſt Examples riſe;  
In Hate of Vice, and ſcorn of Vanities.  
Never did ſpirit of the Manly make,  
And dip't all o're in Learnings Sacred Lake;  
A temper more Invulnerable take.  
No violent Paſſion could an entrance find,  
Into the tender Goodneſs of her Mind  
Through walls of Stone thoſe furious Bullets may  
Force their impetuous way  
When her ſoft Breſt they hit, powerleſs and dead  
they lay.

5.

The Fame of Friendſhip which ſo long had told  
Of three or four illuſtrious Names of old,  
Till hoarſe and weary with the tale ſhe grew  
Rejoyces now t'have got a new,  
A new, and more ſurprizing ſtory,  
Of fair *Leucasia* and *Orinda*'s Glory.  
As when a prudent Man does once perceive  
That in ſome Forrain Countrey he muſt live,  
The Language and the Manners he does ſtrive  
To underſtand and pracliſe here,  
That he may come, no ſtranger there.

42 Verses written on several occasions.

So well *Orinda* did her self prepare  
In this much different Clime for her remove  
To the glad World of Poetry and Love.

Hymn. To light.

1.

First born of *Chaos*, who so fair didst come  
From the old *Negro's* darksome womb;  
Which when it saw the lovely Child,  
The melancholly *Mafs* put on kind looks and smil'd.

2.

Thou Tide of Glory which no rest dost know,  
But ever Ebb, and ever Flow!  
Thou Golden shower of a true *Jove*!  
Who does in thee descend, and Heav'n to Earth make  
Love!

3.

Hail active Natures watchful Life and Health!  
Her Joy, her Ornament and Wealth!  
Hail to thy Husband Heat, and Thee!  
Thou the worlds beauteous Bride, the lusty Bride-  
groom He!

4.

Say from what Golden Quivers of the Sky,  
Do all thy winged Arrows fly;  
Swiftnefs and Power by Birth are thine:  
From thy Great Sire they came, thy Sire the word  
Divine.

5.

'Tis, I believe, this Archery to show,  
That so much cost in Colours thou;  
And skill in Painting dost bestow,  
Upon thy ancient Arms, the Gawdy Heav'nly  
Bow.

6.

Swift as light Thoughts their empty Carriere run,  
Thy Race is finisht, when begun;  
Let a Post-Angel start with Thee.



And Thou the Goal of Earth shalt reach as soon as  
He:

7.

Thou in the Moons bright Chariot proud and gay,  
Dost thy bright wood of Stars survey;  
And all the year dost with thee bring  
Of thousand flowry Lights thine own Nocturnal  
Spring.

8.

Thou *Scythian*-like dost round thy Lands above  
The Suns gilt Tent for ever move,  
And still as thou in pomp dost go  
The shining Pageants of the VWorld attend thy  
show.

9.

Nor amidst all these Triumphs dost thou scorn  
The humble Glow worms to adorn,  
And with those living spangles gild,  
(O Greatness without Pride!) the Bushes of the Field:

10.

Night, and her ugly Subjects thou dost fright,  
And sleep, the laxy Owl of Night;  
Asham'd and fearful to appear  
They skreen their horrid shapes with the black Ho-  
misphere.

11.

VVith'em there hast, and wildly takes the Alarm;  
Of pointed Dreams, a busie swarm,  
At the first opening of thine eye,  
The various Clusters break the antick Atomes fly:

12.

The guilty Serpents, and obscener Beasts  
Creep conscious to their secret rests:  
Nature to thee does reverence pay,  
Ill Omens, and ill Sights removes out of thy:

13.

At thy appearance, Grief it self is said,  
To shake his VVings, and rowse his Head:  
And cloudy care has often took  
A gentle beamy Smile reflected from thy Look.

44 Verses written on several occasions.

14.

At thy Appearance, Fear it self grows bold ;  
Thy Sun-shine melts away his Cold.  
Encourag'd at the sight of Thee,  
To the cheek Colour comes, and firmness to the  
knee.

15.

Even Lust the Master of a hardned Face ;  
Blushes if thou beest in the place,  
To darkness' Curtains he retires,  
In Sympathizing Night he rowls his smoaky Fires.

16.

When, Goddess, thou listst up thy wakene  
Head,  
Out of the Mornings purple bed,  
Thy Quire of Birds about thee play,  
And all thee joyful world salutes the rising day.

17.

The Ghosts, and Monster Spirits, that did presu-  
me  
A Bodies Priv'lege to assume,  
Vanish again invisibly,  
And Bodies gain again their visibility.

18.

All the Worlds bravery that delight our Eyes  
Is but thy sev'ral Liveries,  
Thou the Rich Dy on them bestowest,  
Thy nimble Pencil Paints this Landskape as thou  
go'st.

19.

A Crimson Garment in the Rose thou wear'st ;  
A Crown of studded Gold thou bear'st,  
The Virgin Lilies in their White,  
Are clad but with the Lawn of almost Naked Light.

20.

The Violet, springs little Infant, stands,  
Girt in they purple Swadling-bands :  
On the fair Tulip thou dost dote ;  
Thou cloath'st it in a gay and party colour'd Coat.

21. With

21.

With Flame condens't thou dost the Jewels fix,  
And solid Colours in it mix:  
*Flora* her self envyes to see  
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

22.

Ah, Goddess! would thou could'st thy hand withhold,  
And be less Liberall to Gold;  
Didst thou less value to it give.  
How much care (alas) might'st thou poor Man  
relieve!

23.

To me the Sun is more delightful farr,  
And all fair Dayes much fairer are.  
But few, ah wondrous few there be,  
Who do not Gold prefer, O Goddess, ev'n to  
Thee.

24.

Through the soft wayes of Heaven, and Air, and  
Sea,  
Which open all their Pores to Thee;  
Like a cleer River thou dost glide,  
And with thy Living Stream through the close Chan-  
nels slide.

25.

But where firm Bodies thy free course oppose,  
Gently thy source the Land oreflowes;  
Takes there possession, and does make,  
Of Colours mingled, Light, a thick and standing La-  
ke.

26.

But the vast Ocean of unbounded Day  
In th'Empyræan Heaven does stay.  
Thy Rivers, Lakes and Springs below  
From thence took first their Rise, thither at last must  
Flow.

*To the Royal Society.*

1.

**P**hilosophy the great and only Heir  
 Of all that Human Knowledge which has bin  
 Unforfeited by Mans rebellious Sin,  
 Though full of years He do appear,  
 (Philosophy, I say, and call it, He,  
 For whatsoe're the Painters Fancy be,  
 It a Male-virtue seemes to me)  
 Has still been kept in Nonage till of late,  
 Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vast Estate:  
 Tree or four thousand years one would have  
 thought:

To ripeness and perfection might have brought  
 A Science so well bred and nurs't,  
 And of such hopeful parts too at the first,  
 But, oh, the Guardians and the Tutors then,  
 (Some negligent, and some ambitious men)  
 VVould ne're consent to set him Free,  
 Or his own Natural Powers to let him see,  
 Lest that should put an end to their Autoritie.

2.

That is own business he might quite forget,  
 They'amus'd him with the sports of wanton VVit,  
 VVith the Desserts of Poetry they fed him,  
 In stead of solid meats t'encrease his force:  
 In stead of vigorous exercise they led him,  
 Into the pleasant Labyrinths of ever-fresh Discour-  
 se:

Instead of carrying him to see  
 The Riches which doe hoorded for him lie  
 In Natures endless Treasurie,  
 They chose his Eye to entertain  
 (His curious but not covetous Eye)  
 VVith painted Scenes, and Pageants of the Brain.  
 Some few exalted Spirits this latter Age has shown,  
 That labour'd to assert the Liberty

(From

om Guatdians, who were now U snrpers grown)  
his old *Minor* still, Captiv'd Philosophy;  
but 'twas Rebellion call'd to fight  
for such a long-oppressed Right.  
on at last, a mighty Man, arose  
Whom a wise Kind and Nature chose  
Lord Chancellour of both their Lawes,  
I boldly undertook the injur'd Pupils cause.

3.

ority, which did a Body boast,  
ough'twas but Air condens'd, and stalk'd about;  
e some old Giants more Gigantic Ghost,  
o terrifie the Learned Rout  
h the plain Magick of true Reasons Light,  
le chac'd out of our sight,  
suffer'd Living *Men* to be misled  
y the vain shadows of the Dead:  
Graves, from whence it rose, the conquer'd Phant-  
ome fled;

e broke that Monstrous God which stood  
idst of th' Orchard, and the whole did claim;  
Which with a uselesse Sith of Wood,  
nd something else not worth a name,  
Both vast for shew, yet neither fit  
r to Defend, or to Beget;  
idiculous and senselesse Terrors!) made  
ldren and superstitious Men afraid.  
he Orchard's open now, and free;  
on has broke that Scar-crow Deitie;  
ome, enter, all that will,  
old the rip'ned Fruit, come gather now your  
Fill.

et still, methinks, we fain would be  
atching at the Forbidden Tree;  
Ve would be like the Deitie,  
en Truth and Fals hood, Good and Evil, wè  
hout the senses aid within our selves would  
see:

or 'tis God only who can find  
ll Nature in his Mind.

4.

From Words, which are but Pictures of th  
Thought,  
(Though we our Thoughts from them perverſſ  
drew)

To things, the Minds right Object, he it brought,  
Like foolish Birds to painted Grapes we flew;  
He sought and gather'd for our use the True;  
And when on heaps the chosen Bunches lay,  
He prest them wisely the Mechanick way,  
Till all their juyce did in one Vessel joyn,  
Ferment into a Nourishment Divine,  
The thirsty Souls refreshing Wine.

Who to the life an exact Piece would make;  
Must not from others Work a Copy take;

No, not from *Rubens* or *Vandike*;  
Much less content himself to make it like  
Th' Ideas and the Images which lie  
In his own Fancy, or his Memory.

No, he before his sight must place  
The Natural and Living Face;

The real object must command  
Each Judgment of his Eye, and motion of h  
Hand.

5.

From these and all long Errors of the way,  
In which our wandring Predecessors went,  
And like th'old *Hebrews* many years did stray  
In Desarts but of small extent,

*Bacon*, like *Moses*, led us forth at last,

The barren Wilderness he past,

Did on the very Border stand

Of the blest promis'd Land,

And from the Mountains Top of his Exalt  
Wit,

Saw it himself, and shew'd us it.

But Life did never to one Man allow

Time to Discover Worlds, and Conquer too;

Nor can so short a Line sufficient be

To fadome the vast depths of Natures Sea?

The work he did we ought t'admire,  
and were unjust if we should more require  
from his few years, divided 'twixt th'Excess  
of low Affliction, and high Happiness.  
For who on things remote can fix his sight,  
what's alwayes in a Triumph, or a Fight?

6.

From you, great Champions, we expect to get  
these spacious Countries but discover'd yet;  
Countries where yet in stead of Nature, we  
see Images and Idols worship'd see!  
These large and wealthy Regions to subdue,  
though Learning has whole Armies at command;  
Quarter'd about in every Land;  
A better Troop she ne're together drew.  
Methinks, like *Gideon's* little Band,  
God with Design has pickt out you,  
to do these noble Wonders by a Few:  
When the whole Host he saw, They are (said he)  
Too many to O'come for Me;  
And now he chuses out his Men,  
Much in the way that he did then:  
Not those many whom he found  
Idly extended on the ground,  
To drink with their dejected head  
The Stream just so as by their Mouths it fled:  
No, but those Few who took the waters up,  
and made of their laborious Hands the Cup.

7.

Thus you prepar'd; and in the glorious Fight  
Their wondrous pattern too you take.  
Their old and empty Fitches first they brake;  
and with their Hands then lifted up the Light.  
Ho! Sound too the Trumpets here!  
Already your victorious Light appear:  
New Scenes of Heaven already we espy,  
and Crowds of golden Worlds on high;  
Which from the spacious Plains of Earth and Sea:  
Could never yet discover'd be  
By Sailers or *Challean's* watchful Eye,

50 Verses written on several occasions

Natures great Workes no distance can obscure,  
No smallness her near Objects can secure  
Y<sup>t</sup> have taught the curious Sight to press  
Into the privatest recess

Of her imperceptible Littleness.

Y<sup>t</sup> have learn'd to Read her smallest Hand,  
And well begun her deepest Sense to understand

8.

Mischief add true dishonour fall on those  
Who would to laughter or to scorn expose  
So Virtuous and so noble a Design,  
So Human for its Use, for Knowledge so Divine  
The things which these proud men despise, and

Impertinent, and vain, and small,  
Those smallest things of Nature let me know,  
Rather than all their greatest Actions Doe.

Whoever would Deposed Truth advance

Into the Throne usurp'd from it,  
Must feel at first the Blows of Ignorance,  
And the sharp Points of Envious Wit.

So when by various turns of the Celestial Dance  
In many thousand years

A Star, so long unknown, appears,  
Though Heaven it self more beauteous by it grows  
It troubles and alarms the World below,  
Does to the Wise a Star, the Fools a Meteor show

9.

With Courage and success you the bold work begin  
Your Cradle has not Idle bin:

None e're but *Hercules* and you could be  
At five years Age worthy a History.

And ne're did Fortune better yet  
Th' Historian to the Story fit:

And you from all Old Errors free  
And purge the Body of Philosophy;

So from all moderns Folies He  
Has vindicated Eloquence and Wit.

His candid Stile like a clean Stream does slide;  
And his bright Fancy all the way

Does like the Sun shine in it play;



does like *Thames*, the best of Rivers, glide,  
where the God does not rudely overturn,  
But gently pour the Chrystal Urn,  
And with judicious hand does the whole Current  
Guide.

has all the Beauties Nature can impart,  
And all the comely Drefs without the paint of Art.

---

*Upon the Chair made out of Sir Francis Drake's  
Ship, Presented to the University  
Library in Oxford, by John Dav-  
vis of Deptford, Esquire.*

O this great Ship which round the Globe has  
run,

And matcht in Race the Chariot of the Sun,

is *Pythagorean Ship* for it may claim

without presumption so deserv'd a Name,

knowledge once and transformation now)

her New Shape this sacred Port allow.

And his Ship could not have wish'd from Fa-  
te,

more blest Station, or more blest Estate.

For (Lo!) a Seat of endleest Rest is given,

to her in *Oxford*, and to him in Heaven.

---

A  
PROPOSITION  
FOR THE  
ADVANCEMENT  
OF  
EXPERIMENTAL  
PHILOSOPHY.

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*The Colledge.*

**T**hat the *Philosophical Colledge* be scituated within one, two or (at farthest) three miles of *London*, and, if it be possible to find that convenience, upon the side of the River, or very near it.

That the Revenue of this Colledge amount to four thousand pounds a year.

That the Company received into it be as follows.

1. Twenty Philosophers or Professors. 2. Sixty young Scholars, Servants to the Professors. 3. A Chaplain. 4. Bailly for the Revenue. 5. A Manciple or Purveyor of the provisions of the House. 6. Two Gardeners 7. A Master Cook. 8. An Under-Cook. 9. A Butler. 10. An Under-Butler. 11. A Chirurgion. 12. Two Lungs, or Chymical Servants. 13. A Librery-keeper who is likewise to be Apothecary, Druggist, and keeper of Instruments, Engines &c. 14. An Officer to feed and take care of all Beasts, Fowl, &c. kept by the Colledge. 15. A Groom of the Stable. 16. A Messenger to send up and down for all uses of the Colledge. 17. Four old Women to tend the Chambers, keep the House clean, and such like Services.

That the annual allowance for this Company be as follows

15. 1. To every Professor, and to the Chaplain, One hundred and twenty pounds. 2. To the sixteen Scholars fifty pounds a piece, Ten pounds for their Diet, and ten pounds for their Entertainment. 3. To the Bailly, fifty pounds besides allowance for his Journeys. 4. To the Purveyor or Manciple, Thirty pounds. 5. To each of the Gardeners, Twenty pounds. 6. To the Master-cook, Twenty pounds. 7. To the Under-Cook, Four pounds. 8. To the Butler, Ten pounds. 9. To the Under-Butler, Four pounds. 10. To the Chirurgeon, Thirty pounds. 11. To the Library-keeper, Thirty pounds. 12. To each of the Lungs twelve pounds. 13. To the keeper of the Beasts, Six pounds. 14. To the Groom, Six pounds. 15. To the Messenger, Twelve pounds. For the four necessary Women, Ten pounds. For the Manciples Table at which all the Servants of the House were to eat, except the Scholars, one hundred sixty pounds. For three Horses for the service of the Colledge, thirty pounds.

All which amountes to Three thousand two hundred and fifty five pounds. So that there remains for keeping of the House and Gardens, and Operatories, and Instruments of Animals, and Experiments of all sorts, and all other expences, Seven hundred and fifteen pounds.

Which were a very inconsiderable sum for the great use to which it is designed, but that I conceive the Industry of the Colledge will in a short time so enrich it self as to get a far better stock for the advance and enlargement of the work when it is once begun; neither is the continuance of particular mens liberality to be despaired of, when it shall be encouraged by the sight of that publick benefit which will accrue to all Mankind, and chiefly to our Nation, by this Foundation. Something likewise will arise from Leases and other Casualties: that nothing of which may be diverted to the private gain of the Professors, or any other use besides that of the search of Nature, and by it the general good of the world, and that care may be taken for the certain performance of all things ordained by the institution, as likewise for the protection and encouragement of the Company, it is proposed.

That some person of Eminent Quality, a Lover of Learning, and no Stranger in it, be chosen Chancellor or President of the Colledge, and that eight Governemore, men qualified in the like manner, be joynd with him, two of which shall act account of all expences to the smallest, and of the true estate of their publick Treasure, under the hands and oaths of the Professorsident.

That the choice of the Professors in any vacancy belong to the Chancellour and the Governours, but that the Professors (who are likeliest to know what men of the Nation are most proper for the duties of their Society) direct the choice by recommending two or three persons to that at every Election. And that if any learned Person within His Majesties Dominions discover or eminently improve any useful kind of knowledge, he may upon that ground for his reward and the encouragement of others, be prefer'd, if he pretend to the place, before any body else.

That the Governours have power to turn out any Professor who shall be proved to be either scandalous or unfitable to the Society.

That the Colledge be built after this, or some such manner: That it consist of three fair Quadrangular Courts, and three large grounds, enclosed with good walls behind them. That the first Court be built with a fair Cloyster and the Professors Lodgings or rather little Houses, five on each side at some distance from one another, and with little Gardens behind them, just after the manner of *Chartreux* beyond Sea. That the inside of the Cloyster be lined with a Gravel-walk, that walk with a row of Trees and that in the middle there be a Parterre of Flowers, and a Fountain.

That the second Quadrangle just behind the first, be contrived, as to contain these parts. 1. A Chappel. 2. Hall with two long Tables on each side for the Scholars and Officers of the House to eat at, and with a Pulpit and Forms at the end for the publick Lectures. 3. A large and pleasant Dining-Room within the Hall for the Professors to eat in, and to hold their Assemblies and Conferenc

A publick School-house. 5. A Library. 6 A Gallery to walk in, adorned with the Pictures or Statues of all the Inventors of any thing useful to Humane Life; as Printing, Arts; *America*, &c. and of late in Anatomy, the Circulation of the Blood, the Milky Veins, and such like Discoveries in any Art, with short Elogies under the Portraits, As likewise the Figures of all sorts of Creatures, and the stuffed skins of as many strange Animals as can be gotten. 7. An Anatomy Chamber adorned with Skeletons and Anatomical Pictures, and prepared with all conveniences for Dissection. 8. A Chamber for all manner of Druggs, and Apothecaries Materials. 9. A Mathematical Chamber furnished with all sorts of Mathematical Instruments, being an Appendix to the Library. 10. Lodgings for the Chaplain, Chirurgeon, Library-Keeper and Purveyor, at the Chappel, Anatomy Chamber; Library and all.

That the third Court be on one side of these, very large, but meanly built, being designed only for use and not for beauty too, as the others, That it contain the Kitchen, Butteries, Brew-house, Bake house, Dairy, Storehouse, Stables, &c. and especially great Laboratories for Chymical Operations, and Lodgings for the Under-servants.

That behind the second Court be placed the Garden, containing all sorts of Plants that our Soil will bear, and at the end a little House of pleasure, a Lodge for the Gardener, and a Grove of Trees cut out into Walks.

That the second enclosed ground be a Garden, destined only to the trial of all manner of Experiments concerning Plants, as their Melioration, Acceleration, Retardation, Conservation, Composition, Transmutation, or whatsoever else can be produced by Art either for use or curiosity, with a Lodge in it for the Gardener.

That the third Ground be employed in convenient receptacles for all sorts of Creatures which the Professors shall judge necessary for their more exact search into the nature of Animals, and the improvement of their Uses.

That there be likewise but in some place of the Colledge where it may serve most for Ornament of the whole, a very high Tower for observation of Celestial Bodies, adorned with all sorts of Dyals and such like Curiosities; that there be very deep Vaults made under ground, Experiments most proper to such places, which will undoubtedly very many.

Much might be added, but truly I am afraid this is much already for the charity or generosity of this Age extend to; and we do not design this after the Mode *Solomons* House in my Lord *Bacon* (which is a Project Experiments that can never be Experimented, but proper within such bounds of Expence as have often been expended by the Buildings of private Citizens.

*Of the Professors, Scholars, Chaplain  
and other Officers.*

**T**HAT of the twenty Professors four be alwayes travelling beyond Seas, and sixteen alwayes Resident, less by permission upon extraordinary occasions, and every one so absent, leaving a Deputy behind him to supply his Duties.

That the four Professors Itinerant be assigned to the parts of the World, *Europe, Asia, Afrique, and America*, there to reside three years at least, and to give constant account of all things that belong to the Learned and especially Natural Experimental Philosophy of the parts.

That the expence of all Dispatches, and all Books, Samples, Animals, Stones, Metals, Minerals, &c. and curiosities whatsoever, Natural or Artificial, sent them to the Colledge, shall be defrayed out of the Treasury, and an additional allowance (above the 120 l.) made to them as soon as the Colledges Revenue shall be proved.

That at their going abroad they shall take a solemn  
 h never to write any thing to the Colledge,  
 what after very diligent Examination, they shall fully  
 eve to be true, and to confess and recant it as soon as  
 find themselves in an Error.

That the sixteen Professors Resident shall be bound to  
 y and teach all sorts of Natural, Experimental Philoso-  
 , to consist of the Mathematicks, Mechanicks, Medi-  
 , Anatomy, Chymistry, the History of Animals,  
 us, Minerals, Elements, &c. Agriculture, Archi-  
 ure, Art Military, Navigation, Gardening; The  
 eries of all Trades, and Improvement of them; the  
 ure of all Merchandizes, all Natural Magick or Divi-  
 on; and briefly all things contained in the Catalogue  
 atural Histories annexed to my Lord Bacon's *Organon*.  
 h it once a day from *Easter* till *Michaelmas*; and twice  
 eek from *Michaelmas* to *Easter*, at the houres in the af-  
 oon most convenient for Auditors from *London* accor-  
 ; to the time of the year, there shall be a Lecture read  
 e Hall, upon such parts of Natural Experimental Phi-  
 sphy, as the Professors shall agree on among themsel-  
 and as each of them shall be able to perform usefully  
 honourably.

That two of the Professors by daily, weekly, or Mo-  
 dly turns shall teach the publick Schools according to  
 Rules hereafter prescribed

That all the Professors shall be equal in all respects (ex-  
 pcedency, choice of Lodging, and such like privi-  
 ges, which shall belong to Seniority in the Colledge)  
 that all shall be Masters and Treasurers by annual  
 s, which two Officers for the time being shall take  
 e of all the rest, and shall be *Arbitri duarum Mensarum*.

That the Master shall command all the Officers of the  
 ledge, appoint Assemblies or Conferences upon occa-  
 , and preside in them with a double voice, and in his  
 nce the Treasurer, whose business is to receive and  
 erte all moneys by the Masters order in writing, (if  
 an extraordinary) after consent of the other Professors.  
 hat all the Professors shall sup together in the Parlour  
 in the Hall every night, and shall dine there twice a

week (to wit *Sundays* and *Thursdays*) at two round Tables for the convenience of discourse, which shall be for the most part of such matters as may improve the Studies and Professions; and to keep them from falling into loose or unprofitable talk shall be the duty of two *Arbitri Mensarum*, who may likewise command of the Servant-Scholars to read to them what he shall think fit, whilst they are at Table: That it shall be long likewise to the said *Arbitri Mensarum* only, to receive Strangers, which they shall rarely do, unless they be men of Learning of great Parts, and shall not invite above two at a time to one Table; nothing being more vain and unfruitful than numerous Meetings of Acquaintance.

That the Professors Resident shall allow the Colledge twenty Pounds a year for their Diet, whether continuing there all the time or not.

That they shall have once a week an Assembly or Conference concerning the Affaires of the Colledge and the progress of their Experimental Philosophy.

That if any one find out any thing which he conceives to be examined, experimented, approved or rejected.

That if any be Author of an Invention that may bring in profit, the third part of it shall belong to the Inventor, and the two other to the Society; and besides if the thing be very considerable, his Statue or Picture with an Elogy under it, shall be placed in the Gallery, and made a Denison of that Corporation of famous Men.

That all the Professors shall be always assigned to some particular Inquisition (besides the ordinary course of their Studies) of which they shall give an account to the Assembly, so that by this means, there may be every day some operation or other made in all the Arts as Chymistry, Anatomy, Mechanicks, and the like, and that the Colledge shall furnish for the charge of the operation.

That there shall be kept a Register under lock and key, and not to be seen but by the Professors, of



ne Experiments that succeed, signed by the persons who made the tryal.

That the popular and received Erreours in Experimental Philosophy (with which, like Weeds in a neglected Garden it is now almost all over-grown) shall be evinced by tryal, and taken notice of in the publik Lectures, that they may no longer abuse the credulous, and get new ones by consequence or similitude.

That every third year (after the full settlement of the foundation) the Colledge shall give an account in Print, in proper and antient Latine, of the Fruits of their triennial industry.

That every Professor Resident shall have his Scholar to wait upon him in his Chamber and at Table, whom he shall be obliged to breed up in Natural Philosophy, and render an account of his progress to the Assembly, from whose Election he received him, and therefore is responsible to it, both for the care of his Education, and the just and civil usage of him.

That the Scholar shall understand Latine very well, and be moderately initiated in the Greek before he be capable of being chosen into the Service, and that he shall not remain in it above seven years.

That his Lodging shall be with the Professor whom he serves.

That no Professor shall be a married man, or a Divine, or Lawyer in practice, only Physick he may be allowed to prescribe, because the study of that Art is a great part of the duty of his place, and the duty of that is so great, that it will not suffer him to lose much time in mercenary practice.

That the Professors shall in the Colledge wear the habit of ordinary Masters of Art in the Universities, or of Doctors, if any of them be so.

That they shall all keep an inviolable and Exemplary friendship with one another, and that the Assembly shall lay a considerable pecuniary mulct upon any one who shall be proved to have entered so far into a quarrel as to give uncivil Language to his Brother-Professors,

and that the perseverance in any enmity shall be punished by the Governours with expulsion.

That the Chaplain shall eat at the Masters Table, (paying his twenty pounds a year as the others do) and that he shall read Prayers once a day at least, at little before Sun-per-time; that he shall Preach in the Chappel every *Sund* Morning, and Catechize in the After-noon the Schollars and the School-boys; that he shall every Moneth administer the Holy Sacrament; that he shall not trouble himself and his Auditors with the Controversies of Divinity, but only Teach God in his just Commandments, and in his wonderful Works.

### *The School.*

**T**HAT the School may be built so as to contain about two hundred Boys.

That it be divided into four Classes, not as others are ordinarily into six or seven, because we suppose that the Children sent hither to be initiated in Things well as Words, ought to have past the two or three first, and to have attained the age of about thirteen years, being already well advanced in the Latine Grammar, and some Authors.

That none, though never so rich, shall pay anything for their teaching; and that if any Professor shall be convicted to have taken any money in consideration of his pains in the School, he shall be expelled with ignominie by the Governours; but if any persons of great estate and quality, finding their Sons much better Proficients in Learning here, than Boys of the same age commonly are at other Schools, shall not think fit to receive an obligation of so near concernment without returning some marks of acknowledgment, they may if they please (for nothing is to be demanded) bestow some rarity or curiosity upon the Society in recompence of the trouble.

And because it is deplorable to consider the loss which Children make of their time at most Schools, employing

r rather casting away six or seven years in the learning of words only, and that too very imperfectly :

That a Method be here established for the infusing Knowledge and Language at the same time into them ; and that this may be their Apprenticeship in Natural Philosophy. This we conceive may be done, by breeding them up in Authors, or pieces of Authors, who treat of some parts of Nature, and who may be understood with as much ease and pleasure, as those which are commonly taught ; Such are in Latine *Varro*, *Cato*, *Columella*, *Pliny*, part of *Celsus*, and of *Seneca*, *Cicero de Divinatione*, *de Naturâ Deorum*, and several scattered pieces, *Virgil's Georgicks*, *Grotius*, *Nemesianus*, *Manilius* ; and because the truth is we want good Poets ( I mean we have but few ) who have purposely treated of solid and learned, that is, Natural Matters ( the most part indulging to the weakness of the world, and feeding it either with the follies of Love, or with the Fables of Gods and Heroes ) we conceive that one Book ought to be compiled of all the scattered little parcels among the ancient Poets that might serve for the advancement of Natural Science, and which would make no small or unuseful or unpleasant volumn. To this we would have added the Morals and Rhetoricks of *Cicero*, and the Institutions of *Quintilian* ; and for the Comedians, from whom almost all that necessary part of common discourse, and all the most intimate proprieties of the Language are drawn, we conceive the Boys may be made masters of them, as a part of their Recreation and not of their task, if once a moneth, or at least once in two, they act one of *Terences* Comedies, and afterwards ( the most advanced ) some of *Plautus* his, and this is for many reasons one of the best exercises they can be enjoy'd, and most innocent pleasures they can be allow'd. \* As for the *Greek* Authors, they may study *Niander*, *Oppianus* ( whom *Scaliger* does not doubt to prefer above *Homer* himself, and place next to his adored *Virgil* ) *Aristotles* History of Animals, and others parts, *Theophrastus* and *Dioscorides* of Plants, and a Collection made out of several both Poets and other Grecian Writers. For

the Morals and Rhetorick *Aristotle* may suffice, or *Hermogenes* and *Longinus* be added for the latter; with the History of Animals they should be shewed Anatomy a Divertisement, and made to know the Figures and Natures of those Creatures which are not common among us disabusing them at the same time of those Errors which are universally admitted concerning many. The same Method should be used to make them acquainted with all Plants, and to this must be added a little of the ancient and modern Geography, the understanding of the Globes, and the Principles of Geometry and Astronomy They should likewise use to declaim in *Latine* and *English*, as the *Romans* did in *Greek* and *Latine*; and in all this travel be rather led on by Familiarity, Encouragement, and Emulation, than driven by Severity, Punishment, and Terror. Upon Festivals and Play-times they should exercise themselves in the Fields by Riding, Leaping, Fencing, Mustering and Training after the manner of Souldiers, &c. And to prevent all dangers and all disorder, there should always be two of the Scholars with them to be as witnesses and directors of their actions; In foul weather it would not be amiss for them to learn to dance that is, to learn just so much (for all beyond is superfluous if not worse) as may give them a graceful comportment of their bodies.

Upon *Sundays*, and all days of Devotion, they are to be a part of the Chaplains Province.

That for all these ends the Colledge so order it, and that there may be some convenient and pleasant Houses thereabouts, kept by Religious, Discreet, and Careful persons, for the lodging and boarding of young Scholars, that they have a constant eye over them to see that they be bred up there Piously, Cleanly, and Pleasurably, according to the proportion of their Parents expenses.

And that the Colledge when it shall please God either by their own industry and success, or by the benevolence of Patrons, to enrich them so far, as that it may come to their turn and duty to be charitable to others, shall at their own charges erect and maintain some House or Hou-

es for the Entertainment of such poor mens Sons whose good Natural Parts may promise either Use or Ornament to the Commonwealth, during the time of their abode at school, and shall take care that it shall be done with the same conveniences as are enjoyed even by rich Mens Children (though they maintain the fewer for that cause) there being nothing of eminent and illustrious to be expected from a low, sordid and Hospital-like Education.

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## Conclusion.

[ F I be not much abused by a natural fondness to my own Conceptions (that *σοφία* of the Greeks, which no other Language has a proper word for) there was never any project thought upon, which deserves to meet with so few Adversaries as this, for who can without impudent folly oppose the establishment of twenty well selected persons in such a condition of Life, that their whole business and sole profession may be to study the improvement and advantage of all other Professions, from that of the highest General even to the lowest Artisan? Who shall be obliged to employ their whole time, wit, learning, and industry, to these four, the most useful that can be imagined, and to no other Ends; First, to weigh, examine, and prove all things of Nature delivered to us by former Ages, to direct, explode, and strike a censure through all false Moneys with which the World has been paid and cheated so long, and (as I may say) to set the mark of the College upon all true Coms that they may pass hereafter without any farther Tryal. Secondly, to recover the lost Inventions, and, as it were, Drown'd Lands of the Ancients. Thirdly, to improve all Arts which we now have; And lastly, to discover others which we yet have not. And who shall besides all this (as a Benefit by the by) give the best Education in the World (purely *gratis*) to as many mens Children as shall think fit to make use of the Obligation. Neither does it at all check or interfere with any parties in State or Religion, but is indifferently to be embraced by all Differences in opinion, and can hardly be

conceived capable (as many good Institutions have done even of Degeneration into any thing harmful. So that, a things considered, I will suppose this proposition sha encounter with no Enemies; the only Question is, whether it will find Friends enough to carry it on from Discourse and Design to Reality and Effect; the necessary Expenses of the Beginning (for it will maintain it self well enough afterwards) being so great (though I have set them as low as it possible in order to so vast a work) that it may seem hopeless to raise such a sum out of those few dead Reliques of Humany Charity and Publick Generosity which are yet remaining in the World.

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A

## DISCOURSE

By way of

## VISION,

Concerning the Government of *Oliver Cromwell*.

**I**T was the Funeral day of the late man who made himself to be called *Protector*. And though I bore but little affection, either to the memory of him, or to the trouble and folly of all publick Pageantry, yet I was forced by the Importunity of my company to go along with them, and be a Spectator of that solemnity, the expectation of which had been so great, that it was said to have brought some very curious persons (and no doubt singular Virtuoso's as far as from the Mount in *Cornwall*, and from the *Orcades*. I found there had been much more cost bestowed than either the dead man, or indeed Death it self could deserve. There was a mighty train of black assistants, among which too divers Princes in the persons of their Ambassadors (being infinitely afflicted for the loss of their Brother) were pleased to attend; the Hearse was Magnificent, the Idol Crowned, and (not to mention all other Ceremonies which are practised at Royal interments, and therefore by no means could be omitted here) the vast multitude of Spectators made up, as it uses to do, no small part of the Spectacle it self. But yet I know not how, the whole was so managed, that, methoughts, it somewhat represented the life of him for whom it was made; Much noise, much tumult, much expence, much magnificence, much vain glory; briefly, a great show, and yet after all this, but an ill sight. At last, (for it seemed long to me, and like is short Reign

too, very tedious) the whole Scene past by, and I retired back to my Chamber, weary, and I think more melancholy than any of the Mourners. Where I began to reflect on the whole life of this Prodigious Man, and sometime I was filled with horror and detestation of his actions, and sometimes I inclined a little to reverence and admiration of his courage, conduct and success; till by these different motions and agitations of mind, rocked, as it were, sleep, I fell at last into this Vision, or if you please to call it but a Dream, I shall not take it ill, because the Father of Poets tells us, Even Dreams too are from God.

But sure it was no Dream; for I was suddenly transported afar off (whether in the body, or out of the body, like *St. Paul*, I know not) and found my self on the top of that famous Hill in the Island *Mona*, which has the prospect of three Great, and Not-long-since most happy Kingdoms. As soon as ever I lookt on them, the Not-long-since strook upon my Memory, and called forth the representation of all the Sins, and all the Miseries that had overwhelmed them these twenty years. And I wept bitterly for two or three hours, and when my present stock of moisture was all wasted, I fell a sighing for an hour more and as soon as I recovered from my passion the use of speech and reason, I broke forth, as I remember (looking upon *England*) into this complaint.

1.

Ah, happy Isle, how art thou chang'd and curst,  
 Since I was born, and knew thee first!  
 When Peace, which had forsook the World around;  
 (Frighted with noise, and the shrill Trumpets sound),  
 Thee for a private place of rest,  
 And a secure retirement chose  
 Wherein to build her *Halcyon* Nest;  
 No wind durst stir abroad the Air to discompose.

2.

When all the riches of the Globe beside  
 Flow'd in to Thee with every Tide;  
 When all that Nature did thy Soil deny,



The Growth was of thy fruitfull Indultry,  
 When all the proud and dreadful Sea,  
 And all his Tributary-streams,  
 A constant Tribute paid to thee.  
 Even all the liquid World was one extended Thames:

## 3.

When Plenty in each Village did appear,  
 And Bounty was it's Steward there;  
 When Gold walkt free about in open view,  
 Ere it one Conquering parties Prisoner grew;  
 When the Religion of our State  
 Had Face and Substance with her Voice,  
 Ere she by'er foolish Loves of late,  
 Like Eccho (once a Nymph) turn'd onely into Noise.

## 4.

When Men to Men respect and friendship bore,  
 And God with Reverence did adore;  
 When upon Earth no Kingdom could have shown  
 A happier Monarch to us than our own,  
 And yet his Subjects by him were  
 (Which is a Truth will hardly be  
 Receiv'd by any vulgar Ear,  
 A secret known to few) made happi'r ev'en than He.

## 5.

Thou doest a *Chaos*, and Confusion now,  
 A *Babel*, and a *Bedlam* grow,  
 And like a Frantick person thou dost tear  
 The Ornaments and Cloaths which thou shouldst wear,  
 And cut thy Limbs; and if we see  
 (Just as thy Barbarous *Briens* did)  
 Thy Body with Hypocrisie  
 Painted all o're, thou think'st, Thy naked shame is hid.

## 6.

The Nations, which envied thee erewhile,  
 Now laugh (too little 'tis to smile)  
 They laugh, and would have pittiy'd thee (alas!).

But that thy Faults all Pity do surpass.

Art thou the Country which didst hate,

And mock the *French* Inconstancy?

And have we, have we seen of late

Less change of Habits there, than Governments in Thee?

## 7.

Unhappy Isle! No ship of thine at Sea,

Was ever tost and torn like thee.

Thy naked Hulk loose on the Waves does beat,

The Rocks and Banks around her ruin threat;

What did thy foolish Pilots ail,

To lay the Compass quite aside?

Without a Law or Rule to sail,

And rather take the winds, than Heavens to be their Guide

## 8.

Yet, mighty God, yet, yet, we Humbly crave,

This floating Isle from shipwrack save;

And though to wash that Blood which does it stain,

It well deserves to sink into the Main;

Yet for the Royal Martyr's prayer

(The Royal Martyr pray's we know)

This guilty, perishing Vessel spare;

Hear but his Soul above, and not his blood below.

I think, I should have gone on, but that I was interrupted by a strange and terrible Apparition, for there appeared to me (arising out of the earth, as I conceived) the figure of a man taller than a Gyant, or indeed, than the shadow of any Gyant in the evening. His body was naked but that nakedness adorn'd, or rather deform'd all over with several figures, after the manner of the antient *Britons* painted upon it: and I perceived that most of them were the representation of the late battels in our civil Wars, and (if I be not much mistaken) it was the battle of *Naseby* that was drawn upon his Breast. His Eyes were like burning Brass, and there were three Crowns of the same metal (as I guess) and that lookt as red-hot too, upon his head. He held in his right hand a Sword that was yet bloody, and

evertheless the Motto of it was *Pax queritur bello*, and in its left hand a thick Book, upon the back of which was written in Letters of Gold, Acts, Ordinances, Protections, Covenants, Engagements, Declarations, Resolutions, &c. Though this suddain, unusual, and readful object might have quelled a greater courage than mine, yet so it pleased God (for there is nothing bolder than a man in a Vision) that I was not at all daunted, but skt him resolutely and briefly; What art thou? And he said; I am called The North-west Principality, His Highness, the Protector of the Commonwealth of *England, Scotland and Ireland*, and the Dominions belonging therunto, for I am that Angel, to whom the Almighty has committed the Government of those three Kingdoms which thou seest from this place. And I answered and said. If it be so, Sir, it seems to me that for almost these twenty years past; your Highness has been absent from your charge: for not only if any Angel, but if any wise and honest man had since that time been our Gouvernour, we should not have wandred thus long in these laborious and endlessabyrinths of confusion, but either not have entered at all into them, or at least have returned back ere we had absolutely lost our way; but in stead of your Highness, we have had since such a Protector as was his Predecessor *Richard the Third* to the King his Nephew; for he presently slew the Common wealth; which he pretended to protect, and set up himself in the place of it: a little less guilty indeed in one respect, because the other slew an Innocent, and this Man did but Murderer. Such a Protector we have had as we would have been glad to have changed for any Enemy, and rather received a constant Turk, than his every monerhs Apostate, such a Protector as Man is to his Flocks, which he sheers, and sells, or devours himself; and I would fain know, what the Wolf, which he protects him from, could do more. Such a Protector --- and as I was proceeding, methoughts, his Highness began to put on a displeas'd and threatning countenance, as men use to do when their dearest friends happé to be traduced in their cōpany, which gave me the first rise of jealousy against him, for I did

not believe that *Cromwel* among all his forein Correspondences had ever held any with Angels. However, I was not hardned enough yet to venture a quarrel with him then; and therefore (as if I had spoken to the Protector himself in White-hall) I desired him that his Highness would please to pardon me, if I had unwittingly spoke any thing to the disparagement of a person, whose relations to his Highness I had not the honour to know.

which he told me, that he had no other concernment for his late Highness, than as he took him to be the greatest man that ever was of the *English* Nation, if not (said he) of the whole World, which gives me a just title to the defence of his reputation, since I now account my self, as if it were a naturalized *English* Angel, by having had so long the management of the affairs of that Country. And pray Countryman, (said he, very kindly and very flattering) for I would not have you fall into the general error of the World, that detests and decryes so extraordinary Virtue, what can be more extraordinary than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of Body, which have sometimes, or of Mind, which have often raised men to the highest dignities, should have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in so improbable a design; as the destruction of one of the most antient, and most solidly founded Monarchies upon the Earth? that he should have the power or boldness to put his Prince and Master to an open and infamous death? to banish that numerous, and strongly-allied Family? to do all this under the name and wages of a Parliament; to trample upon them too as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors when he grew weary of them; to raise up a new and un-heard of Monster out of their Ashes; to stifle them in the very infancy, and set up himself above all things that ever were called Sovereign in *England*; to oppress all his Enemies by Armes, and all his Friends afterwards by Artifice; to serve all parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriously at last; to over-run each corner of the three Nations, and overcome with equal facility both the riches of the South, and the poverty of the North to be feared and courted by all forein Princes, and adop-

ed a Brother to the gods of the earth; to call together Parliaments with a word of his Pen, and scatter them again with the Breath of his Mouth; to be humbly and daily petitioned that he would please to be hired at the rate of two millions a year, to be the Master of those who had hired him before to be their Servant; to have the Estates and Liberties of three Kingdomes as much at his disposal, as was the little inheritance of his Father and to be at as noble and liberal in the spending of them; and lastly (for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory) to bequeath all this with one word to his Posterity; to die with peace at home, and triumph abroad; to be buried among Kings, and with more than Regal solemnity; and to leave a name behind him, not to be extinguish'd, but with the whole World which as it is now too little for his praises, so might have been too for his Conquests, if the short line of his Humane Life could have been stretcht out to the extent of his immortal designs?

By this speech I began to understand perfectly well what kind of Angel his pretended Highness was, and having fortified my self privately with a short mental Prayer, and with the sign of the Cross (not out of any superstition to the sign, but as a recognition of my Baptism in Christ) I grew a little bolder, and replyed in this manner; I should not venture to oppose what you are pleased to say in commendation of the late great, and (I confess) extraordinary person, but that I remember Christ forbids us to give assent to any other doctrine but what himself has taught us, even though it should be delivered by an Angel; and if such you be, Sir, it may be you have spoken all this rather to try than to tempt my frailty; For sure I am, that we must renounce or forget all the Laws of the New and Old Testament, and those which are the foundation of both, even the Laws of Moral and Natural Honesty, if we approve of the actions of that man whom I suppose you commend by Irony. There would be no end to instance in the particulars of all his wickedness; but to sum up a part of it briefly; What can be more extraordinarily wicked, than for a person, such as your self, to qualifie him rightly, and endeavour not only to exalt himself above, but to tram-  
ple

ple upon all his equals and betters? to pretend freedom for all men, and under the help of that pretence to make all men his servants? to take Armes against Taxes of scarce two hundred thousand pounds a year, and to raise them himself above two Millions? to quarrel for the losse of three or four Eares, and strike off three or four hundred Heads? to fight against an imaginary suspicion of I know not what, two hundred Guards to be fetcht for the King, I know not from whence, and to keep up for himself no less than fourty thousand? to pretend the defence of Parliaments, and violently to dissolve all even of his own calling, and almost choosing? to undertake the Reformation of Religion, to rob it even to the very skin, and then to expose it naked to the rage of all Sects and Heresies? to set up Counsels of Rapine, and Courts of Murder? to fight against the King under a commission for him; to take him forceably out of the hands of those for whom he had conquered him; to draw him into is Net, with protestations and vows of fidelity, and when he had caught him in it, to butcher him, with as little shame, as Conscience, or Humanity, in the open face of the whole World? to receive Commission for King and Parliament, to murder (as I said) the one, and destroy no less impudently the other? to fight against Monarchy when he declared for it, and declare against it when he contrived for it in his own person? to abuse perfideously and supplant ingrately his own Generals first, and afterwards most of those Officers, who with the loss of their Honour, and hazard of their Souls had lifted him up to the top of his unreasonable ambitions? to break his faith with all Enemies, and with all friends equally? and to make no less frequent use of the most solemn Perjuries than the looser sort of People do of customary Oaths? to usurp three Kingdoms without any shadow of the least pretensions, and to govern them as unjustly as he got them? to set himself up as an Idol (which we know as *St. Paul* sayes, in it self is nothing) and make the very streets of *London*, like the Valley of *Hinnon*, by burning the bowels of men as a sacrifice to his *Moloch-ship*? to seek to entail this usurpation upon his Posterity, and with it an endless War upon the Nation? And lastly,

lastly, by the severest Judgment of Almighty God, to dye hardned, and mad and unrepentant, with the curses of the present Age; and the detestation of all to succeed.

Though I had much more to say (for the Life of man is so short, that it allows not time enough to speak against a Tyrant) yet because I had a mind to hear how my strange Adversary would behave himself upon this subject, and to give even the Devil (as they say) his right, and fair play in a Disputation, I stopt here, and expected (not without the frailty of a little fear) that he should have broke into a violent passion in behalf of his Favourite, but he on the contrary very calmly, and with the Dove like innocency of a Serpent that was not yet warm'd enough to sting, thus replied to me;

It is not so much out of my affection to that person whom we discourse of (whose greatness is too solid to be shaken by the breath of any Oratory) as for you own sake (honest Countryman) whom I conceive to err, rather by mistake than out of malice; that I shall endeavour to reform your uncharitable and unjust opinion. And in the first place I must needs put you in mind of a Sentence of the most antient of the Heathen Divines, that you men are acquainted withall,

ἔχ' ὁ σίων κταμένισιν ἐπ' ἀνδρῶσιν εὐχεταίόσθαι,

'Tis wicked with insulting feet to tread  
Upon the Monuments of the Dead.

And the intention of the reproof there, is no less proper for this Subject; for it is spoken to a person who was proud and insolent against those dead to whom he had been humble and obedient whilst they lived. Your Highness may please (said I) to add the Verse that follows, as no less proper for this Subject,

Whom God's just doom and their owns sins have sent  
Already to their punishment.

But I take this to the rule in the case, that when we fix any infamy upon deceased persons, it should not be done out of hatred to the Dead, but out of love and charity

to the Living, that the curses which onely remain in men's thoughts, and dare not come forth against Tyrants (because they are Tyrants whilst they are so, may at least be for ever setled and engraven upon their Memories; to deter all others from the like wickedness, which else in the time of their foolish prosperity, the flattery of their own hearts, and of other mens Tongues, would not suffer them to perceive. Ambition is so subtil a Tempter, and the corruption of humane nature so susceptible of the temptation, that a man hardly resist it, be he never so much forewarn'd of the evil consequences, much less if he find not onely the concurrence of the present, but the approbation too of following ages, which have the liberty to judge more freely. The mischief of Tyranny is too great even in the shortest time that it can continue. It is endless and insupportable, if the Example be to reign too, and if *Lambert* must be invited to follow the steps of a *Cromwell* as well by the voice of Honour, as by the sight of power and riches. Though it may seem to some fantastically, yet was it wisely done of the *Syracusians*, to implead with the forms of their ordinary justice, to condemn, and destroy even the Statues of all their Tyrants; If it were possible to cut them out of all History, and to extinguish their very names, I am of opinion that it ought to be done; but since they have left behind them too deep wounds to be ever closed up without a Scar, at least let us set such a Mark upon their memory, that men of the same wicked inclinations may be no less affrighted with their lasting Ignominy than enticed by their momentary glories. And that your Highness may perceive that I speak not all this out of any private animosity against the person of the late *Prosecutor*, assure you upon my faith, that I bear no more hatred to his name, than I do to that of *Marius* or *Sylla*, who never did me or any friend of mine the least injury; and with that transported by a holy fury, I fell into this sudden rapture.

I.

Curst be the Man (what do I wish? as though  
The wretch already were not so;  
But curst on let him be) who thinks it brave,



And great, his Countrey to enslave.  
 Who seeks to overpoise alone  
 The Balance of a Nation;  
 Against the whole but naked State,  
 ho in his own light scale makes up with Arms the weight;

2.

ho of his Nation loves to be the first,  
 Though at the rate of being worst.  
 ho would be rather a great Monster, than  
 A well proportion'd Man;  
 The son of Earth with hundred hands  
 Upon his three-pil'd Mountain stands,  
 Till Thunder strikes him from the sky;  
 e Son of Earth again in his Earths womb does lie.

3.

hat Blood, Confusion, Ruine, to obtain  
 A short and miserable Reign?  
 what oblique and humble creeping wise  
 Does the mischievous Serpent rise?  
 But even his forked Tongue strikes dead,  
 When h'as rear'd up his wicked Head,  
 He murders with his mortal frown,  
*Basilisk* he grows if once he get a Crown.

4.

t no Guards can oppose assaulting Ears,  
 Or undermining Tears.  
 o more than doors, or close drawn Curtains keep  
 The swarming Dreams out when we sleep.  
 That bloody Conscience too of his  
 (For, oh, a Rebel Red-Coat'tis)  
 Does here his early Hell begin,  
 e sees his Slaves without, his Tyrant feels within.

5.

at, Gracious God, let never more thine hand  
 Lift up this rod against our Land.  
 Tyrant is a Rod and serpent too,

And brings worse Plagues than *Egypt* knew.  
 What Rivers stain'd with blood have been?  
 What Storm and Hail-shot have we seen?  
 What Sores deform'd the Ulcerous State?  
 What darkness to be felt has buried us of late?

## 6.

How has it snatcht our Flocks and Herds away?  
 And made even of our Sons a prey?  
 What croaking Sects and Vermin has it sent  
 The restless Nation to torment?  
 What greedy Troups, what armed power  
 Of Flies and Locust to devour  
 The Land which every where they fill?  
 Nor flie they, Lord away; no, they devour it still.

## 7.

Come the eleventh Plague, rather than this should be  
 Come sink us rather in the Sea.  
 Come rather Pestilence and reap us down;  
 Come Gods sword rather than our own.  
 Let rather *Roman* come again,  
 Or *Saxon*, *Norman*, or the *Dane*,  
 In all the bonds we ever bore,  
 We griev'd, we sigh'd, we wept; we never blusht before

## 8.

If by our sins the Divine Justice be  
 Call'd to this last extremity,  
 Let some denouncing *Jonas* first be sent;  
 To try if *England* can repent.  
 Methinks at least some Prodigy,  
 Some dreadful Comet from on high;  
 Should terribly forewarn the Earth,  
 As of good Princes Death, so of a Tyrants birth.

Here the spirit of Verse beginning a little to fail  
 stopt, and his Highness smiling, said, I was glad to  
 you engaged in the Enclosures of *Meeter*, for if you had  
 staid in the open plain of Declaiming against the word *Tyrant*, I must have had patience for half a dozen hours,

our self as well as me. But pray, Country-man, to  
oid this sciomachy, or imaginary Combat with words,  
me know fit, what you mean by the name of Tyrant,  
r I remember, that among your ancient Authors not on-  
all Kings, but even *Jupiter* himself (your *Juvans Pater*)  
so termed, and perhaps as it was used formerly in a good  
se, so we shall find it upon better consideration to be  
ll a good thing for the benefit and peace of mankind, at  
ist it will appear whether your interpretation if it may be  
tly applied to the person who is now the subject of our  
iscourse. I call him (said I) a Tyrant, who either intru-  
s himself forcibly into the Government of his fellow Ci-  
ens without any legal Authority over them, or who ha-  
g a just Tittle to the Government of a people, abuses it to  
e destruction, or tormenting of them. So that all Tyrants  
e at the same time Usurpers, either of the whole or at  
st of a part of that power which they assume to themsel-  
s, and no less are they to be accounted Rebels, since no  
n can usurp Authority over others, but by rebelling ag-  
st them who had it before, or at least against those Laws  
hich were his Superiors, and in all these senses no Histo-  
can afford us a more evident example of Tyranny, or  
ore out of all possibility of excuse, or palliation, than  
t of the person whom you are pleased to defend, whe-  
er we consider his reiterated rebellions against all his Su-  
iors, or his usurpation of the Supream power to him-  
f, or his Tyranny in the exercise of it; and if lawful  
nces have been esteemed Tyrants by not containing  
mselves within the bounds of those Laws which have  
en left them as the sphere of their Authority by their fo-  
fathers, what shall we say of that man, who having  
right no power at all in this Nation, could not content  
nself with that which had satisfied the most ambitious  
our Princes? may, not with those vastly extended li-  
ts of Sovereignty, which he (disdaining all that had been  
scribed and observed before) was pleased (but of great  
odesty) to set to himself? not abstaining from Rebellion  
l Usurpation even against his own Laws as well as those  
the Nation.

Hold friend (said his Highness, pulling me by my Arm for I see your zeal is transporting you again) whether a Protector were a Tyrant in the exorbitant exercise of his power we shall see anon, it is requisite to examine first whether he were so in the usurpation of it. And I say, that not only He, but no man else ever was, or can be so; and that for these reasons. First, Because all power belongs only to God, who is the source and fountain of it, as Kings are of all Honours in their Dominions. Princes are but Viceroyes in the little Provinces of this World, and to me he gives their places for a few years, to some for their lives, and to others (upon ends or deserts best known himself, or meerly for his undisputable good pleasure) bestows as it were Leases upon them, and their posterity for such a date of time as is prefixt in that Patent of the Destiny, which is not legible to you men below. Neither is it more unlawful for *Oliver* to succeed *Charles* in the Kingdom of *England*, when God so disposes of it, than had been for him to have succeeded the Lord *Stafford* the Lieutenantcy of *Ireland*, if he had been appointed to by the King then reigning. Men are in both the cases obliged to obey him whom they see actually invested with Authority by that Sovereign from whom he ought to derive it, without disputing or examining the causes, either the removal of the one, or the preferment of the other. Secondly, because all power is attained either by the Election and Consent of the people, and that takes away your objection of forcible intrusion; or else by a Conquest of them; and that gives such a legal Authority as you mention to be wanting in the usurpation of a Tyrant; so that either this Title is right, and then there are no Usurpers, or else it is a wrong one, and then there are none else but Usurpers, if you examine the Original pretences of the Princes of the World. Thirdly, (which quitting the dispute in general, is a particular justification of his Highness) the Government of *England* was totally broken and dissolved, and extinguish't by the confusions of a Civil War, so that his Highness could not be accused to have possess't himself violently of the antient building of the Commonwealth, but to have prudently and peaceably bu

up a new one out of the ruines and ashes of the former; and he who after a deplorable shipwrack can with extraordinary Industry gather together the disperst and broken planks and pieces of it, and with no less wonderful Art and Felicity so rejoyne them as to make a new Vessel more light and beautiful than the old one, deserves, no doubt, to have the command of her (even as his Highness had) by the desire of the Seamen and passengers themselves. And do but consider Lastly (for I omit a multitude of weighty things that might be spoken upon this noble argument) do but consider seriously and impartially with your self, what admirable parts of wit and prudence, what indefatigable Diligence and invincible courage must of necessity have concurred in the person of that man who from so contemptible beginnings (as I observed before) and through so many thousand difficulties, was able not only to make himself the greatest and most absolute Monarch of this Nation, but to add to it the entire conquest of *Ireland* and *Scotland* (which the whole force of the World joyned with the *Roman* virtue could never attain to) and to Crown all this with illustrious and Heroical undertakings, and successes upon all our foreign Enemies; do but (I say again) consider his, and you will confess, that this prodigious merits were a better Title to Imperial Dignity, than the blood of an hundred Royal Progenitors; and will rather lament that he lived not to overcome more Nations, than envy him the Conquest and Dominion of these. Who ever you are said I, my indignation making me somewhat bolder) your discourse methinks becomes as little the person of a Tutelar Angel, as *Cromwels* actions did that of a Protector, it is upon these principles, that all the great Crimes of the world have been committed, and most particularly those which I have had the misfortune to see in my own time, and in my own Countrey. If these be to be allowed, we must break up humane society, retire into the Woods, and equally there stand upon our Guards against our Brethren Mankind, and our Rebels the Wild Beasts. For if here can be no Usurpation upon the rights of a whole Nation, there can be none most certainly upon those of a private person; and if the robbers of Countreys be Gods Vice-

gerents, there is no doubt but the Thives and Bandito's, and Murderers are his under Officers. It is true which you say, that God is the source and fountain of all power, and it is no less true that he is the Creator of Serpents as well as Angels; nor does his goodness fail of its ends even in the malice of his own Creatures. What power he suffers the Devil to exercise in this world, is too apparent by our daily experience, and by nothing more than the late monstrous iniquities which you dispute for, and patronize in *England*; but would you infer from thence, that the power of the Devil is a just and lawful one, and that all men ought, as well as most men do, to obey him? God is the fountain of all powers; but some flow from the right hand (as it were) of his Goodness, and others from the left hand of his Justice; and the World, like an Island between these two Rivers, is sometimes refreshed and nourished by the one, and sometimes overrun and ruined by the other; and (to continue a little farther the Allegory) we are never overwhelmed with the latter, till either by our malice or negligence we have stopt and damm'd up the former. But to come a little closer to your argument, or rather the Image of an Argument, your similitude; If *Cromwel* had come to command in *Ireland* in the place of the late Lord *Strafford*, I should have yielded obedience, not for the equipage, and the strength, and the guards which he brought with him, but for the Commission which he should first have shewed me from our common Sovereign that sent him; and if he could have done that from God Almighty, I would have obeyed him too in *England*; but that he was so far from being able to do, that on the contrary, I read nothing but commands, and even publick Proclamations from God Almighty, not to admit him. Your second Argument is, that he had the same right for his Authority, that is the foundation of all others even the right of Conquest. Are we then so unhappy as to be conquered by the person, whom we hired at a daily rate, like a labourer, to conquer others for us? did we furnish him with Arms, onely to draw and try upon our Enemies (as we, it seems, falsely thought them) and keep them for ever sheath'd in the bowels of his Friends? did we fight for Liberty against our Prince, that

we might become Slaves to our Servant? this is such an impudent pretence, as neither He nor any of his flatterers for him had ever the face to mention. Though it can hardly be spoken or thought of without passion, yet I shall, if you please, argue it more calmly than the case deserves. The right certainly of Conquest can only be exercised upon those against whom the War is declared, and the Victory obtained. So that no whole Nation can be said to be conquered but by foreign force. In all Civil wars men are so far from stating the quarrel against their Countrey, that they do it only against a person or party which they really believe, or at least pretend to be pernicious to it, neither can there be any just cause for the destruction of a part of the body, but when it is done for the preservation and safety of the whole. 'Tis our Countrey that raises men in the quarrel, our Countrey that arms, our Countrey that pays them, our Countrey that authorises the undertaking, and by that distinguishes it from rapine and murder; Lastly, 'tis our Countrey that directs and commands the Army, and is indeed their General. So that to say in Civil Wars that the prevailing party conquers their Countrey, is to say, the Countrey conquers it self. And if the General only of that party be the Conquerour, the Army by which he is made so, is no less conquered than the Army which is beaten, and have as little reason to triumph in that Victory, by which they lose both their Honour and Liberty. So that if *Cromwel* conquer'd any party, it was only that against which he was set, and what that was, must appear by his Commission. It was (says that) against a company of evil Counsellors, and disaffected persons, who kept the King from a good intelligence and conjunction with his People. It was not then against the People. It is so far from being so, that even of that party which was beaten, the Conquest did not belong to *Cromwel* but to the Parliament which employed him in their Service, or rather indeed to the King and Parliament, for whose Service, (if there had been any faith in mens vows and protestations) the Wars were undertaken. Merciful God! did the right of this miserable Conquest remain then in His Majesty, and didst thou suffer him to be destroyed with more barbarity than if he had been conquered even by *Sava-*

ges and Cannibals? was it for King and Parliament that we fought, and has it fared with them just as with the Army which we fought against, the one part being slain, and the other fled? It appears therefore plainly, that *Cromwell* was not a Conqueror, but a Thief and Robber of the Rights of the King and Parliament, and an Usurper upon those of the People. I do not here deny Conquest to be sometimes (though it be very rarely) a true title but I deny this to be a true Conquest. Sure I am, that the race of our Princes came not in by such a one. One Nation may conquer another sometimes justly, and if it be unjustly: yet still it is a true Conquest, and they are to answer for the injustice only to God Almighty (having nothing else in authority above them) and not as particular Rebels to their Countrey, which is, and ought always to be their Superior and their Lord. If perhaps we find Usurpation instead of Conquest in the Original Titles of some Royal Families abroad (as no doubt there have been many Usurpers before ours, though none in so impudent and execrable a manner) all I can say for them is, that their Title was very weak, till by length of time, and the death of all just pretenders, it became to be the true, because it was the onely one. Your third defence of his Highness (as your Highness pleases to call him) enters in most seasonably after his pretence of Conquest, for then a man may say any thing. The Government was broken? Who broke it? It was dissolved; Who dissolved it? It was extinguish'd; Who was it but *Cromwell*, who not onely put out the Light, but cast away even the very snuff off it? As if a man should murder a whole Family, and then possess himself of the House, because 'tis better that He, than that onely Rats should live there. Jesus God! (said I, and at that word I perceived my pretended Angel to give a start and trembled, but I took no notice of it, and went on). this were a wicked pretension even though the whole Family were destroyed, but the Heirs (blessed be God) are yet surviving, and likely to out-live all Heirs of their disposseffors, besides their Infamy. *Rode Caper vitem*, &c. There will be yet wine enough left for the Sacrifice of those wild Beasts that have made so much spoil in the Vineyard. But did



*Cromwell* think, like *Nero*, to set the City on fire, onely that he might have the honour of being founder of a new and more beautiful one? He could not have such a shadow of Virtue in his wickedness; he meant onely to rob more securely and more richly in midst of the combustion; he little thought then that he should ever have been able to make himself Master of the Palace, as well as plunder the Goods of the Common-wealth. He was glad to see the publick Vessel (the Sovereign of the Seas) in as desperate a condition as his own little Canon, and thought onely with some scattered planks of that great shipwrack to make a better Fisherboat for himself. But when he saw that by the drowning of the Master (whom he himself treacherously knockt on the head as he was swimming for his life) by the flight and dispersion of others, and cowardly patience of the remaining company, that all was abandoned to his pleasure, with the old Hulck and new mis-shapen and disagreeing pieces of his own, he made up with much adoe that Piratical Vessel which we have seen him command, and which, how tight indeed it was, may best be judged by it's perpetual Leaking. First then (much more wicked than those foolish daughters in the Fable, who cut their old Father into pieces, in hope by charms and witchcraft to make him young and lustly again) this man endeavoured to destroy the Building, before he could imagine in what manner, with what materials, by what workmen, or what Architect it was to be rebuilt. Secondly, if he had dreamt himself to be able to revive that body which he had killed yet it had been but the insupportable insolence of an ignorant Mountebanck; And Thirdly (which concerns us nearest) that very new thing which he made out of the ruines of the old, is no more like the Original, either for beauty, use, or duration, than an artificial Plant raised by the fire of a Chymist is comparable to the true and natural one which he first burnt, that out of the ashes of it he might produce an imperfect similitude of his own making. Your last argument is such [when reduced to Syllogism] that the Major Proposition of it would make strange work in the World, if it were received for truth; to wit, that he who has the best parts in a Nation, has the right of being King

over it. We had enough to do here of old with the contention between two branches of the same Family, who would become of us when every man in *England* should lay his claim to the Government? and truly if *Cromwell* should have commenced his plea when he seems to have begun his ambition, there were few persons besides that might not at the same time have put in theirs too. But his Deserts I suppose you will date from the same terme that I do his great Demerits; that is, from the beginning of our late calamities, (for, as for his private faults before, I can only wish (and that with as much Charity to him as to the publick) that he had continued in them till his death, rather than changed them for those of his latter dayes) and therefore we must begin the consideration of his greatness from the unlucky *Æra* of our own misfortunes, which puts me in mind of what was said less truly of *Pompey* the Great, *Nostra Miseria Magnus es*. But because the general ground of your argumentation consists in this, that all men who are the effecters of extraordinary mutations in the world, must needs have extraordinary forces of Nature by which they are enabled to turn about, as they please, so great a Wheel; I shall speak first a few words upon this universal proposition, which seems so reasonable, and is so popular, before I descend to the particular examination of the eminences of that person which is in question.

I have often observed [with all submission and resignation of spirit to the inscrutable mysteries of Eternal Providence] that when the fulness and maturity of time is come that produces the great confusions and changes in the World, it usually pleases God to make it appear by the manner of them, that they are not the effects of humane force or policy, but of the Divine Justice and Predestination, and though we see a man, like that which we call Jack of the Clock-house, striking, as it were, the Hour of thatfulness of time, yet our reason must needs be convinced, that his hand is moved by some secret, and to us who stand without, invisible directiō. And the stream of the Current is then so violent, that the strongest men in the World cannot draw up against it, and none are so weak, but they may fall down with it. These are the Sprīg. Tides of publick  
affairs

affairs which we see often happen, but seek in vain to discover any certain causes,

—— \* *Omnia fluminis*  
*Ritu feruntur, medio alveo*  
*Cum pace delabentis Hetruscum*  
*In mare, nunc lapides adefos*  
*Sirpesque raptas, & pecus & domos*  
*Volventis una, non sine montium*  
*Elamore, vicinaque silva;*  
*Cum fera Diluvies quietos*  
*Irritat omnes, ——*

and one man then, by maliciously opening all the Sluces that he can come at, can never be the sole Author of all this (though he may be as guilty as if really he were, by intending and imagining to be so) but it is God that breaks up the Flood-Gates of so general a Deluge, and all the art then and industry of mankind is not sufficient to raise up Dikes and Ramparts against it. In such a time it was as this, that not all the wisdom and power of the Roman Senate, nor the wit and eloquence of *Cicero*, nor the Courage and Virtue of *Brutus* was able to defend their Country or themselves against the unexperienced rashness of a beardless Boy, and the loose rage of a voluptuous Madman. The valour and prudent Counsels on the one side are made fruitless, and the errors and cowardize on the other harmless, by unexpected accidents. The one General saves his life, and gains the whole World, by a very dream; and the other loses both at once by a little mistake of the shortness of his sight. And though this be not alwaies so, for we see that in the translation of the great Monarchies from one to another, it pleased God to make choice of the most Eminent men in Nature, as *Cyrus*, *Alexander*, *Scipio* and his contemporaries, for chief instruments and actors in so admirable a work (the end of this being not only to destroy or punish one Nation, which may be done by the worst of mankind, but to exalt and bless another, which is only to be effected by great and virtuous persons); yet when God only intends the temporary chastisement

of a people, he does not raise up his servant *Cyrus* [as he himself is pleased to call him] or an *Alexander* [who had as many virtues to do good, as vices to do harm] but he makes the *Massanelloes*, and the *Johns* of *Leyden* the instruments of his vengeance, that the power of the Almighty might be more evident by the weakness of the means which he chooses to demonstrate it. He did not assemble the Serpents and the Monsters of *Africke* to correct the pride of the *Egyptians*, but called for his Armies of Locusts out of *Æthiopia*, and formed new ones of Vermin out of the very dust; and because you see a whole Country destroyed by these, will you argue from thence they must needs have had both the craft of the Foxes, and the courage of Lions? It is easie to apply this general observation to the particular case of our troubles in *England*, and that they seem only to be meant for a temporary chastisement of our sins, and not for a total abolishment of the old, and introduction of a new Government, appears probably to me from these considerations, as far as we may be bold to make a judgment of the will of God in future events. First, because he has suffered nothing to settle or take root in the place of that which hath been so unwisely and unjustly removed, that one of these untempered Mortars can hold out against the next blast of Wind, nor any stone stick to a stone, till that which these Foolish Builders have refused, be made again the Head of the Corner. For when the indisposed and long fermented Commonwealth has wearied and spent it self almost to nothing with the chargeable, various, and dangerous experiments of several Mountebanks, it is to be supposed, it will have the wit as last to send for a true Physician, especially when it sees (which is the second consideration) most evidently (as it now begins to do, and will do every day more and more, and might have done perfectly long since) that no usurpation [under what name or pretext soever] can be kept up without open force, nor force without the continuance of those oppressions upon the people, which will at last tire out their patience, though it be great even to stupidity. They cannot be so dull (when poverty and hunger begins to wheel their understanding] as not to find out this no extraordinary

nary mystery, that 'tis madness in a Nation to pay three Millions a year for the maintaining off their servitude under Tyrants, when they might live free for nothing under their Princes, This, I say, will not alwayes ly hid, even to the slowest capacities, and the next truth they will discover afterwards, is, that a whole people can never have the will without having at the same time the power to redeem themselves. Thirdly, it does not look (me-thinks) as if God had forsaken the family of that man, from whom he has raised up five Children, of as Eminent virtue, and all other commendable qualities, as ever lived perhaps (for so many together, and so young) in any other family in the whole world. Especially, if we adde hereto his consideration, that by protecting and preserving some of them already through as great danger as ever were past with safety, either by Prince or private person, he has given them already (as we may reasonably hope it to be meant) a promise and earnest of his future favours. And lastly [to return closely to the discourse from which I have a little digrest] because I see nothing of those excellent parts of nature. and mixture of Merit with their Vices in the late disturbers of our peace and happiness, that uses to be found in the persons of those who are born for the erection of new Empires. And I confesse I find nothing of that kind, no not any shadow (taking away the false light of some prosperity) in the man whom you extol for the first example of it. And certainly all Virtues being rightly divided into Moral and Intellectual, I know not how we can better judge of the former than by mens actions, or of the latter than by their Writings of Speeches. And for these latter (which are least in merit, or rather which are only the instruments of mischief where the other are wanting) I think you can hardly pick out the name of a man who ever was called Great, besides him we are now speaking of, who never left the memory behinde him of one wise or witty Apothegm even amongst his Domestique Servants or greatest Flatterers. That little in print which remains upon a sad record for him, in such, as a Satyre against him would not have made

him.

him say, for fear of transgressing too much the rules of Probability. I know not what you can produce for the justification of his parts in this kind, but his having been able to deceive so many particular persons, and so many whole parties; which if you please to take notice of for the advantage of his Intellectuals, I desire you to allow me the liberty to do so too, when I am to speak of his Morals. The truth of the thing is this, That if Craft be Wisdom and Dissimulation Wit, (assisted both and improved with Hypocrisies and Parjuries) I must not deny him to have been singular in both; but so gross was the manner in which he made use of them, that as wise men ought not to have believed him at first, so no man was Fool enough to believe him at last; neither did any man seem to do it, but those who thought they gained as much by that dissimulation, as he did by his. His very actings of Godliness grew at first as ridiculous, as if a Player, by putting on a Gown, should think he represented excellently a Woman, though his Beard at the same time were seen by all the Spectators. If you ask me why they did not hiss, and explode him off the stage, I can only answer, that they durst not do so, because the Actors and the Door-keepers were too strong for the Company. I must confess that by these arts (how grossly soever managed, as by Hypocritical praying, and silly preaching, by unmanly tears and whinnings, by falsehoods and perjuries even Diabolical) he had at first the good fortune (as men call it, that is the ill-Fortune) to attain his ends; but it was because his ends were so unreasonable, that no humane reason could foresee them, which made them who had to do with him believe that he was rather a well meaning and deluded Bigot, than a crafty and malicious Impostor, that these arts were helpt by an Indefatigable industry (as you term it) I am so far from doubting, that I intended to object that diligence as the worst of his Crimes. It makes me almost mad when I hear a man commended for his diligence in wickedness. If I were his Son, I should wish to God he had been a more lazy person, and that we might have found him sleeping at the hours when other men are ordinarily waking, rather than waking for those ends of his when other men were ordinarily

dinarily asleep; how diligent the wicked are the Scripture oftentell us; Their feet run to evill, and they make haste to shed innocent blood, *I/a* 59. 7. He travels with iniquity, *Psal.* 7. 14. He deviseth mischief upon his bed, *Psal.* 34. 4. They search out iniquity, they accomplish a diligent search, *Psal.* 64. 6. and in a multitude of other places. And would it not seem ridiculous to praiſe a Wolf for his watchfulness, and for his indefatigable industry in ranging all night about the Countrey, whilst the sheep, and perhaps the shepherd, and perhaps the very Dogs too are all asleep?

The *Chartreux* wants the warning of a Bell  
 To call him to the duties of his Cell  
 There needs no noise at all t'awaken sin,  
 Th'Adulterer and the Thiet his Larum has within.

And if the diligence of wicked persons be so much to be blamed, as that it is only an Emphasis and Exaggeration of their wickedness, I see not how their courage can avoid the same censure. If the undertaking bold, and vast, and unreasonable designs can deserve that honourable name, I am sure *Faux* and his fellow Gun-powder Fiends will have cause to pretend, though not an equal, yet at least the next place of Honour, neither can I doubt but if they too had succeeded, they would have found their Applauders and Admirers. It was bold unquestionably for a man in defiance of all Humane and Divine Laws (and with so little probability of a long impunity) so publickly and so outrageously to murder his Master; It was bold with so much insolence and affront to expel and disperse all the chief Partners of his guilt, and Creators of his power; It was bold to violate so openly and so scornfully all Acts and Constitutions of a Nation, and afterwards even of his own making; it was bold to Assume the Authority of calling, and bolder yet of breaking so many Parliaments; It was bold to trample upon the patience of his own, and provoke that of all neighbouring Countreys; It was bold, I say, above all boldnesses, to Usurp this Tyranny to himself, and impudent above all impudences.

to endeavour to transmit it to his posterity. But all this boldness is so far from being a sign of manly courage, [which dares not transgress the rules of any other Virtue] that it is only a Demonstration or Brutish Madnes or Diabolical Possession. In both which last cases there uses frequent examples to appear of such extraordinary force as may justly seem more wonderful and astonishing than the actions of *Cromwel*, neither is it stranger to believe that a whole Nation should not be able to govern Him and a Mad Army, than that five or six Men should not be strong enough to bind a distracted Girl. There is no man ever succeeds in one wickedness but it gives him the boldness to attempt a greater; 'T was boldly done of *Nero* to kill his Mother, and all the chief Nobility of the Empire; 'twas boldly done to set the Metropolis of the Whole world on fire, and undauntedly play upon his Harp whilst he saw it burning; I could reckon up five hundred boldnesses of that great person [for why should not He too be called so?] who wanted when he was to die, that courage which could hardly have failed any Woman in the like necessity. It would look [I must confess] like Envy or too much partiality if I should say that personal kind of courage had been deficient in the man we speak of; I am confident it was not, and yet I may venture I think to affirm, that no man ever bore the honour of so many victories, at the rate of fewer wounds or dangers of his own body, and though his valour might perhaps have given him a just pretension to one of the first charges in an Army, it could not certainly be a sufficient ground for a Title to the command of three Nations. What then shall we say? That he did all this by Witchcraft? He did so indeed in a great measure by a sin that is called like it in the Scriptures. But truly and unpassionately reflecting upon the advantages of his person which might be thought to have produced those of his Fortune, I can espy no other but extraordinary Diligence and infinite Dissimulation; and believe he was exalted above his Nation, partly by his own Faults, but chiefly for Ours. We have brought him thus briefly (not through all his Labyrinths) to the Supreme U surpt Authority, and because you say it



was great pity he did not live to command more Kingdoms, be pleased to let me represent to you in a few words, how well I conceive he governed these. And we will divide the consideration into that of his foreign and domestique Actions. The first of his foreign was a peace with our Brethren of *Holland* (who were the first of our neighbours that God chastised for having had so great a hand in the encouraging and abetting our troubles at home) who would not imagine at first glympse that this had been the most virtuous and laudable deed that his whole life could have made any parade of? but no man can look upon all the circumstances without perceiving, that it was purely the sale and sacrificing of the greatest advantages that this Countrey could ever hope, and was ready to reap from a foreign War, to the private Interests of his Covetousness and Ambition, and the security of his new and unsettled Usurpation. No sooner is that danger past, but this *Beatus Pacificus* is kindling a fire in the Northern World, and carrying a War two thousand miles off Westwards. Two millions a year (besides all the Vales of his Protectorship) is as little capable to suffice now either his Avarice or Prodigality, as the two hundred pounds were that he was born to. He must have his prey of the whole *Indies* both by Sea and Land, this great Aligator. To satisfy our *Anti-Solomon* (who has made Silver almost as rare as Gold? and Gold as precious stones in his new *Jerusalem*) we must go, ten thousand of his slaves, to fetch him riches from his fantastical *Ophir*. And because his flatterers brag of him as the most fortunate Prince [the *Faustus* as well as *Sylla* of our Nation, whom God never forsook in any of his undertakings] I desire them to consider, how since the *English* name was ever heard of, it never received so great and so infamous a blow as under the imprudent conduct of this unlucky *Faustus*; and herein let me admire the justice of God in this circumstance, that they who had enslaved their Country [though a great Army, which I wish may be observed by ours with trembling] should be so shamefully defeated by the hands of forty slaves. It was very ridiculous to see how prettily they endeavoured to hide this ignominy under the

great name of the Cōquest of *Jamaica*, as if a defeated Army should have the impudence to brag afterwards of the Victory, because, though they had fled out of the Field of Battel, yet they quartered that night in a Village of the Enemies. The War with *Spain* was a necessary consequence of this folly, and how much we have gotten by it, let the Custom-house and Exchange inform you; and if he please to boast of the taking a part of the Silver Fleet, (which indeed no body else but he, who was the sole gainer, has cause to do) at least, let him give leave to the rest of the Nation (which is the only loser) to complain of the loss of twelve hundred of her ships. But because it may here perhaps be answered, that his successes nearer home have extinguish'd the disgrace of so remote miscarriages, and that *Dunkirk* ought more to be remembred for his glory, than *St. Domingo* for his disadvantage; I must confess, as to the honour of the *English* courage, that they were not wanting upon that occasion (excepting only the fault of serving at least indirectly against their Master) to the upholding of the renown of their warlike Ancestors. But for his particular share of it, who sat still at home, and expos'd them so frankly abroad, I can only say, that for less money than he in the short time of his Reign exacted from his fellow Subjects, some of our former Princes (with the daily hazard of their own persons have added to the Dominion of *England* not only one Town, but even a greater Kingdom than it self. And this being all considerable as concerning his enterprises abroad, let us examine in the next place, how much we owe him for his Justice and good Government at home. And first he found the Common-wealth [as they then call'd it] in a ready stock of about 800000 pounds, he left the Common-wealth (as he had the impudent raillery still to call it) some two Millions and an half in debt. He found out Trade very much decayed indeed, in comparison of the golden times of our late Princes; He left it as much again more decay'd than he found it; and yet not only no Prince in *England*, but no Tyrant in the World ever sought out more base or infamous means to raise moneys. I shall only instance in one that he put in practice, and another that he attempted, but was frighted from the execution. (even

He) by the infamy of it. That which he put in practice, was decimation; which was the most impudent breach off all publick Faith that the whole Nation had given, and all private capitulations which himself had made, as the Nations General and Servant, that can be found out (I believe) in all History, from any of the most barbarous Generals of the most barbarous People. Which because it has been most excellently and most largely laid open by a whole Book written upon that Subject, I shall only desire you here to remember the thing in general, and to be pleased to look upon that Author when you would recollect all the particulars and circumstances of the iniquity. The other design of raising a present sum of money, which he violently pursued, but durst not put in execution, was by the calling in and establishment of the *Jews at London*; from which he was rebuted by the universal outcry of the Divines, and even of the Citizens too, who took it ill that a considerable number at least amongst themselves were not thought *Jews* enough by their own *Herod*. And for this design, they say, he invented (Oh Antichrist? Πονηρὸς and Πονηρὸς!) to sell *St. Pauls* to them for a Synagogue, if their purses and devotions could have reacht to the purchase. And this indeed if he had done only to reward that Nation which had given the first noble example of crucifying their King, it might have had some appearance of Gratitude, but he did it only for love of their Mammon; and would have sold afterwards for as much more *St. Peters* (even at his own *Westminster*) to the Turks for a *Misquito*. Such was his extraordinary Piety to God, that he desired he might be worshipped in all manners, excepting only that heathenish way of the Common-Prayer Book. But what do I speak of his wicked inventions for getting money? when every penny that for almost five years he took every day from every man living in *England*, *Scotland* and *Ireland*, was as much Robbery as if it had been taken by a Thief upon the High-ways. Was it not so? or can any man think that *Cromwell* with the assistance of his Forces and Mosse-Troopers, had more right to the command of all mens purses, than he might have had to any ones whom he had met and been too strong for upon

upon a Road? and yet when this came in the case of Mr *Coney*, to be disputed by a legal tryal, he (which was the highest act of Tyranny that ever was seen in *England*) not only discouraged and threatned, but violently imprison'd the Council of the Plaintiff; that is, he shut up the Law it self close Prisoner, that no man might have relief from or access to it. And it ought to be remembred, that this was done by those men, who a few years before had so bitterly decried, and openly oppos'd the Kings regular and formal way of proceeding in the trial of a little Ship money. But though we lost the benefit of our old Court of Justice, it cannot be denied that he set new ones and such they were, that as no virtuous Prince before would, so no ill one durst erect. What, have we lived so many hundred years under such a form of Justice as has been able regularly to punish all men that offended against it, and is it so deficient just now, that we must seek out new ways how to proceed against offenders? The reason which can only be given in nature for a necessity of this, is because those things are now made Crimes, which were never esteem'd so in former ages; and there must needs be a new Court set up to punish that, which all the old ones were bound to protect and reward. But I am so far from declaiming (as you call it) against these wickednesses (which if I should undertake to do, I should never get to the Peroration) that you see I only give a hint of some few, and pass over the rest as things, that are too many to be number'd, and must onely be weigh'd in gross. Let any man shew me [for though I pretend not to much reading, I will defie him in all History) let any man shew me [I say] an Example of any Nation in the World [though much greater than ours] where there have in the space of four year been made so many Prisoners only out of the endless jealousies of one Tyrants guilty imagination. I grant you that *Marius* and *Sylla*, and the accursed Triumvirate after them put more People to death [but the reason I think partly was, because in those times that had a mixture of some honour with their madness, they thought it a more civil revenge against a *Roman* to take away his life, than to take away his Liberty.) But truly in the point of murder too

we have little reason to think that our late Tyranny has been deficient to the examples that have ever been set it in other Countreys, Our Judges and our Courts of justice ave not been idle; And to omit the whole reign of our late King [till the beginning of the War] in which no drop of blood was ever drawn but from two or three Ears, I think the longest time of our worst Princes scarce saw many more Executions than the short one of our blest Reformer. And we saw, and smelt in our open streets, [as mark to you at first, the broyling of humane bowels as burnt Offering of a sweet Saviour to our Idol; but all murdering, and all roturing [though after the subtilest intention of his Predecessors of *Sicilie*] is more humane and more Supportable, than his selling, of Christians, Englishmen, Gentlemen; his selling of them (oh monstrous! oh incredible!) to be slaves in *America*. If his whole life could be reproacht with no other action, yet this alone would weigh down all the multiplicity of Crimes in any of our Tyrants; and I dare only touch, without stopping or persisting upon so insolent and so execrable a cruelty, for fear of falling into so violent [though a just] Passion, as would make me exceed that temper and moderation which I resolve to observe in this Discourse with you. These are great calamities; but even these are not the most insupportable that we have indured, for so it is, that the scorn and mockery and insultings of an Enemy, are more painful than the deepest wounds of his serious fury. This man was wanton and merry (unwittily and ungracefully merry) with our sufferings; He loved to say and do senseless and fantastical things, onely to shew his power of doing or saying any thing. It would ill besit mine; or any civil Mouth, to repeat these words which he spoke concerning the most sacred of our *English* Laws, the Petition of Right, and *Magna Charta*. To day you should see him ranting so wildly that no body durst come near him, the morrow flinching of cushions, and playing at snow-balls with his Servants. This moneth he assembles Parliament, and professes himself with humble tears to be onely their Servant and their Minister; the next moneth he swears By the Living God, that he will turn  
 them

them out of dores, and he does so, in his princely way of  
threatning, bidding them, Turn the buckles of their  
girdles behind them. The representative of a whole, na-  
of three whole Nations, was in his esteem so contempti-  
ble a meeting, that he thought the affronting and expelling  
of them to be a thing of so little consequence, as not to de-  
serve that he should advise with any mortal man about it.  
What shall we call this? Boldness, or Bruttishness? Rask-  
ness, or Phrensie? there is no name can come up to it,  
and therefore we must leave it without one. Now a Parlia-  
ment must be chosen in the new manner? next time in the  
old form, but all cashiered still after the newest mode.  
Now he will govern by Major Generals, now by One  
House, now by Another House, now by No House; now  
the freak takes him, and he makes seventy Peers of the  
Land at one clap (*Ex tempore and stans pede in uno*) and to  
manifest the absolute power of the Potter, he chooses not  
only the worst Clay he could find, but picks up even the  
Durt and Mire, to form out of it his Vessels of Honour.  
It was said anciently of Fortune, that when she had a mind  
to be merry and to divert her self, she was wont to raise  
up such kind of people to the highest Dignities. This Scourge  
of fortune, *Cromwell* (who was himself one of the pri-  
mest of her jests) found out the true haut-goust of this plea-  
sure, and rejoiced in the extravagance of his wayes as the  
fullest demonstration of his uncontrollable Sovereignty.  
Good God! What have we seen? and what have we  
suffer'd? What do all these actions signifie? What do they  
say aloud to the whole Nation, but this (even as plain  
as if it were proclaimed by Heralds through the streets of  
*London*) You are Slaves and Fools, and so use you  
These are briefly a part of those merits which you lament  
to have wanted the reward of more Kingdomes, and sup-  
pose that if he had lived longer he might have had them.  
Which I am so far from concurring to, that I believe his  
seasonable dying to have been a greater good fortune to  
him than all the victories and prosperities of his Life. For  
he seemed evidently (methinks) to be near the end of his  
deceitfull Glories; his own army grew at last as weary of  
him as the rest of the People; and I never past of late before

Palace (His do I call it? I ask God and the King pardon) but I never past of late before Whitehall without rearing upon the Gate of it, *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Uphar-*. But it pleased God to take him from the ordinary Courts Men, and Juries of his Peers, to his own High Court Justice, which being more mercifull than Ours below, there is a little room yet left for the hope of his friends, if they have any; though the outward unrepentance of his death afford but small materials for the work of Charity, especially if he designed even then to Entail his own injustice upon his Children, and by it inextricable confusions and Civil Wars upon the Nation. But here's at last an end of him; And where's now the fruit of all that blood and animosity which his ambition has cost the World? Where is he? Why, his Son (you'll say) has the whole Crop; I doubt you will find it quickly Blasted; I have nothing to say against this Gentleman, or any living of his Family, on the contrary I wish him better fortune than to have a long and unquiet possession of his Masters inherirance. Whatsoever they have spoken against his Father, is that which I should have thought (though Decency perhaps might have hindered me from saying it) even against mine Own, if I had been so unhappy, as that Mine by the same wayes should have left me three Kingdoms.

Here I stopt; and my pretended Protector, who, I expected, should have been very angry, fell a laughing; seems at the simplicity of my discourse, for thus he replied: You seem to pretent extremely to the old obsolete maxims of Virtue and Conscience, which makes me doubt very much whether from this vast prospect of three Kingdoms you can show me eny acres of your own. But these are so far from making you a Prince, that I am afraid your friends will never have the contentment to see you so much as a Justice of Peace in your own Countrey. For this I receive which you call Virtue, is nothing else but either the forwardness of a Cynick, or the laziness of an Epicurion. I am glad you allow me at least Artfull Dissimulation, and unwearied Diligence in my *Hero*, and I assure you that he whose Life is constantly drawn by those two, shall never be missed out of the way of Greatness. But I see you are  
a Pe-

a Pedant, and Platonical Statesman, a Theoretical Common-wealths-man, an Utopian Dreamer Was ever Riches gotten by your Golden Mediocrities? or the Supreme place attained to by Virtues that must not stir out of the middle? Do you study *Aristotles* Politiques, and write, you please, Comments upon them, and let another but practise *Machiavil*, and let us see then which of you two will come to the greatest preferments. If the desire of rule and superiority be a Virtue) as sure I am it is more imprinted in human Nature than any of your Lethargical Morals; and what is the Virtue of any Creature but the exercise of those powers and Inclinations which God has infused into it? (if that I say) be Virtue we ought not to esteem any thing Vice; which is the most proper, if not the onely means of attaining of it.

It is a Truth so certain, and so clear,  
 That to the first born Man it did appear;  
 Did not, the mighty Heir, the noble *Cain*,  
 By the fresh Laws of Nature taught, disdain  
 That (though a Brother) any one should be  
 A greater favourite to God than He?  
 He strook him down; and, so (said He) so fell  
 The Sheep which thou didst sacrifice so well.  
 Since all the fullest Sheaves which I could bring  
 Since all were Blasted in the Offering,  
 Lest God should my next Victim too despise,  
 The acceptable Priest I'll sacrifice.  
 Hence Coward Fears; for the first Blood so spilt  
 As a Reward, He the first City built.  
 'T was a beginning generous and high,  
 Fit for a Grand Child of the Deity.  
 So well advanc'd 'twas pit there he staid;  
 One step of Glory more he should have made,  
 And to the utmost bounds of Greatness gone;  
 Had *Adam* too been kill'd, He might have reign'd  
 Alone.  
 One Brother's death; What do I mean to name,  
 A small Oblation to Revenge and Fame?  
 The mighty-soul'd *Abimelec* to shew



What for high place a higher Spirit can do,  
 A Hecatomb almost of Brethern flew,  
 And seventy times in nearest blood he dy'd  
 (To make it hold) his Royal purple Pride.  
 Why do I name the Lordly Creature Man?  
 The weak, the mild, the Coward Woman, can,  
 When to a Crown she cuts her sacred way,  
 All that oppose with Manlike Courage slay.  
 So *Ataliah*, when she saw her son,  
 And with his late her dearer Greatness gone,  
 With a Majestique fury slaughter'd all  
 Whom high birth might to high pretences call.  
 Since he was dead who all her power sustain'd,  
 Resolv'd to reign alone; Resolv'd, and Reign'd.  
 In vain her Sex, in vain the Laws withstood,  
 In vain the sacred plea of *David's* blood,  
 A noble, and a bold contention, She,  
 (One Woman) undertook with Destiny.  
 She to pluck down, Destiny to uphold  
 (Oblig'd by holy Oracles of old)  
 The great *Jessoon* race on *Juda's* Throne;  
 Till 'twas at last an equal Wager grown,  
 Scarce Fate, with much adoe, the Better got by  
 One.

Tell me not she her self at last was slain;  
 Did she not first seven years (a Life time) reign?  
 Seven royal years 't a publick spirit will seem  
 More than the private Life of a *Methusalem*.  
 'Tis Godlike to be Great; and as they say  
 A thousand years to God are but a day:  
 So to a Man, when once a Crown he wears,  
 The Coronation Days more than a thousand years.

He would have gone on I perceiv'd in his blasphemies,  
 that by Gods Grace I became so bold as thus to inter-  
 him. I understand now perfectly (which I guess  
 long before) what kind of Angel and Protector you are;  
 though your stile in verse be very much mended since  
 were wont to deliver Oracles, yet your Doctrine is  
 ch worse than ever you had formerly (that I heard of)  
 the

the face to publish ; whether your long practice with  
 mankind has encreast and improved your malice , or whe-  
 ther you think Us in this age to be grown so impudent  
 wicked , that there needs no more Art or Disguises to  
 draw us to your party . My Dominion [said he hastily  
 and with a dreadful Furious look] is so great in this World  
 and I am so powerful a Monarch of it , that I need not be  
 ashamed that you should know me ; and that you may  
 see I know you too, I know you to be an obstinate and inve-  
 terate Malignant; and for that reason I shall take you along  
 with me to the next Garrison of Ours ; from whence  
 you shall go to the Tower , and from thence to the  
 Court of Justice , and from thence you know whither .  
 I was almost in the very pounces of the great Bird of prey :

When, Lo, e're the last words were fully spoke,  
 From a fair Cloud, which rather ope'd, than broke,  
 A flash of Light rather than Lightning came,  
 So swift, and yet so gentle was the Flame.

Upon it rode, and in his full Career,  
 Seem'd to my Eyes no sooner There than Here,  
 The comliest Youth of all th' Angelique Race,  
 Lovely his shape, ineffable his Face.

The frowns with which he strook the trembling Fien  
 All smiles of Humane Beauty did transcend,  
 His Beams of Locks fell part dishevel'd down,  
 Part upwards curld, and form'd a nat'ral Crown,  
 Such as the *Brittish* Monarchs us'd to wear ;  
 If Gold might be compar'd with Angels Hair.

His Coat and flowing Mantle were so bright,  
 They seem'd both made of woven Silver Light ;  
 Across his Breast an azure Ruban went,  
 At which a Medal hung that did present

In wondrous living figures to the sight,  
 The mystick Champions, and old Dragon's fight,  
 And from his Mantles side there shone afar,  
 A fixt, and, I believe, a real Star.

In his fair hand (what need was there of more?)  
 No Arms but th' *Englisch* bloody Cross he bore,  
 Which when he towards th' affrighted Tyrant bent,

and some few words pronounc'd (but what they  
meant,  
r were, could not, alas, by me be known,  
nly I well perceiv'd Iesus was one)  
etrembled, and he roar'd, and fled away;  
ad to quit thus his more than hop'd for prey.  
ich Rage inflames the Wolves wild heart and eyes  
ob'd as he thinks unjustly of his prize)  
/hom unawares the Shepherd spies, and draws  
he bleating Lamb from out his ravenous jaws.  
he Shepherd fain himself would he assail,  
ut Fear above his Hunger does prevail,  
e knows his Foe too strong, and must be gone;  
e grins as he looks back, and howls as he goes  
on.

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F I N I S.

E e

Several

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*Several Discourses by  
way of Essays, in Verse  
and Prose.*

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*I. Of Liberty.*

**T**He Liberty of a people consists in being governed by Laws which they have made themselves in whatsoever form it be of Government. The Liberty of a private man in being Master of his own Time and Action as far as may consist with the Laws of God and his country. Of this latter only we are here to discourse, and to enquire what estate of Life does best seat us in the possession of it. This Liberty of our own Actions is such a Fundamental Priviledge of human Nature, that God himself notwithstanding his infinite power and right over us, permits us to enjoy it, and that too after a Forfeiture made by the Rebellion of *Adam*. He takes so much care for the intire preservation of it to us, that he suffers neither his Providence nor Eternal Decree to break or infringe it. Now for our Time, the same God, to whom we are but Tenants-at-will for the whole, requires but the seventh part to be paid to him as a small Quit-Rent in acknowledgment of his Title. It is ma

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only that has the impudence to demand our whole time, though he neither gave it, nor can restore it, nor is able to pay any considerable value for the least part of it. This Birth-right of mankind above all other creatures, some are forced by hunger to sell, like *Esau*, for Bread and Broth, but the greatest part of men make such a Bargain for the delivery up of themselves, as *Thamar* did with *Judah*, instead of a Kid, the necessary provisions for humane life, they are contented to do it for Rings and Bracelets. The great dealers in this world may be divided into the Ambitious, the Covetous, and the Voluptuous, and that all these men sell themselves to be slaves, though to the vulgar it may seem a Stoical Paradox, will appear to the wise so plain and obvious that they will scarce think it deserves the labour of Argumentation. Let us first consider the Ambitious, and those both in their progress to Greatness, and after the attaining of it. There is nothing truer than what *Sallust* saies, *Dominationis in alios servitium suam Mercedem dant*, They are content to pay so great a price as their own Servitude to purchase the domination over others. The first thing they must resolve to sacrifice, is their whole time, they must never stop, nor ever turn aside whilst they are in the race of Glory, no not like *Atalanta* for Golden Apples, Neither indeed can a man stop himself if he would when he's in this Career.

*Fertur equis Auriga neque audi Currus habenas.*

Pray, let us but consider a little, what mean servile things men do for this Imaginary Food. We cannot fetch a greater example of it, than from the chief men of that Nation which boasted most of Liberty. To what pitiful baseness did the noblest *Romans* submit themselves for the obtaining of a *Prætorship*, or the *Consular* dignity: they put on the Habit of Suppliants, and ran about on foot, and in dirt, through all the Tribes to beg voices, they flattered the poorest Artisans, and carried a *Nomenclator* with them, to whisper in their ear every mans name, least

they should mistake it in their salutations: they shook the hand, and kist the cheek of every popular Tradesman; they stood all day at every Market in the publick places to shew and ingratiate themselves to the rout; they imploy'd all their friends to sollicite for them, they kept open Tables in every street, they distributed wine and bread and money, even to the vilest of the people. *En Romanos rerum Dominos!* Behold the Masters of the World beginning from door to door. This particular humble way to Greatness is now out of fashion, but yet every Ambitious person is still in some sort a *Roman Candidate*. He must feast and bribe, and attend and flatter, and adore many Beasts, though not the Beast with many heads. *Cataline* who was so proud that he could not content himself with a less power than *Sylla's*, was yet so humble for the attaining of it, as to make himself the most contemptible of all Servants, to be a publique Bawd, to provide whores, and something worse, for all the young Gentlemen of *Rome*, whose hot lusts and courages, and heads he thought he might make use of. And since I happen here to propose *Cataline* for my instance (though there be thousand of Examples for the same thing) give me leave to transcribe the Character which *Ci ero* gives of this noble slave, because it is a general description of all Ambitious men, and which *Machiavil* perhaps would say ought to be the rule of their life and actions. This man (saies he, as most of you may well remember) had many Artificial touches and stroakes that look'd like the beauty of great Virtues, his intimate conversation was with the worst of men, and yet he seem'd to be an Admirer and Lover of the best, he was furnish't with all the nets of Lust and Luxury, and yet wanted not the Arms of Labour and Industry: neither do I believe that there was ever any monster in nature, composed out of so many different and disagreeing parts. Who more acceptable, sometimes, to the most honorable persons, who more a favouri-  
te

te to the most Infamous? Who, sometimes, appear'd a braver Champion, who at other times, a bolder Enemy to his Countrey? who more dissolute in his pleasures, who more patient in his toiles? who more rapacious in robbing, who more profuse in giving? Above all things, this was remarkable and admirable in him, The arts he had to acquire the good opinion and kindness of all sorts of men, to retain it with great complaisance, to communicate all things to them, to watch and serve all the occasions of their fortune, both with his money and his interest, and his industry; and if need were, not by sticking at any wickedness whatsoever that might be useful to them, to bend and turn about his own Nature and lavec with every wind, to live severely with the melancholy, merrily with the pleasant, gravely with the aged, wantonly with the young, desperately with the bold, and debauchedly with the luxurious: with this variety and multiplicity of his nature, as he had made a collection of Friendships with all the most wicked and reckless of all Nations, so by the artificial simulation of some vertues, he made a shift to ensnare some honest and eminent persons into his familiarity; neither could so vast a design as the destruction of this Empire have been undertaken by him, if the immanity of so many vices had not been covered and disguised by the appearances of some excellent qualities.

I see, methinks, the Character of an *Anti-Paul*, who became all things to all men, that he might destroy all; who only wanted the assistance of Fortune to have been as great as his Friend *Cesar* was a little after him. And the ways of *Cesar* to compass the same ends (I mean till the Civil War, which was but another manner of setting his Countrey on Fire) were not unlike these, though he used afterward his unjust Dominion with more moderation than I think the other would have done. *Salust* therefore who was well acquainted with them both, and with many such like Gentlemen of his time, sayes,

De Bel.  
Cutil.

That it is the nature of ambition (*Ambitio multos mortales falsos fieri cogit* &c.) to make men Lyers and Cheaters, to hide the Truth in their breasts, and show, like jugglers, another thing in their Mouths, to cut all friendships and enmities to the measure of their own Interest and to make a good Countenance without the help of good will. And can there be Freedom with this perpetual constraint? What is it but a kind of Rack that forces men to say what they have no mind to? I have wondred at the extravagant and barbarous stratagem of *Zopirus*, and more at the praises which I finde of so deformed an action; who though he was one of the seven Grandees of *Persia*, and the Son of *Megabises*, who had freed before his Countrey from an ignoble Servitude, slit his own Nose and Lips; cut of his own Ears, scourged and wounded his whole body, that he might, under pretence of having been mangled so inhumanly by *Darius*, be received into *Babylon* (then besieged by the *Persians*) and get into the command of it by the recommendation of so cruel a Sufferance, and their hopes of his endeavouring to revenge it. It is great pity the *Babylonians* suspected not his falsehood; that they might have cut off his hands too, and whipt him back again. But the design succeeded, he betrayed the City, and was made Governour of it. What brutish master ever punished his offending Slave with so little mercy as Ambition did this *Zopirus*? and yet how many are there in all nations who imitate him in some degree for a less reward? who though they indure not so much corporal pain for a small preferment or some honour (as they call it) yet stick not to commit actions, by which they are more shamefully and more lastingly stigmatized? But you may say, Though these be the most ordinary and open waies to the greatness, yet there are narrow, thorney; and little-trodden paths too? through which some men finde a passage by vertuous industry. I grant, sometimes they may;

but



it then that industry must be such, as cannot con-  
 sult with Liberty, though it may with Honesty.

Thou 'rt carefull, frugal, painful; we commend  
 servant so, but not a Friend.

Well then, we must acknowledg the toil and  
 udgery which we are forced to endure in this As-  
 sent, but we are Epicures and Lords when once we  
 e gotten up into the High Places. This is but a  
 sort Apprentiship after which we are made free of  
 Royal Company. If we fall in love with any beau-  
 us woman, we must be content that they should  
 our Mistresses whilst we woo them, as soon  
 we are wedded and enjoy, 'tis we shall be the  
 asters.

I am willing to stick to this similitude in the case  
 Greatness; we enter into the Bonds of it, like  
 ose of Matrimony; we are bewicht with the out-  
 ard and painted Beauty, and take it for Better or  
 orse, before we know its true nature and interiour  
 conveniences. A great Fortune (saies *Seneca*) in a  
 eat Servitude, But many are of that Opinion which  
*rustus* impures (I hope untruly) even to that Patron  
 Liberty; his Friends *Cicero*, We fear (saies he to  
*tricus*) Death, and Banishment, and Poverty,  
 great deal too much. *Cicero*, I am afraid, thinks  
 cle to be the worst of evils, and if he have but so-  
 e persons, from whom he can obtain what he has  
 mind to, and others who will flatter and worship  
 m, seems to be well enough contented with an  
 onorable servitude, if any thing indeed ought to  
 e called honorable, in so base and contumelious a  
 ondition. This was spoken as became the bravest  
 an who was ever born in the bravest Common-  
 ealth: But with us generally, no condition pas-  
 s for servitude, that is accompanied with great ri-  
 es, with honors, and with the service of many  
 ous. This is but a Deception of the sight  
 rough a false medium, for if a Groom serve a  
 ientleman is his chamber, that Gentleman a Lord,  
 nd that Lord a Prince; The Groom, the Gentleman,  
 Ec 4. and

and the Lord, are as much servants one as the other; the circumstantial difference of the ones getting on his Breath and wages, the second a plentiful, and the third a superfluous estate, is no more intrinsecal to this matter than the difference between a plain, rich and gaudy Livery. I do not say, That he who sells his whole time, and his own will for one hundred thousand, it not a wiser Merchant than he who does it for one hundred pounds, but I will swear they are both Merchants, and that he is happier than both, who can live contentedly without selling the estate to which he was born. But this dependance upon Superiours is but one chain of the Lovers Power, *Amatorem Trecentæ Periborum cohibent cætena*. Let's begin with him by break of day: For at that time he's besieged by two or three hundred Stewards; and the Hall and Antichambers (all the Outworks) possess'd by the Enemy as soon as his Chamber opens, they are ready to break into that, to corrupt the Guards, for entrance. This is essential a part of Greatness, that whosoever is without it; looks like a Fallen Favorite, like a person disgraced, and condemned to do what he please the morning. They are some who rather than wait this, are contented to have their rooms fill'd every day with murmuring and Cursing Creditors, and to charge bravely through a Body of them to get to their Coach. Now I would fain know which is the worst duty, that of any one particular person who waits to speak with the Great man, or of the Great mans, who waits every day to speak with the company. *Aliena negotia centum Per caput circumsaliant latus*, A hundred businesses of other men (many unjust and most impertinent) fly continually about his Head and Ears, and strike him in the Face like 'Dorres; Let's contemplate him a little at another special Scene of Glory, and that is, his Table. Here he seems to be the Lord of all Nature. The Earth affords him her best Metals for his dishes, her best Vegetables and Animals for his food; and

Air and Sea supply him with their choicest Birds and Fishes: and a great many men who look like Masters, attend upon him, and yet when all this is done, even all this it but Table d'Hoste, 'T is crowded with people for whom he cares not, with many Parasites, and some Spies, with the most burdensome sort of Guests, the Endeavours to be witty.

But every body pays him great respect, every body commends his Meat, that is, his mony; every body admires the exquisite dressing and ordering of it, that is, his Clark of the kitchin, or his Cook; every body loves his Hospitality, that is, his Vanity. But I desire to know why the honest In-keeper who provides a publick Table for his Profits, should be but of a mean profession; and he who does it for his Honour, a munificent Prince; You'l say, Because one sells, and the other gives: Nay, both sell, though for different things, the one for plain Money, the other for I know not what Jewels, whose value is in Custom and in Fancy. If then his Table be made a Snare (as the Scripture speaks) to his Liberty, where can he hope for Freedom, there is alwaies, and every where some restraint upon him. He's guarded with Crowds, and shackled with Formalities. The half hat, the whole hat, the half smile, the whole smile, the nod, the embrace, the Positive parting with a little bow, the Comparative at the middle of the room, the Superlative at the door; and if the person be *Panhypersebastus*, there's a *Huper superlative* ceremony them of conducting him to the bottome of the stairs, or to the very gate: as if there were such rules set to these *Levithans* as are to the Sea, *Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further. Perditur hac inter misero Lux.* Thus wretchedly the precious day is lost.

How many impertinent Letters and Visits must he receive, and sometimes answer both too as impertinently? he never sets his foot beyond his Threshold, unless, like a Funeral he have a train to follow him, as if, like the dead Corps, he could not stir, till the Bearers were all ready. My life, (says *Horace*).

speaking to one of these *Magnifico's*) is a great deal more easie and commodious than thine, In that I can go into the Market and cheapen what I please without being wondred at; and take my Horse and ride as far as *Tarentum*, without being mist. 'Tis an unpleasent constraint to be alwayes under the sight and observation, and censure of others; as there may be Vanity in it, so methinks, there should be Vexation too of spirit: And I wonder how Princes can endure to have two or three hundred men stand gazing upon them whilst they are at dinner, and taking notice of every bit they eat. Nothing seems greater and more Lordly than the multitude of Domestick Servants, but, even this too, if weighed seriously, is a piece of Servitude; unless you will be a Servant to them (as many men are) the Trouble and care of yours in the Government of them all, is much more than that of every one of them in their observation of you. I take the Profession of a School-master to be one of the most usefull, and which ought to be of the most honourable in a Commonwealth, yet certainly all his Fasces and Tyrannical Authority over so many Boys, takes away his own Liberty more than theirs.

I do but slightly touch upon all these particulars of the slavery of Greatness: I shake but a few of their outward Chains; their Anger, Hatred, Jealousie, Fear, Envy, Grief, and all the *Etcetera* of their Passions, which are the secret, but constant Tyrants and Torturers of their life, I omit here, because though they be symptomes most frequent and violent in this Disease; yet they are common too in some degree to the Epidemical Disease of Life it self. But, the Ambitious man, though he be so many wayes a slave (*O toties servus!* yet he bears it bravely and heroically; he struts and looks big upon the Stage; he thinks himself a real Prince in his Masking Habit, and deceives too all the foolith part of his Spectators: He's a slave in *Saturnalibus*. The Covetous Man is a down-right Servant, a  
Draught

Draught Horse without Bells or Feathers; *ad metalla damnatus*, a man condemned to work in Mines, which is the lowest and hardest condition of servitude; and, to encrease his Misery, a worker there for he knows not whom. He heapeth up Riches and knows not who shall enjoy them; 'Tis onely that he himself neither shall nor can enjoy them. He's an indigent needy slave, he will hardly allow himself Cloaths, and Board-Wages; *Unctatim vix demenso de suo suum defraudans Genium comparvit miser*; He defrauds not only other Men, but his own Genius; He cheats himself for Mony. But the servile and miserable condition of this wretch is so apparent, that I leave it, as evident to every mans sight, as well as judgment. It seems a more difficult work to prove: that the Voluptuous Man too is but a servant: What can be more the life of a Freeman, or as we say ordinarily, of a Gentleman, than to follow nothing but his own pleasures? Why, I'le tell you who is that true Freeman, and that true Gentleman; Not he who blindly follows all his pleasures (the very name of Follower is servile) but he who rationally guides them, and is not hindred by outward impediments in the conduct and enjoyment of them. If I want skill or force to restrain the Beast that I ride upon, though I bough it, and call it my own, yet in the truth of the matter I am at that time rather his Man, than he my Horse. The Voluptuous Men (whom we are fallen upon) may be divided, I think, into the Lustful and Luxurious, who are both servants of the Belly; the other whom we spoke of before, the Ambitious and the Covetous, were *κακὰ θηρία*, Evil wilde Beasts, these are *Πασίγαστρα*, slow Bellies, as our Translation renders it; but the world *Ἀργύρι* (which is a fantastical word, with two directly opposite significations) will bear as well the translation of Quick or Diligent Bellies, and both Interpretations may be applyed to these men. *Metodorus* said, That he had learnt: *Ἀλλ' ὡς χάρεϊ καὶ ζέωδι*, to give his Belly just thanks

*Phorm.  
Act. 1.  
Scen. 36*

for all his pleasures. This by the Calumniators of *Epicurus* his Philosophy was objected as one of the most scandalous of all their sayings; which, according to my Charitable understanding may admit a very virtuous sence, which is, that he thanked his own Belly for that moderation in the customary appetites of all which can only give a Man Liberty and Happiness in this World. Let this suffice at present to be spoken of those great Triumviri of the World; the Covetous Man, who is a mean villain, like *Lepidus*; the Ambitious, who is a brave one, like *Octavius*. and the Voluptuous, who is a loose and debauched one, like *Mark Antony*. *Quisnam igitur Liber? Sapiens, sibi qui Imperiosus*: Not *Oenomaus*, who commits himself wholly to a Charioteer that may break his Neck, but the Man.

Who governs his own course with steady hand,  
 Who does Himself with Sovereign Power command;  
 Whom neither Death, nor Poverty does fright,  
 Who stands not awkwardly in his own light  
 Against the Truth: who can when Pleasures knock  
 Loud at his door, keep firm the bolt and lock.  
 Who can though Honour at his gate should stay  
 In all her Masking Cloaths, send her away,  
 And cry; be gone, I have no mind to play.

This I confess is a Freeman: but it may be said, That many persons are so shackled by their Fortune, that they are hindered from enjoyment of that Manumission which they have obtained from Virtue. I do both understand, and in part feel the weight of this objection: All I can Answer to it, is, That we must get as much Liberty as we can, we must use our utmost endeavours, and when all that is done, be contented with the Length of that Line which is allow'd us. If you ask me in what condition of Life I think the most allow'd; I should pitch upon that sort of People whom King *James* was wont to call the Happiest of our Nation; the Men placed in

the Countrey by their Fortune above an High-Constable, and yet beneath the trouble of a Justice of Peace, in a moderate plenty, without any just argument for the desire of encreasing it by the care of many relations, and with so much knowledge and love of Piety and Philosophy (that is of the study of Gods Laws, and of his Creatures) as may afford him matter enough never to be Idle though without Business; and never to be Melancholy though without Sin or Vanity.

I shall conclude this tedious Discourse with a Prayer of mine in a Copy of Latin Verses, of which I remember no other part, and (*pour faire bonne bouche*) with some other Verses upon the same Subject.

*Magne Deus, quot ad has vita brevis attinet horas;  
Da mihi, da Panem Libertatemque, nec ultra  
Solicitas effundo preces, siquid datur ultra  
Accipiam gratus; si non, Contentus abibo.*

For the few Houres of Life allotted me,  
Give me (great God) but Bread and Liberty,  
I'll beg no more; if more thou'rt pleas'd to give,  
I'll thankfully that Overplus receive:  
If beyond this no more be freely sent,  
I'll thank for this, and go away content.

Martial. Lib. 2.

*Vota tui breviter, &c.*

WELL then, Sir, you shall know how far extend  
The Prayers and Hopes of your Poetick Friend:  
He does not Palaces nor Manors crave,  
Would be no Lord; but less a Lord would have  
The ground he holds, if he his own, can call;  
He quarrels not with Heaven because 'tis small:  
Let gay and toilsome Greatness others please,

114 *Several discourses by way of Essays,*

He loves of homely Littleness the Ease.  
Can any man in guilded rooms attend,  
And his dear houres in humble visits spend;  
When in the fresh and beauteous Field he may  
With various healthful pleasures fill the day?  
If there be Man (ye Gods) I ought to Hate  
Dependance and Attendance be his Fate.  
Still let him Busie be, and in a crow'd,  
And very much a Slave, and very Proud:  
Thus he perhaps Pow'rful and Rich may grow;  
No matter, O ye Gods! that I'll allow.  
But let him Peace and Freedome never see;  
Let him not love this Life, who loves not Me.

---

Martial. L.

*Vis fieri Liber? &c.*

**W**ould you be Free? 'Tis your chief wish, you  
say,  
Come on; I'll shew thee, Friend, the certain way:  
If to no Feasts abroad thou lov'st to go;  
Whilst bounteous God does Bread at home bestow:  
If thou the goodness of thy Cloaths dost prize  
By thine own Use, and not by others Eyes.  
(If onely safe from Weathers) thou can'st dwell,  
In a small House, but a convenient Shell,  
If thou without a Sigh, or Golden wish,  
Canst look upon thy Beechen Bowl, and Dish;  
If in thy Mind such power and greatness be,  
The *Persian* King's a Slave compar'd with Thee.

---

Mart. L. 2.

*Quod te nomine? &c.*

**T**Hat I do you with humble Bowes no more;  
And danger of my naked Head adore.



That I who Lord and Master cry'd erewhile ,  
Salute you in a new and different Stile ;  
By your own Name , a scandal to you now ,  
Think not that I forget my self or you :  
By loss of all things by all others sought  
This Freedom , and the Freemans Hat is bought.  
A Lord and Master no man wants but He  
Who o're His self has no Autoritie.  
Who does for Honours and for Riches strive ,  
And Follies , without which Lords cannot Live.  
If thou from Fortune dost no Servant crave ,  
Believe it , thou no Master need'st to have.

---

## Ode.

*Upon Liberty.*

## I.

**F**reedome with Virtue takes her seat ,  
Her proper place , her onely Scene ,  
Is in the Golden Mean ,  
She lives not with the Poor , nor with the Great.  
The wings of those Necessity has clipt ,  
And they'r in Fortunes Bridewell whipt ,  
To the laborious task of Bread ;  
These are by various Tyrants Captive lead.  
Now wild Ambition with imperious force  
Rides , raines , and spurs them like th' unruly  
Horse.  
And servile Avarice yoakes them now  
Like toilsome Oxen to the Plow.  
And sometimes Lust , like the Misguiding Light.  
Drawes them through all the Labyrinths of Night.  
If any Few among the Great there be  
From the insulting Passions free ,  
Yet we ev'n those too fetter'd see  
By Custom , Business , Crowds , and formal Decency.  
And

And wherefo're they stay, and wherefo're they go,  
 Impertinencies round them flow:  
 These are the small uneasie things  
 Which about Greatness still are found,  
 And rather it Molest then Wound:  
 Like Gnats which too much heat of summer brings;  
 But Cares do swarm there too, and those have stings:  
 As when the Honey does too open lie,  
 A thousand Wasps about it fly:  
 Nor will the Master ev'n to share admit;  
 The Master stands aloof; and dares not Taste of it.

## 2.

'Tis morning; well; I fain would yet sleep on;  
 You cannot now; you must be gone  
 To Court, or to the noisy Hall:  
 Besides, the Rooms without are crowded all;  
 The steam of Business does begin,  
 And a Spring-Tide of Clients is come in.  
 Ah cruel Guards, which this poor Prisoner keep  
 Will they not suffer him to sleep  
 Make an Escape; out at the Postern flee,  
 And get some blessed Houres of Libertie,  
 With a few Friends, and a few Dishes dine,  
 And much of Mirth and moderate Wine:  
 To thy bent Mind some relaxation give,  
 And steal one day out of thy Life to Live.  
 Oh happy man (he cries) to whom kind Heaven  
 Has such a Freedome alwayes given!  
 Why, mighty Madman, what should hinder thee  
 From being every day as Free?

## 3.

In all the Freeborn Nations of the Air,  
 Never did Bird a spirit so mean and sordid bear,  
 As to exchange his Native Liberty  
 Of soaring boldly up into the sky,  
 His Liberty to Sing, to Perch, or Fly,  
 When, and where'er he thought good,  
 And all his innocent pleasures of the Wood,

For a more plentiful or constant Food.  
 Nor ever did Ambitious rage  
 Make him into a painted Cage;  
 Or the false Forest of a well-hung Room,  
 For Honour and Preferment come,  
 Now Blessings on ye all, ye Heroick Race,  
 Who keep their Primitive powers and rights so well  
 Though Men and Angels sell  
 Of all Material Lives the highest place,  
 To you is justly given;  
 And wayes and walkes the neereſt Heaven.  
 Whilst wretched we, yet vain and proud, think fit  
 To boast, That we look up to it.  
 Even to the Universal Tyrant Love,  
 You Homage pay but once a year:  
 None ſo degenerous and unbirdly prove,  
 As his perpetual yoke to bear.  
 None but a few unhappy Houſhold Foul,  
 Whom human Lordſhip does controul;  
 Who from their birth corrupted were  
 By Bondage, and by mans Example here.

## 4.

He's no ſmall Prince who every day  
 Thus to himſelf can ſay,  
 Now will I ſleep, now eat, now ſit, now walk,  
 Now meditate alone, now with Acquaintance talk.  
 This I will do, here I will ſtay,  
 Or if my Fancy call me away,  
 My Man and I will preſently go ride;  
 (For we before have nothing to provide,  
 Nor after are to render an account)  
 To *Dover*, *Barwick*, or the *Cornish* Mount.  
 If thou but a ſhort journey take,  
 As if thy laſt thou wert to make,  
 Buſineſs muſt be diſpatch'd ere thou canſt part.  
 Nor canſt thou ſtir unleſs there be  
 A hundred Horſe and Men to wait on thee,  
 And many a Mule, and many a Cart;  
 What an unwildy man thou art?

The *Rhodian Colossus* so  
A Journey too might go.

## 5.

Where Honour or where Conscience does not bind  
No other Law shall shackle me?  
Slave to my self I will not be,  
Nor shall my future Actions be confin'd  
By my own present Mind.  
Who by Resolves and Vows engag'd does stand  
For days that yet belong to Fate,  
Does like an unthrift Mortgage his Estate  
Before it falls into his Hand,  
The Bondman of the Cloister so  
All that he does receive does always owe.  
And still as Time come in, it goes away  
Not to Enjoy, but Debts to pay.  
Unhappy Slave, and Pupil to a Bell!  
Which his hours work as well as hours does tell:  
Unhappy till the last, the kind releasing Knell.

## 6.

If Life should a well-order'd Poem be  
(In which he only hits the white  
Who joyns true Profit with the best Delight)  
The more Heroique strain let others take,  
Mine the Pindarique way I'll make.  
The Matter shall be Grave, the Numbers loose and  
free.  
It shall not keep one settled pace of Time,  
In the same Tune it shall not always Chime,  
Nor shall each day just to his Neighbour Rhime,  
A thousand Liberties it shall dispense,  
And yet I shall mannage all without offence;  
Or to the sweetness of the Sound, or greatness of the  
Sence,  
Not shall it never from one Subject start,  
Nor seek Transitions to depart,  
Nor its set way o're Stiles and Bridges make,  
Nor thorough Lanes a Compass take

't fear'd some trespass to commit,  
 When the wide Air's a Road for it.  
 The Imperial Eagle does not stay  
 Till the whole Carcass he devour  
 That's fallen into its power.  
 This generous Hunger understood  
 He can never want plenty of Food,  
 He only sucks the tastful Blood  
 To fresh Game flies cheerfully away;  
 Kites and meaner Birds he leaves the mangled  
 Prey.

### Of Solitude.

[ *Umquam minus solus, quam cum solus*, is now  
 become a very vulgar saying. Every Man and  
 oft every Boy for these seventeen hundred years,  
 had it in his mouth. But it was at first spoken by  
 Excellent *Scipio*, who was without question a  
 Worthy, most Happy, and the Greatest of all  
 kind. His meaning no doubt was this, That he  
 had more satisfaction to his mind, and more im-  
 vement of it by Solitude than by Company, and  
 knew that he spoke not this loosely or out of vanity  
 after he had made *Rome*, Mistress of almost the  
 whole World, he retired himself from it by a volun-  
 tary exile, and at a private house in the middle of a  
 wood near *Linternum*, passed the remainder of his  
 glorious life no less Gloriously. To his House *Seneca*  
 went to see so long after with great veneration, and  
 among other things describes his Bath to have been  
 to mean a structure, that now, says he, the ba-  
 shfulness of the people would despise them, and cry out,  
 or *Scipio* understood not how to live. What an  
 authority is here for the credit of Retreat? and hap-  
 py had it been for *Hannibal*, if Adversity could ha-  
 ve taught him as much wisdom as was learnt by *Sci-*  
 pio from the highest prosperities. This would be no  
 won-

*Epist.*  
 86.1

wonder if it were as truly as it is colourably and  
tily said by Monsieur de Montaigne. That Am  
it self might teach us to love Solitude; there's  
ing does so much hate to have Companions.  
true, it loves to have it Elbows free, it dete  
have Company on either side, but it delights a  
all things in a Train behind, I, and Ushers to  
fore it. But the greatest part of men are far from  
opinion of that noble *Roman*, that if they chat  
any time to be without company, they'r like a  
calmed Ship, they never move but by the wir  
other mens breath, and have no Oars of their  
to steer withal. It is very fantastical an contrad  
ry in humane Nature; that men should love th  
selves above all the rest of the world, and yet  
endure to be with themselves. When they a  
love with a Mistress, all other persons are imp  
nate and burdensome to them. *Tecum vivere an  
tecum obeam Lubens*, They would live and dye  
her alone.

*Sic ego secretis possum bene vivere silvis  
Qua nullo humano sit via trita pede,  
Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ  
Lumen, & in solis tu mihi turba locis.*

With thee for ever I in woods could rest,  
Where never humane foot the ground has prest  
Thou from all shades the darkness canst exclude  
And from a Desert banish Solitude.

And yet our Dear Self is so wearisome to us,  
we can scarcely support its conversation for an h  
together. This is such an odd temper of mind as  
*Julius* expresses towards one of his Mistresses; wh  
we may suppose to have been of a very unsocial  
humour.

*Odi & Amo, quamvis id faciam ratione requiris  
Nescio, sed fieri sentio, & excrucior.*

ate, and yet I Love thee to;  
 How can that be? I know not how;  
 Only that so it is I know,  
 And feel with torment that 'is so.

In a deplorable condition, this, and drives a man  
 sometimes to piteous shifts in seeking how to avoid  
 himself.

The truth of the matter is, that neither he who  
 is in the world, is a fit man to be alone; nor  
 who has set his heart much upon the world,  
 though he have never so much understanding; so-  
 litude can be well fitted and set right, but  
 in a very few persons. They must have enough  
 knowledge of the World to see the vanity of it;  
 enough Virtue to despise all Vanity; if they  
 be possessed with any Lust or Passions, a man  
 would better be in a Faire, than in a Wood alone. They  
 are like petty Thieves cheat us perhaps, and pick  
 pockets in the midst of company, but like Rob-  
 bery use to strip and bind, or murder us when  
 we catch us alone. This is but to retreat from Men,  
 and fall into the hands of Devils. 'Tis like the pu-  
 nishment of Parricides among the *Romans*, to be  
 put into a Bag with an Ape, a Dog, and a Ser-  
 pent. The first work therefore that a man must do to  
 make himself capable of the good of Solitude, is,  
 the very Eradication of all Lusts, for how is it pos-  
 sible for a Man to enjoy himself while his Affections  
 are directed to things without Himself? In the second  
 place, he must learn the Art and get the Habit of  
 speaking; for this too, no less than well speaking,  
 needs upon much practice, and Cogitation is  
 required which distinguishes the Solitude of a God  
 from that of a wild Beast. Now because soul of Man is  
 by its own Nature or observation furnished with  
 sufficient Materials to work upon; it is necessary for  
 him to have continual recourse to Learning and Books  
 for fresh supplies, so that the solitary Life will grow  
 pleasant, and be ready to starve without them; but  
 if

if once we be throughly engaged in the Love of Letters, instead of being wearied with the length of day, we shall only complain of the shortness of whole Life.

*O vita, stulto longa, sapienti brevis!*

O Life, long to the Fool, short to the Wi

The first Minister of State has not so much business in publique, as a wise man has in private; if one have little leisure to be alone, the other has leisure to be in company, the one has but part of the affairs of one Nation, the other all the world of God and Nature under his consideration. The first saying shocks me so much as that which I have very often, That a man does not know how to spend his time. 'T would have been but ill spoken by *Jerusalem* in the Nine hundred sixty ninth year of our Life, so far it is from us, who have not time enough to attain to the utmost perfection of any part of Science, to have cause to complain that we are forced to be idle for want of work. But this you know is work only for the Learned, others are not capable either of the employments or divertisements that arrive from Letters I know they are not; and therefore cannot much recommend Solitude to a man naturally illiterate. But if any man be so unlearned as to want entertainment of the little Intervals of accidental Solitude, which frequently occur in almost all conditions (except the very meanest of the people who have business enough in the necessary professions for Life) it is truly a great shame both to his Parents and Himself, for a very small portion of Ingenious Art will stop up all those gaps of our time, either Musique, or Painting, or Design, or Chymistry, or History, or Gardening, or twenty other things will do it usefully and pleasantly; if he happen to set his affections upon Poetry (which I do not advise him too immoderately) that



over do it; no wood will be thick enough to hide him from the importunities of company or business, which would abstract him from his Beloved.

—— *O quis me gelidis sub montibus Æmi  
Sistat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ?*

## 1.

Hail, old *Patrician* Trees, so great and good!  
Hail ye *Plebeian* under wood!  
Where the Poetique Birds rejoyce,  
And for their quiet Nests and plenteous Food,  
Pay with their grateful voice.

## 2.

Hail, the poor Muses richest Mannor Seat!  
Ye Countrey Houses and Retreat.  
Which all the happy Gods so Love,  
That for you oft they quit their Bright and Great  
Metropolis above.

## 3.

Here Nature does a House for me erect,  
Nature the wisest Architect,  
Who those fond Artists does despise  
That can the fair and living Trees neglect;  
Yet the Dead Timber prize.

## 4.

Here let me careless and unthoughtful lying,  
Hear the soft winds above me flying,  
With all their wanton Boughs dispute,  
And the more tuneful Birds to both replying  
Nor be my self too Mute.

## 5.

A Silver stream shall roul his waters neer,  
Guilt with the Sun-beams here and there  
On whose enamel'd Bank I'll walk,

And

And see how prettily they Smile, and hear  
How prettily they Talk.

6.

Ah wretched, and to Solitary Hee  
Who loves not his own Company!  
He'll feel the weight oft many a day  
Unless he call in Sin or Vanity  
To help to bear't away.

7.

Oh Solitude, first state of Humankind!  
Which blest remain'd till man did find  
Even his own helpers Company.  
As soon as two (alas!) together joyn'd,  
The Serpent made up Three.

8.

Though God himself, through countless Ages  
Thee  
His sole Companion chose to be,  
Thee, sacred Solitude alone,  
Before the Branchy head of Numbers Tree  
Sprang from the Trunk of One.

9.

Thou (though men think thine an unactive part)  
Dost break and tame th'unruly heart;  
Which else would know no settled pace  
Making it move, well mannag'd by thy Art,  
With Swiftnes and with Grace.

10.

Thou the faint beams of Reasons scatter'd  
Light,  
Dost like a Burning glass unite,  
Dost multiply thee feeble Heat,  
And fortifie the strength; till thou dost bright  
And noble Fires beget.

11. Whilst

11.

hilst his hard Truth I teach, methinks, I see  
 The Monster *London* laugh at me;  
 I should at thee too, foolish City,  
 it were fit to laugh at Misery,  
 But thy Estate I pity.

12.

t but thy wicked men from out thee go;  
 And the Fools that crowd thee so,  
 Even thou who dost thy Millions boast;  
 Village less than *Islington* wilt grow,  
 A Solitude almost.

### 3. Of Obscurity.

¶ *AM neque Divitibus contingunt gaudia solis,  
 Nec vixit male, qui natus moriensque Fefellit.*

*Hor.  
 Epist.  
 l. 1. 18.*

*I made not pleasures only for the Rich,  
 nor have those men without their share too liv'd,  
 who both in Life and Death the world deceiv'd.*

is seems a strange Sentence thus literally transla-  
 , and looks as if it were in vindication of the  
 of business (for who else can Deceive the world?)  
 whereas it is in commendation of those who live and  
 so obscurely, that the world takes no notice of  
 them. This *Horace* calls deceiving the world, and  
 in another place uses the same phrase.

*Secretum iter & Fallentis semita vitæ.  
 The secret tracks of the Deceiving Life.*

*Epist.  
 18.*

It is very elegant in Latine, but our English word  
 I hardly bear up to that sense, and therefore Mr.  
*Wom* translates it very well.

*Or from a Life, led as it were by stealth.*

Yet we say in our Language, a thing deceives our sight, when it passes before us unperceived, and we may say enough out of the same Authour,

*Sometimes with sleep, sometimes with wine we strive  
The cares of Life and troubles to Deceive.*

*Declam.*  
*e. 2. p. 1.* But that is not to deceive the world, but to deceive our selves, as *Quintilian* saies, *Vitam fallere*, I draw on still, and amuse, and deceive our Lill till it be advanced insensibly to the fatal Period. as fall into that Pit which Nature hath prepared for. The meaning of all this is no more than that me vulgar saying, *Bene quilibet, bene vixit*, He hath lived well, who has lain well hidden. Which if be a truth, the world (Ile swear) is sufficiently deceived: For my part, I think it is, and that the pleasantest condition of Life, is *in Incognito*. What brave Priviledge is it to be free from all Contention from all Envyng or being Envyed; from receiving and for paying of all kind of Ceremonies? It is in my mind, a very delightfull pastime, for two good and agreeable friends to travail up and down together in places where they are by no body known, nor know any body. It was the case of *Æneas* and his *Achate* when they walkt invisibly about the fields and streets of *Carthage*, *Venus* her self

*Virg. 1.*  
*Æn.* *Avail of thicke'd Air around them cast,  
That none might know, or see them as they pass.*

The common story of *Demosthenes's* confession that he had taken great pleasure in hearing of a Tanke woman say as he pass. This is that *Demosthenes*, wonderful ridiculous from so solid an Orator. I myself have often met with that temptation to vanity (if it were any) but am so far from finding it any pleasure, that it only makes me run faster from the place, till I get, as it were out of sight shot. *Democritus*  
rela

lates, and in such a manner, as if he gloried in the good fortune and commodity of it, that when he came to *Athens*, no body there did so much as take notice of him; and *Epicurus* lived there very well, that Lay hid many years in his Gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend *Metrodorus*: after whose death, making in one of his letters a kind commemoration of the happiness which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at last, that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicities of their life, that in the midst of the most talk'd of and Talking Country in the world, they had lived so long, not only without Fame, but almost without being heard of. And yet within a very few years afterward, there were no two Names of men more known or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the Invaders of most of our time: we expose our life to *Quotidian Ague* of frigid impertinencies, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour that lies in that: Whatsoever it be, every Mountebank is as it more than the best Doctor, and the Hangman more than the Lord Chief Justice of a City. Every creature has it both of Nature and Art if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said, This is that *Bucephalus*, or, This is that *Incitatius*, when they were led prancing through the streets, as, this is that *Alexander*, or this is that *Domitian*; and truly for the latter, I take *Incitatius* to have bin a much more Honourable Beast than his Master, and more deserving the Consulship, than he the Empire. I love and commend a true good Fame, because it is the shadow of Virtue, not that it doth any good to the Body which it accompanies, but 'tis an efficacious shadow, and like that of *St. Peter* cures the Diseases of others. The best kind of Glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from Honesty, such as was the Glory of *Cato* and *Aristides*, but it was harmful

to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he lives, what it is to him after his death, cannot say, because, I love not *Philosophy* mere notional and conjectural, and no man who has made the Experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate Mind and Fortune and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who is esteemed well enough by his neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by any body, and so after a healthful quiet life before the great inconveniencies of old age, goes more silently out of it than he came in, (for I would not have him so much as Cry in the *Exit*.) This Innocent Deceiver of the world, as *Horace* calls him this *Muta Persona*, I take to have been more happy in his Part, than the greatest Actors that fill the Stage with show and noise, nay, even than *Augustus* himself, who askt with his last breath, Whether he had not played his *Farce* very well.

*Seneca, ex Thyeste,*  
*Act. 2. Chor.*

*Stet quicumque volat, potens*  
*Aula culmine lubrico, &c.*

Upon the slippery tops of humane State,  
The guilded Pinnacles of Fate,  
Let others proudly stand, and for a while  
The giddy danger to beguile,  
With Joy, and with disdain look down on all,  
Till their Heads turn, and down they fall.  
Me, O ye Gods, on Earth, or else so near  
That I no Fall to Earth may fear:  
And, O ye gods, at a good distance seat  
From the long Ruines of the Great.  
Here want in th' Arms of Quiet let me lie;  
Quiet, Companion of Obscurity.  
Here let my Life, with as much silence slide,

As Time that measures it does glide.  
 Nor let the Breath of Infamy or Fame,  
 From town to town Eccho about my Name.  
 Nor let my homely Death embroidered be  
 With Scutcheon or with Elegie.  
 An old *Plebeian* let me Dy,  
 Alas, all then are such as well as I.  
 To him, alas, to him, I fear,  
 The face of Death will terrible appear:  
 Who in his life flattering his senceless pride  
 By being known to all the world beside,  
 Does not him self, when he is Dying know  
 Nor what he is, nor Whither hee's to go.

#### 4. Of Agriculture.

THE first wish of *Virgil* (as you will find anon by his Verses) was to be a good Philosopher, the second, a good Husbandman; and God (whom he seem'd to understand better than most of the most learned Heathens) dealt with him just as he did with *Salomon*; because he pray'd for wisdom in the first place, he added all things else which were subordinately to be desir'd. He made him one of the best Philosophers, and best Husbandmen, and to adorn and communicate both those faculties, the best Poet: He made him besides all this a rich man, and a man, who desired to be no richer  
*O Fortunatus nimium, & bona qui sua novit:*  
 To be a Husbandman, is but a retreat from the City to be a Philosopher, from the world, or rather, a Retreat from the world, as it is means; into the world, as it is Gods. But since Nature denies to most men the capacity or appetite, and Fortune allows but to a very few the opportunities or possibility of applying themselves wholly to Philosophy, the best mixture off Humane affairs that we can make, are the employments of a Country life. It is, as *Columella* calls it, *Res sine*

*dubitatione proxima, & quasi Consanguinea Sapien-  
tia,* The nearest Neighbour, or rather next  
Kindred to Philosophy. *Varro* sayes, the Principle  
of it are the same which *Ennius* made to be the Prin-  
ciples of all Nature: Earth, Water, Air, and the Sun  
It does certainly comprehend more parts of Philoso-  
phy than any one Profession, Art of Science in th  
world besides; and therefore *Cicero* saies, The plea-  
sures of a Husbandman; *Mibi ad sapientis vitam pro-  
xime videntur accedere,* Come very nigh to those of  
a Philosopher. There is no other sort of life that af-  
fords so many branches of praise to a Panegyrist: Th  
Utility of it to a mans self The Usefulness, or rathe  
Necessity of it to all the rest of Mankind: The Inno-  
cence, the pleasure. the Antiquity, the Dignity. Th  
Utility (I mean plainly the Lucre of it) is not so grea  
now in our Nation as arises from Merchandise an  
the trading of the City, from whence many of th  
best Estates and chief Honours of the Kingdom ar  
derived: we have no men now fetcht from the Plov  
to be made Lords, as they were in *Rome* to be mad  
Consuls and Dictators, the reason of which I con-  
ceive to be from an evil Custom, now grown a  
strong among us, as if it were a Law, which is  
that no men put their Children to be bred up Appren-  
tices in Agriculture, as in other Trades, but suc-  
two are so poor, that when they come to be men  
they have not wherewithall to set up in it, and I  
can only Farm some small parcel of ground, th  
Rent of which devours all but the bare Subsistenc  
of the Tenant: Whilst they who are Proprietor  
of the Land, are either too proud, or, for want o  
that kind of Education, too ignorant to improv  
their Estates, though the means of doing it be as easi  
and certain in this as in any other track of Commerce  
If there were alwaies two or three thousand youths  
for seven or eight years bound to this Profession  
that they might learn whole Art of it, and after-  
wards be enabled to be Masters in it, by a moderate  
stock: I cannot doubt but that we should see as  
many



many Aldermens Estates made in the Country, as now we do out of all kind of Merchandizing in the City. There are as many ways to be Rich, and which is better, there is no Possibility to be poor without such negligence as can neither have excuse nor Pity; for a little ground will without question feed a little family, and the superfluities of life (which are now in some cases by custome made almost necessary) must be supplied out of the superabundance of Art and Industry, or contemned by as great a Degree of Philosophy. As for the necessity of this Art, it is evident enough, since this can live without all others, and no one other without this. This is like Speech, without which the Society of men cannot be preserved; the others like Figures and Tropes of Speech which servé only to adorn it. Many Nations have lived, and some do still, without any Art but this; not so Elegantly, I confess, but till they Live, and almost all the other Arts which are here practised, are beholding to the for most of their Materials. The Innocence of this Life is in the next thing for which I commend it, and if Husbandmen preserve not that, they are much to blame, for so men are so free from the Temptations of Iniquity. They live by what they can get by Industry from the Earth, and others by what they can catch by Graft from men. They live upon an Estate given them by their Mother, and others upon an Estate inherited from their Brethren. They live like Sheep and Kine, by the allowances of Nature, and other like Wolves and Foxes by the acquisitions of Rapine. And, I hope, I may affirm (without any offence to the Great) that Sheep and Kine are very useful, and that Wolves and Foxes are pernicious creatures. They are without dispute of all men the most quiet and least apt to be inflamed to the disturbance of the Common-wealth: their manner of Life inclines them, and Interest binds them to love Peace: In our late mad and miserable Civil Wars, all other Trades, even to the meanest, set forth

whole Troopes, and raised up some great Commanders, who became famous and mighty for the mischiefs they had done. But, I do not remember the Name of any one Husbandman who had so considerable a share in the twenty years ruine of his Country, as to deserve the Curses of his Country-men. And if great delights be joy'nd with so much Innocence; I think it is ill done of men not to take them here where they are so tame, and ready at hand, rather than hunt for them in Courts and Cities, where they are so wild, and the chase so troublesome and dangerous.

We are here among the vast and noble Scenes of Nature; we are there among the pitiful Shifts of Policy: We walk here in the light and open wayes of the Divine Bounty; we grope there in the dark and confused Labyrinths of Human Malice: Our senses are here feasted with the clear and genuine taste of their Objects; which are all Sophisticated there, and for the most part overwhelmed with their contraries. Here Pleasure looks (methinks) like a beautiful, constant; and modest Wife; it is there an impudent, sickle, and painted Harlot. Here is harmless and cheap Plenty, there guilty and expensful Luxury.

I shall onely instance in one Delight more, the most natural and best natur'd of all others, a perpetual companion of the Husbandman; and that is, the satisfaction of looking round about him, and seeing nothing but the effects and improvements of his own Art and Diligence; to be alwayes gathering of some Fruits of it, and at the same time to behold others ripening, and others budding: to see all his Fields and Gardens covered with the beauteous Creatures of his own Industry; and to see, like od, that all his Works are Good.

----- *Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreales; ipsi  
Agricola tacitum pertentant gaudia Pectus.*

On his heart-strings a secret Joy does strike;  
The

The Antiquity of his Art is certainly not to be contested by any other. The three first men in the World, were a Gardner, a Ploughman, and a Grazier; and if any man object, That the Second of these was a Murtherer, I desire he would consider, that as soon as he was so, he quitted our Profession, and turn'd Builder. It is for this reason, I suppose, that *Ecclesiasticus* Forbids us to hate Husbandry; because (sayes he) the most High has created it. We were all Born to this Art, and taught by Nature to nourish our bodies by the same Earth out of which they were made, and to which they must return, and pay at last for their sustenance.

Cap. 7.

Behold the Original and Primitive Nobility of all those great Persons, who are so proud now, not onely to till the Ground, but almost to tread upon it. We may talke what we please of Lilies and Lions Rampant, and Spread Eagles in Fields d'Or, or d'Argent; But if Heraldry were guided by Reason, a Plough in a Field Arable, would be the most Noble and Antient Armes.

All these considerations make me fall into the wonder and complaint of *Columella*, How it should come to pass that all Arts or Sciences, (for the dispute, which is an Art, and which a Science, does not belong to the curiosity of us Husbandmen) *Metaphysick*, *Physick*; *Morality*, *Mathematicks*, *Logick*, *Rhetorick*, &c. which are all, I grant, good and usefull faculties, except onely *Metaphysick* which I do not know whether it be any thing or no) but even *Vaulting*, *Fencing*, *Dancing*, *Attiring*, *Cookery*, *Carving*, and such like Vanities. should all have publick Schools and Masters; and yet that we should never see or hear of any man who took upon him the Profession of teaching this so pleasant, so virtuous, so profitable, so honourable, so necessary Art.

A man would think, when he's in serious humour, that it were but a vain, irrational and ridiculous thing, for a great company of Men and Women to run up and down in a Room together, in a hundred

several pastures and figures, to no purpose, and with no design; and therefore Dancing was invented first, and onely practised anciently in the Ceremonies of the Heathen Religion, which consisted all in Mommery and Madness; the latter being the chief glory of the Worship, and accounted Divine Inspiration: This, I say, a severe Man would think, though I dare not determine so far against so customary a part now of good breeding. And yet, who is there among our Gentry, that does not entertain a Dancing Master for his Children as soon as they are able to walk? But, Did ever any Father provide a Tutor for his Son to instruct him betimes in the Nature and Improvements of that Land which he intended to leave him? That is at least a superfluity, and this a Defect in our manner of Education; and therefore I could wish (but cannot in these times much hope to see it) that one Colledge in each University were erected, and appropriated to this study, as well as there are to Medecin, and the Civil Law: There would be no need of making a Body of Scholars and Fellowes, with certain endowments, as in other Colledges; it would suffice, if after the manner of Halls in *Oxford*, there were only four Professors constituted (for it would be too much work for onely one Master, or Principal, as they call him there) to teach these four parts of it. First, *Agration*, and all things relating to it. Secondly, *Pasturage*. Thirdly, *Gardens, Orchards, Vineyards and Woods*. Fourthly, All parts of *Rural Oeconomy*, which would contain the Government of *Bees, Swine, Poultry, Decoys, Ponds, &c.* and all that which *Varro* calls *Villaticas Pastiones*, together with the Sports of the Field [which ought to be looked upon not onely as Pleasures, but as parts of House-keeping] and the Domestical conservation and uses of all that is brought in by Industry abroad. The business of these Professors should not be, as is commonly practised in other Arts, onely to read Pompous and superficial Lectures out of *Virgils Georgickes, Pliny, Varro,*

or *Columella*, but to instruct their Pupils in the whole Method and course of this study, which might be run through perhaps with diligence in a year or two; and the continual succession of Scholars upon a moderate taxation for their Diet, Lodging, and Learning, would be a sufficient constant revenue for Maintenance of the House and the Professors, who should be men not chosen for the Ostentation of Critical Litterature, but for solid and experimental Knowledge of the things they teach such Men; so industrious and publick spirited as I conceive Mr. *Hartlib* to be; if the Gentleman be yet alive: But it is needless to speak farther of my thoughts of this Design, unless the present Disposition of the Age allowed more probability of bringing it into execution. What I have further to say of the Country Life, shall be borrowed from the Poets, who were alwayes the most faithful and affectionate friends to it. Poetry was Born among the Shepherds.

*Nescio qua Natale solum dulcedine Musas  
Ducit, & immemores non sinit esse sui.*

The Muses still love their own Native place,  
T'has secret Charms which nothing can deface.

The truth is, no other place is proper for their work; one might as well undertake to Dance in a Crowd, as to make good Verses in the midst of Noise and Tumult.

As well might Corn as Verse in Cities grow;  
In vain the thankless Glebe we Plow and Sow,  
Against th'unnatural Soil in vain we strive;  
T is not a Ground in which, these Plants will  
thrive.

It will bear nothing but the Nettles or Thornes of *Satyre*, which grow most naturally in the worst Earth; And therefore almost all Poets, except those who were not able to eat Bread without the boun-

ty of Great men, that is, without what they could get by Flattering of them, have not onely withdrawn themselves from the Vices and Vanities of the Grand World (*Pariter vitisique Jociſque Alius humanis exuerere capiet*) into the innocent happineſs of a retired Life; but have commended and adorned nothing ſo much by their Ever-living Poems. *Hefiod* was the firſt or ſecond Poet in the World that remains yet extant (if *Homer*, as ſome think, preceded him, but I rather believe they were Contemporaries) and he is the firſt VVriter too of the Art of Husbandry: He has contributed (ſayes *Columella*) not a little to our Profeſſion; I ſuppoſe he means not a little Honour, for the matter of his Inſtructions is not very important: His great Antiquity is viſible through the Gravity and ſimplicity of his Stile. The moſt Acute of all his ſayings concerns our purpoſe very much, and is couched in the reverend obſcurity of an Oracle. Πλέον ἤμισυ Παλός. The half is more than the whole. The occaſion of the ſpeech is this; His Brother *Perſes* had by corrupting ſome great men (*Βραπιληας Δωροφάγας*, Great Bribe-eaters he calls them) gotten from him the half of his Eſtate. It is no Matter, (ſayes he) they have not done me ſo much prejudice, as they imagine.

Νήπιος, εἰδ' ἴσασιν ὅσα Πλέον Ἡμισυ Παλός,

οὐδ' ὅσον ἐν μαλάχῃ τε καὶ ἀσφοδέλῳ μετ' ὄνεικας;

Κρύψαντες γὰρ ἔχασσι θεοὶ βίος ἀνθρώποισι.

Unhappy they to whom God has not reveal'd  
By a ſtrong Light which muſt their ſence controule;  
That halfe a great Eſtate's more than the whole:  
Unhappy, from whom ſtill conceal'd does lie  
Of Roots and Herbs, the wholeſome Luxurie.

This I conceive to have been *Honeſt Heſiods* meaning.

ning. From *Homer* we must not expect much concerning our affairs. He was Blind and could neither work in the Countrey, nor enjoy the pleasures of it, his helpless Poverty was likeliest to be sustained in the richest places, he was to delight the *Grecians* with fine tales of the *VVars* and adventures of their Ancestors; his Subject removed him from all Commerce with us, and yet, methinks, he made a shift to show his good will a little. For though he could do us no Honour in the Person of his *Hero Ulysses* (much less of *Achilles*) because his whole time was consumed in *VVars* and Voyages, yet he makes his Father *Laertes* a Gardener all that while, and seeking his Consolation for the absence of his son in the Pleasure of Planting and even Dugging his own grounds. Yet see he did not contemn us peasants, nay, so far was he from that insolence, that he always stiles *Eunians*, who kept the Hogs with wonderful respect *Δῖος ὑποβοσκον*. The Divine Swine-herd he could ha' done no more for *Menelaus* or *Agamemnon*. And *Theocritus* (a very ancient Poet, but he was one of our own Tribe for he wrote nothing but Pastorals) gave the same Epithete to an Husbandman *Ἐξέβητο Δῖος ἀγρωτῆς*. The Divine Husbandman replied to *Hercules*; who was but *Δῖος* Himself. These were Civil *Greeks*! and who understood the Dignity of our calling! among the *Romans* we have in the first place, our truly Divine *Virgil*, who, though by the favour of *Mecenas* and *Augustus* he might have been one of the chief men of *Rome*, yet chose rather to employ much of his time in the exercise, and much of his immortal wit in the praise and instructions of a Rustique Life, who though he had written before whole Books of Pastorals and *Georgiques* could not abstain in his great and Imperial Poem from describing *Euander*, one of his best Princes, as living just after the homely manner of an ordinary Countrey-man. He seats him in a Throne of Maple, and lays him but upon a Bears skin, the Kine and Oxen are lowing in his Court yard, the Birds under

138 *Several discourses by way of Essays,*  
 under the Eeves of his Window call him up in the  
 morning, and when he goes abroad, only two  
 Dogs go along with him for his guard: at last when  
 he brings *Aeneas* into his Royal Cottage, he makes  
 him say this memorable complement, greater than  
 ever yet was spoken at the *Escorial*, the *Louvre*, or  
 our *Whitehall*.

----- *Hac (inquit) limina victor*  
*Alcides subiit, hac ilium Regia cepit,*  
*Aude, Hospes, contemnere opes, Et te quoque dignum*  
*Finge Deo, rebusque veni non asper egenis.*

This humble Roof, this rustique Court (said He)  
 Receiv'd *Alcides* crown'd with victory. (trod,  
 Scorn not (Great Guest) the steps where he has  
 But contemn Wealth, and imitate a God.

The next Man whom we are much obliged to,  
 both for his Doctrine and Example, is the next best  
 Poet in the world to *Virgil* his dear friend *Horace*,  
 who when *Augustus* had desired *Mecænas* to perswade  
 him to come and live domestically, and at the same  
 Table with him, and to be Secretary of State of the  
 whole World under him, or rather joyntly with  
 him, for he says, *ut nos in Epistolis scribendis adju-*  
*vet*, could not be tempted to forsake his *Sabin*, or  
*Tiburin* Mannor, for so rich and so glorious a trou-  
 ble. There was never, I think, such an example  
 as this in the world, that he should have so much  
 moderation and courage as to refuse an offer of such  
 greatness and the Emperour so much generosity and  
 good Nature as not to be at all offended with his re-  
 fusal, but to retain still the same kindness, and ex-  
 press it often to him in most friendly and familiar  
 Letters, part of which are still extant. If I should  
 produce all the passages of this excellent Author upon  
 the several Subjects which I treat of in this Book, I  
 must be obliged to transcribe half his works; of which  
 I may lay more truly than in my opinion he did of



Homer, *Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid Turpe, quid utile, quid non plenus, & melius Chryssippo, & Crantoro dicit.*

I shall content my self upon this particular Theme with three only, one out of his *Odes*, the other out of his *Satyrs*, the third out of his *Epistles*. and shall forbear to collect the suffrages of all other Poets, which may be found scattered up and down through all their writings, and especially in *Martials*. But I must not omit to make some excuse for the bold undertaking of my own unskilful Pencil upon the beauties of a Face that has been drawn before by so many great Masters, especially, that I should dare to do it in *Latine* verses (though of another kind) and have the confidence to Translate them. I can only say that I love the Matter, and that ought to cover many faults; and that I run not to contend with those before me, but follow to applaud them.

*Virg. Georg.*

*O fortunatus nimium, &c.*

A Translation out of *Virgil*.

**O**H happy, (if his Happiness he knows)  
The Country Swain, on whom kind Heav'n  
bestows

At home all Riches that wise Nature needs;  
Whom the just earth with easie plenty feeds.  
'Tis true, no morning Tide of Clients comes,  
And fills the painted Channels of his rooms,  
Adorning the rich Figures, as they pass,  
In Tap'stry wrought, or cut in living brass;  
Nor is his Wooll superfluously dy'd  
With the dear Poyson of *Assyrian* pride:  
Nor do *Arabian* Perfumes vainly spoil  
The Native Use, and Sweetness of his Oyl.  
In stead of these, his calm and harmless life

Free from th' Alarms of Fear, and Storms of Strife,  
 Does with substantial blessedness abound,  
 And the soft wings of Peace cover him round:  
 Through artless Grotts the murmuring waters glide;  
 Thick Trees both against Heat and Cold provide,  
 From whence the Birds salute him; and his ground  
 With lowing Herds, and bleating Sheep does sound;  
 And all the Rivers, and the Forests nigh,  
 Both Food and Game, and Exercise supply.  
 Here a well hard'ned active youth we see,  
 Thought the great Art of chearful Poverty.  
 Here, in this place alone, there still do shine  
 Some streaks of Love, both humane and Divine;  
 From hence *Astræa* too her flight, and here  
 Still her last Foot-steps upon Earth appear.  
 'Tis true, the first desire which does controul  
 All the inferiour wheels that move my Soul,  
 Is, that the Muse me her high Priest would make;  
 Into her holiest Scenes of Myst'ry take,  
 And open there to my mind's purged eye  
 Those wonders which to Sense the Gods deny;  
 How in the Moon such chance of Shapes is found:  
 The Moon, the changing Worlds eternal bound.  
 What shakes the solid Earth, what strong disease  
 Dares trouble the firm Centre's antient ease;  
 What makes the Sea retreat, and what advance:  
*Varieties too regular for chance.*  
 What drives the Chariot on of Winters light,  
 And stops the lazy Waggon of the night.  
 But if my dull and frozen Blood deny,  
 To send forth Sp'rits that raise a Soul so high;  
 In the next place, let Woods and Rivers be  
 My quiet, though unglorious destiny.  
 In Life's cool vale let my low Scene be laid;  
 Cover me Gods, with *Tempe's* thickest shade.  
 Happy the Man, I grant, thrice happy he  
 Who can through gross effects their causes see:  
 Whose courage from the deeps of knowledg springs,  
 Nor vainly fears inevitable things;  
 But does his walk of virtue calmly go,

Through

Through all th'allarms of Death and Hell below.  
 Happy ! but next such conquerours , happy they ,  
 Whose humble Life lies not in fortunes way .  
 They unconcern'd from their safe distant seat ,  
 Behold the Rods and Scepters of the great .  
 The quarrels of the mighty without fear ;  
 And the descent of forein Troops they hear .  
 Nor can even *Rome* their stiddy course misguide ;  
 With all the lustre of her perishing Pride .  
 Them never yet did strife or avarice draw ,  
 Into the noise markets of the Law ;  
 The Camps of Gowned War , nor do they live  
 By rules or forms that many mad men gave ,  
 Duty for Natures Bounty they repay ,  
 And her sole Laws religiously obey .  
 Some with bold Labour plow the faithless main ;  
 Some rougher storms in Princes Courts sustain .  
 Some swell up their sleight sails with pop'ular fame ;  
 Charm'd with the foolish whistlings of a Name ,  
 Some their vain wealth to Earth again commit ;  
 With endless cares some brooding o're it sit .  
 Country and Friends are by some Wretches sold ,  
 To lie on *Tyrian* Beds and drink in Gold ;  
 No price too high for profit can be shown ;  
 Not Brothers blood ; nor hazards of their own .  
 Around the World in search of it they roam ,  
 It makes ev'n their Antipodes their home ;  
 Mean while , the prudent Husband man is found ,  
 In mutual duties striving with his ground ;  
 And half the year he care of that does take ,  
 That half the year grateful returns does make .  
 Each fertill moneth does some new gifts present ,  
 And with new work his industry content .  
 This , the young Lamb , that the soft Fleece doth  
     yield ,  
 This , loads with Hay , and that , with Corn the Field :  
 All sorts of Fruit crown the rich *Autumns* Pride :  
 And on a swelling Hill's warm stony side ,  
 The powerful Princely Purple of the Vine ,  
 Twice dy'd with the retoubled Sun , does shine .

In th' Evening to a fair ensuing day,  
 With joy he sees his Flocks and Kids to play;  
 And loaded Kyne about his Cottage stand,  
 Inviting with known sound the Milkers hand;  
 And when from wholsom labour he doth come,  
 With wishes to be there, and wish't for home,  
 He meets at door the softest humane blisses,  
 His chaste Wives welcom, and dear Childrens  
 kisses.

When any Rural Holy dayes invire  
 His Genius forth to innocent delight,  
 On Earths fair bed beneath some sacred shade,  
 Amidst his equal friends carelessly laid,  
 He sings thee *Bacchus* Patron of the Vine,  
 The Beechen Boul fomes with a flood of Wine,  
 Not to the loss of reason or of strength:  
 To active games and manly Sport at length,  
 Their mirth ascends, and with fill'd veins they see,  
 Who can the best at better trials be.

Such was the Life the prudent *Sibins* chose,  
 From such the old *Hetrurian* virtue rose.  
 Such, *Remus* and the God his Brother led,  
 From such firm footing *Rome* grew the World's  
 head.

Such was the Life that ev'n till now does raise  
 The honour of poor *Saturns* golden dayes:  
 Before Men born of Earth and buried there,  
 Let in the Sea their mortal fate to share.  
 Before new wayes of perishing were sought,  
 Before unskilful Death on Anvils wrought.  
 Before those Beasts which humane Life sustain,  
 By Men, unless to the Gods use were slain.

## Horat. Epodon.

*Beatus ille qui procul, &c.*

**H** Appy the Man whom bounteous Gods allow  
 With his own Hand Paternal Grounds to plough!  
 Like the first golden Mortals Happy he  
 From Business and the cares of Money free!  
 No humane storms break off at Land his sleep.  
 No loud Alarms of Nature on the Deep,  
 From all the cheats of Law he lives secure,  
 Nor does th'affronts of Palaces endure;  
 Sometimes the beauteous Marriagable Vine  
 He to the lusty Bridegroom Elm does joyn;  
 Sometimes he lops the barren Trees around,  
 And grafts new Life into the Fruitful wound;  
 Sometimes he sheers his Flock, and sometimes he  
 Stores up the Golden Treasures of the Bee.  
 He sees his lowing Herds walk o're the Plain,  
 Whilst neighbouring Hills low back to them again;  
 And when the Season Rich as well as Gay,  
 All her Autumnal Bounty does display.  
 How is he pleas'd th'increasing Use to see,  
 Of his well trusted Labours bend the tree?  
 Of which large shares, on the glad sacred daies  
 He gives to Friends, and to the Gods repays.  
 With how much joy do's he beneath some shade  
 By aged trees rev'rend embraces made,  
 His careless head on the fresh Green recline,  
 His head uncharg'd with Fear or with Design.  
 By him a River constantly complains,  
 The Birds above rejoyce with various strains  
 And in the solemn Scene their *Orgies* keep  
 Like Dreams mixt with the Gravity of sleep,  
 Sleep which does alwaies there for entrance wait  
 And nought within against it shuts the gate.  
 Nor does the roughest season of the sky,  
 Or sullen *Jove* all sports to him deny,  
 He runs the *Mazes* of the nimble Hare,  
 His well-mouth'd Dogs glad concert rends the air,  
 Or with game bolder, and rewarded more,  
 He drives into a Toil, the foaming Bore,

Here

Here flies the Hawk t'assault, and there the Net  
 To intercept the travailing fowl is set.  
 And all his malice, all his craft is shown  
 In innocent wars, on beasts and birds alone.  
 This is the life from all misfortune free,  
 From thee the Great one, Tyrant Love, from Thee;  
 And if a chaste and clean, though homely wife  
 Be added to the blessings of this Life,  
 Such as the antient Sun burn *Sabins* were,  
 Such as *Apulia*, frugal still, does bear,  
 Who makes her Children and the house her care,  
 And joyfully the work of Life does share,  
 Nor thinks her self too noble or too fine  
 To pin the sheepfold or to milch the Kine,  
 Who waits at door against her Husband come  
 From rural duties, late, and wearied home,  
 Where she receives him with a kind embrace,  
 A chearfull Fire, and a more chearful Face:  
 And fills the Boul up to her homely Lord,  
 And with domestique plenty loads the board.  
 Not all the lustful shel-fish of the Sea,  
 Drest by the wanton hand of Luxurie,  
 Nor *Ortolans* nor *Godwits* nor the rest  
 Of costly names that glorify a Feast,  
 Are at the Princely tables better cheer,  
 Than Lamb and Kid, Lettice and Olives here,

---

### The Countrey Mouse.

*A Paraphrase upon Horace, 2 Book, Satyr. 6.*

**A**T the large foot of a fair hollow tree,  
 Close to plow'd ground, seated commodiously  
 His antient and Hereditary House,  
 There dwelt a good substantial Country-Mouse:  
 Frugal, and grave, and carefull of the main,  
 Yet, one, who once did nobly entertain  
 A City Mouse well coated, sleek, and gay,  
 A Mouse of high degree, which lost his way,  
 Wantonly walking forth to take the Air,

And arriv'd early, and belighted there,  
 For a days lodging: the good hearty Hoast,  
 (The ancient plenty of his hall to boast)  
 Did all the stores produce, that might excite,  
 With various tastes, the Courtiers appetite.  
 Fitches and Beans, Peason, and Oats, and VVheat,  
 And a large Chesnut, the delicious meat  
 VVhich *Jove* himself, were he a Mouse, would eat.  
 And for a *Haut goust* there was mixt with these  
 The swerd of Bacon, and the coat of Cheese.  
 The precious Reliques, which at Harvest, he  
 Had gather'd from the Reapers luxurie.  
 Freely (said he) fall on and never spare,  
 The bounteous Gods will for to morrow care.  
 And thus at ease on beds of straw they lay,  
 And to their Genius sacrific'd the day.  
 Yet the nice guest's Epicurean mind,  
 (Though breeding made him civil seem and kind) |  
 Despis'd this Country feast, and still his thought  
 Upon the Cakes and Pies of *London* wrought. ●  
 Your bounty and civility: (said he)  
 VVhich I'm surpriz'd in these rude parts to see,  
 Shews that the Gods have given you a mind,  
 Too noble for the fate which here you find.  
 VVhy should a Soul, so virtuous, and so great,  
 Lose it self thus in an Obscure retreat?  
 Let savage Beasts lodg in a Country Den,  
 You should see Towns, and Manners know, and men;  
 And taste the generous Lux'ury of the Court,  
 VVhere all the Mice of quality resort;  
 VVhere thousand beauteous shees about you move,  
 And by highfare, are plyant made to love.  
 VVe all e're long must render up our breath,  
 No cave or hole can shelter us from death.

Since Life is so uncertain, and so short,  
 Let's spend it all in feasting and in sport.

Come, worthy Sir, come with me, and partake,  
 All the great things that mortals Happy make.

Alas, what virtue hath sufficient Arms,  
 T'oppose bright Honour, and soft Pleasures charms?

VVhat

What wisdom can their magick force repel?  
 It draws this reverend Hermit from his Cel.  
 It was the time, when witty Poets tell,  
*That Phœbus into Theris bosom fell:*  
*She blush'd at first, and then put out the light,*  
*And drew the modest Curtains of the night.*  
 Plainly, the troth to tell, the Sun was set,  
 When to the Town our wearied Travellers get,  
 To a Lords house, as Lordly as can be  
 Made for the use of Pride and Luxury,  
 They come; the gentle Courtier at the door  
 Stops and will hardly enter in before.  
 But 't is, Sir, your command, and being so,  
 I'm sworn t'obedience and so in they go.  
 Behind a hanging in a spacious room,  
 [The richest work of *Mortclakes* noble Loom]  
 They wait a while wearied limbs to rest,  
 Till silence should invite them to their feast.  
*About the hour that Chyntia's Silver light,*  
*Had touch'd the pale Meridies of the night;*  
 At last the various Supper being done,  
 It happened that the Company was gone,  
 Into a room remote, Servants and all,  
 To please their noble fancies with a Ball.  
 Our host leads forth his stranger, and do's find,  
 All fitted to the bounties of his mind.  
 Still on the Table half fill'd dishes stood,  
 And with delicious bits the floor was strow'd.  
 The courteous mouse presents him with the best,  
 And both with fat varieties are blest,  
 Th'industrious Peasant every where does range,  
 And thanks the gods for his Life's happy change.  
 Loe, in the midst of a well fraited Pye,  
 They both at last glutted and wanton lye.  
 When see the sad Reverse of prosperous fate,  
 And what fierce storms on mortal glories wait.  
 With hideous noise, down the rude servants come  
 Six dogs before run barking into th'room;  
 The wretched gluttons fly with wild affright,  
 And hate the fulness which retards their flight.



Our trembling Pleasant wif hes now in vain,  
 That Rocks and Mountains cover'd him again.  
 Oh how the change of his poor life he curst!  
 This, of all lives (said he) is sure the worst.  
 Give me again, ye gods, my Cave and wood;  
 With peace, let tares and acorns by my food.

*A Paraphrase upon the 80<sup>th</sup>. Epistle of the  
 first Book of Horace.*

Horace to Fuscus Aristius.

Health, from the lover of the Country me,  
 Health, to the lover of the City thee,  
 Difference in our souls, this only proves,  
 In all things else, w<sup>e</sup> agree like married doves.  
 At the warm nest, and crowded dove house thou  
 Dost like; I loosly fly from bough to bough,  
 And Rivers drink, and all the shining day,  
 Upon fair Trees, or mossy Rocks I play;  
 Fine, I live and reign when I retire  
 From all that you equal with Heaven admire.  
 Like one at last from the Priests service fled,  
 Cooing the honie'd Lakes, I long for Bread.  
 Would I a house for happiness erect,  
 Secure alone I should be the Architect.  
 He'd build it more convenient, than great,  
 And doubtless in the Country choose her seat.  
 There a place, doth better helps supply,  
 Against the wounds of Winters cruelty?  
 There an Ayr that gent'ler does assuage  
 The mad Celestial Dogs, or Lyons rage?  
 Is it not there that sleep (and only there)  
 No noise without, nor cares within does fear?  
 Does art through pipes, a purer water bring,  
 Than that which nature straines into a spring?  
 In all your Tap'stries, or your Pictures show  
 More beauties than in herbs and flowers do grow?  
 Mountains and trees our wearied Pride do please,  
 Even in the midst of gilded Palaces. And

And in your towns that prospect gives delight,  
 Which opens round the country to our sight.  
 Men to the good, from which they rashly fly,  
 Return at last, and their wild Luxury  
 Does but in vain with those true joyes contend,  
 Which Nature did to mankind recommend.  
 The man who changes gold for burnisht Brass,  
 Or small right Gems, for larger ones of glass:  
 Is not, at length; more certain to be made  
 Ridiculous, and wretched by the trade,  
 Than he, who sells a solid good, to buy  
 The painted goods of Pride and Vanity.  
 If thou be wise, no glorious fortune choose,  
 Which 't is but pain to keep, yet grief to loose.  
 For, when we place even trifles, in the heart,  
 With trifles too, unwillingly we part.  
 An humble Roof, plain bed, and homely board,  
 More clear, untainted pleasures do afford,  
 Then all the Tumult of vain greatness brings  
 To Kings, or to the favorites of Kings.  
 The horned Deer by Nature arm'd so well,  
 Did with the Horse in Common pasture dwell;  
 And when they fought, the field it alwayes wan;  
 Till the ambitious Horse begg'd help of Man,  
 And took the bridle, and thenceforth did reign  
 Bravely alone, as Lord of all the plain:  
 But never after could the Rider get  
 From off his back, or from his mouth the bit.  
 So they, who poverty too much do fear,  
 To avoid that weight, a greater burden bear;  
 That they might Pow'r above their equals have,  
 To cruel Masters they themselves enslave.  
 For Gold, their Liberty exchang'd we see,  
 That fairest flow'r, which crowns Humanity.  
 And all this mischief does upon them light,  
 Only, because they know not how, aright,  
 That great, but secret, Happiness to prize,  
 That's laid up in a Little; for the Wise:  
 That is the best, and easiest Estate,  
 Which to a man sits close, but not too strait;

'Tis like a shoe; it pinches, and it burns,  
 Too narrow; and too large it overturns.  
 My dearest friend; stop thy desires at last,  
 and cheerfully enjoy the wealth thou hast.  
 And, if me still seeking for more you see,  
 Hide and reproach, despise and laugh at me.  
 Money was made, not to command our will,  
 but all our lawful pleasures to fulfil.  
 Shame and woe to us, if we our wealth obey;  
 The Horse doth with the Horse-man run away.

## The Country Life.

### *Libr. 4. Plantarum.*

Blest be the man (and blest he is) whom ere  
 (Plac'd far out of the roads of Hope or Fear)  
 A little Field, and little Garden feeds;  
 The Field gives all that Frugal Nature needs,  
 The wealthy Garden liberally bestows  
 All she can ask, when she luxurious grows.  
 The Specious inconveniences, that wait  
 Upon a life of Business, and of State,  
 He sees (nor does the sight disturb his rest)  
 By Fools desir'd, by wicked men possess'd.  
 Thus, thus (and this deserv'd great *Virgil's* praise)  
 The old *Corycian* Yeomen pass'd his daies,  
 Thus his wife life *Abdolonimus* spent:  
 'Tis 'Ambassadors which the great Emp'rour sent  
 To offer him a Crown, with wonder found  
 The reverend Gard'ner howing of his Ground,  
 Unwillingly and slow and discontent,  
 From his lov'd Cottage, to a Throne he went?  
 And oft he stopt in his triumphant way,  
 And oft lookt back, and oft was heard to say  
 Not without sighs, Alas, I there forsake  
 A Happier Kingdom than I go to take.  
 Thus *Aglais* (a man unknown to men,  
 But the gods knew and therefore lov'd him Then)  
 Thus liv'd obscurely then without a Name,

*Aglais* now consign'd t' eternal Fame.

For *Gyges*, the rich King, wicked and great,

Presum'd at wise *Apollo's Delphick* seat

Presum'd to ask, Oh thou, the whole Worlds Eye,

See'st thou a Man, that Happier is than I?

The God who scorn'd to flatter Man, reply'd,

*Aglais* Happier is. But *Gyges* cry'd,

In a proud rage, Who can that *Aglais* be?

We have heard as yet of no such King as Hee.

And true it was through the whole Earth around

No King of such a Name was to be found.

Is some old *Hero* of that name alive,

Who his high race does from the Gods derive?

Is it some mighty General that has done,

Wonders in fight, and God-like honours wone?

Is it some men of endless wealth, said he?

None, none of these; who can this *Aglais* bee?

After long search and vain inquiries past,

In an obscure *Arcadian* Vale at last,

(The *Arcadian* life has always shady been.

Near *Sopho's* Town (which he but once had seen)

This *Aglais* who Monarchs Envy drew,

Whose Happiness the Gods stood witness too,

This mighty *Aglais* was labouring found,

With his own Hands in his own little ground.

So, gracious God, (if it may lawful be,

Among those foolish gods to mention Thee)

So let me act, on such a private stage,

The last dull Scenes of my declining Age;

After long toiles and Voyages in vain,

This quiet Port let my toilt Vessel gain,

Of Heavenly rest, this Earnest to me lend,

Let my Life sleep, and learn to love her End.

The Garden.

To J. Evelyn Esqyre.

**I** Never had any other desire so strong, and so like  
to Covetousness as that one which I have had al-  
ways, that I might be master at last of a small  
house and large garden, with very moderate con-  
venient

veniencies joynd to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them and study of Nature,

And there (with no design beyond my wall; whole and intire to lye,

In no unactive Ease, and no unglorious Poverty.

Or as *Virgil* has said, Shorter and Better for me, that I might there *Studiis florere ignobilis otii* (though I could wish that he had rather said, *Nobilis otii*, when he spoke of his own) But several accidents of my ill fortune have disappointed me hitherto, and do still, of that felicity; for though I have made the first and hardest step to it, by abandoning all ambitions and hopes in this World, and by retiring from the noise of all business and almost company, yet I stick still in the Inn of a hired House and Garden, among Weeds and Rubbish; and without that pleasantest work of Human Industry, the Improvement of something which we call (not very properly, but yet we call) Our Own. I am gone out from *Sodom*, but I am not arrived at my Little *Zoar*. *O let me escape thither (Is it not a Little one? and my Soul shall live.* I do not look back yet; but I have been forced to stop, and make too many halts. You may wonder, Sir, (for this seems a little too extravagant and Pindarical for *Prose* what I mean by all this Preface; It is to let you know, That though I have mist, like a Chymist, my great End, yet I account my affections and endeavours well rewarded by something that I have met with by the by; which is, that they have produced to me some part in your kindness and esteem; and thereby the honour of having my Name so advantagiously recommended to Posterity, by the *Epistle* you are pleased to prefix to the most useful Book that has been written in that kind, and which is to last as long as Moneths and Years.

Among many other *Arts* and *Excellencies* which you enjoy, I am glad to find this Favourite of mine the most predominant, That you choose this for your Wife, though you have hundreds of other *Arts*

for your Concubines; Though you know them; and beget Sons upon them all (to which you are rich enough to allow great Legacies) yet the issue of this seemes to be designed by you to the main of the Estate; you have taken most pleasure in it, and bestow'd most charges upon its Education: and I doubt not to see that Book, which you are pleased to Promise to the World, and of which you have given us a Large Earnest in your Calendar, as Accomplisht, as any thing can be expected from an *Extraordinary Wit*, and no ordinary Expences, and a long Experience. I know no body that possesses more private happiness than you do in your Garden; and yet no man who makes his happiness more publik, by a free communication of the Art and Knowledge of it to others. All that I my self am able yet to do, is onely to recommend to Mankind the search of that Felicity, which you Instruct them how to Find and to Enjoy.

## I.

Happy art Thou, whom God does bless  
 With the full choice of thine own Happiness;  
 And happier yet, because thou'rt blest  
 With prudence, how to choose the best:  
 In Books and Gardens thou hast plac'd aright  
 Things which thou well dost understand;  
 And both dost make with thy laborious hand  
 Thy noble, innocent delight: (meet  
 And in thy virtuous Wife, where thou again dost  
 Both pleasures more refin'd and sweet:  
 The fairest Garden in her Looks,  
 And in her Mind the wisest Books.  
 h; Who would change these soft, yet solid joys,  
 For empty shows and senceless noys;  
 And all which rank Ambition breeds,  
 Which seem such beauteous Flowers, and are such  
 poisonous Weeds?

## 2.

When God did Man to his own Likeness make,  
 As much as Clay, though of the purest kind,

By the great Potters art refin'd ;  
 Could the Divine Impression take,  
 He thought it fit to place him, where  
 A kind of Heaven too did appear,  
 As far as Earth could such a Likeness bear :  
 That man no happiness might want,  
 Which Earth to her first Master could afford ;  
 He did a Garden for him plant  
 By the quick Hand of his Omnipotent World.  
 As the chief Help and Joy of human life,  
 He gave him the first Gift ; first ev'n before a Wife ;

3.

For God, the universal Architect,  
 T'had been as easie to erect  
 A Louvre or Escorial, or a Tower  
 That might with Heav'n communication hold,  
 As *Babel* vainly thought to do of old :  
 He wanted not the skill or power,  
 In the Worlds Fabrick those were shown ;  
 And the Materials were all his own.  
 But well he knew what place would best agree  
 With Innocence, and with Felicity :  
 And we else where still seek for them in vain,  
 If any part of either yet remain ;  
 If any part of either we expect,  
 This may our Judgment in the search direct ;  
 God the first Garden made, and the first City, *Kain*.

4.

Oh blessed shades ! O gentle cool retreat  
 From all th'immoderate Heat,  
 In which the frantick World does Burn and Sweat !  
 This does the Lion Star, Ambitions rage ;  
 This Avarice, the Dogstars Thirst asswage ;  
 Every where else their fatal power we see,  
 They make and rule Mans wretched Destiny :  
 They neither Set, nor Disappear,  
 But tyrannize o're all the Year ;  
 Whilst we ne're feel their Flame or Influence here.  
 The Birds that dance from Bough to Bough,

And Sing above in every Tree,  
 Are not from Fears and Cares more free,  
 Then we who Lie, or Sit, or Walk below,  
 And should by right be Singers too.  
 What princes Quire of Musick can excell  
 That which within this shade does dwell?  
 To which we nothing Pay or Give,  
 They like all other Poets live,  
 Without reward, or thanks for their obliging pains;  
 'Tis well if they become not Prey:  
 The whistling Winds add their less artfull  
 strains,  
 And a grave Base the murmuring Fountains  
 play;  
 Nature does all this Harmony bestow,  
 But to our Plants, Arts Musick too,  
 The Pipe, Theorbo, and Guitarr we owe;  
 The Lute it self, which once was Green and Mu-  
 te,  
 When *Orpheus* strook th'inspired Lute,  
 The Trees danc'd round, and understood  
 By Sympathy the Voice of Wood.

## 5.

These are the Spels that to kind Sleep invite,  
 And nothing does within resistance make,  
 Which yet we moderately take;  
 Who would not choose to be awake,  
 While he's encompast round with such delight;  
 To th' Ear, the Nose, the Touch, the Tast & Sight?  
 When *Venus* would her dear *Ascanius* keep  
 A Prisoner in the Downy Bands of Sleep,  
 She Od'rous Herbs and Flowers beneath him  
 spread  
 As the most soft and sweetest Bed;  
 Not her own Lap would more have charm'd his  
 Head.  
 Who, that has Reason, and his Smell,  
 Would not among Roses and Jasmin dwell,  
 Rather



Rather than all his Spirits choak  
 With Exhalations of Dirt and Smoak ?  
 And all th'uncleanness which does drown  
 In Pestilential Clouds a populous Town ?  
 The Earth it self breaths better Perfumes here,  
 Than all the Femal Men or Women there,  
 Not without cause, about them bear.

## 6.

When *Epicurus* to the World had taught,  
 That Pleasure was the chiefest Good,  
 (And was perhaps i'th'right, of rightly under-  
 stood)

His Life he to his Doctrine brought,  
 And in a Gardens shade that Sovereign Pleasure  
 sought:

Whoever a true Epicure would be,  
 May there find cheap and virtuous Luxurie.

*Vulsius* his Table, which did hold  
 As many Creatures as the Ark of old:  
 That Fiscal Table, to which every day  
 All Countries did a constant Tribute pay,  
 Could nothing more delicious afford,

Than Natures Liberalitie,  
 Helpt with a little Art and Industry,  
 Allows the meanest Gard'ners board,  
 The wanton Taste no Fish, or Fowl can choose,  
 For which the Grape or Melon she would lose,  
 Though all th'inhabitants of Sea and Air  
 Be listed in the Gluttons bill of Fare;

Yet still the Fruits of Earth wee see  
 Plac'd the Third Story high in all her Luxury.

## 7.

But with no Sence the Garden does comply;  
 None courts, or flatters, as it does the Eye:  
 When the great *Hebrew* King did almost strain  
 The wond'rous Treasure of his Wealth and Brain,  
 His Royal Southern Guest to entertain;

156 *Several discourses by way of Essays,*

Though she on Silver Floores did tread,  
With bright *Affyrian* Carpets on them spread,  
To hide the Metals Poverty.  
Though she look'd up to Roofs of Gold,  
And nought around her could behold  
But Silk and rich Embrodery,  
And *Babylonian* Tapestry,  
And wealthy *Hirams* Princely Dy:  
Though *Ophirs* Starry Stones met every where her  
Eye;  
Though She her self, and her gay Host were drest  
With all the shining glories of the East;  
When lavish Art her costly work had done,  
The honour and the Prize of Bravery  
Was by the Garden from the Palace won;  
And every Rose and Lilly there did stand  
Better attir'd by Natures hand:  
The case thus judg'd against the King we see,  
By one that would not be so Rich, though Wiser far  
than He.

8.

Nor does this happy place onely dispence  
Such various Pleasures to the Sence;  
Here Health it self does live,  
That Salt of Life, which does to all a relish give;  
Its standing Pleasure, and Intrinsic Wealth,  
The Bodies Virtue, and the Souls good Fortune  
Health.  
The Tree of Life, when it in *Eden* stood,  
Did its immortal Head to Heaven rear;  
It lasted a tall Cedar till the Flood;  
Now a small thorny Shrub it does appear;  
Nor will it thrive too every where:  
It alwayes here is freshest seen;  
'Tis onely here an Ever green.  
If through the strong and beauteous Fence  
Of Temperance and Innocence,  
And wholesome Labours, and a quiet Mind,  
Any Diseases passage find,

They

They must not think here to assail  
 A Land unarm'd, or without a Guard ;  
 They must fight for it, and dispute it hard ;  
 Before they can prevail :  
 Scarce any Plant it growing here  
 Which against Death some Weapon does not bear,  
 Let Cities boast, That they provide  
 For Life the Ornaments of Pride ;  
 But 'tis the Country and the Field,  
 That furnish it with Staffe and Shield.

9.

Where does the Wisdom and the Power Divine  
 In a More bright and sweet Reflection shine ?  
 Where do we finer strokes and colours see  
 Of the Creators Real Poetry,  
 Than when we with attention look  
 Upon the Third Dayes Volume of the Book ?  
 If we could open and intend our Eye,  
 We all like *Moses* should espy  
 Ev'n in a Bush the radiant Decie.  
 But we despise these his Inferiour wayes,  
 (Though no less full of Miracle and Praise)  
 Upon the Flowers of Heaven we gaze ;  
 The Stars of Earth no wonder in us raise,  
 Though these perhaps do more than they ;  
 The life of Mankind sway.  
 Although no part of mighty Nature be  
 More stor'd with Beauty, Power, and Mysterie ;  
 Yet to encourage human Industrie,  
 God has so ordered, that no other part  
 Such Space, and such Dominion leaves for Art.

10.

WVe no where Art do so triumphant see,  
 As when it Grasse or Buds the Tree :  
 In other things we count it to excell,  
 If it a Docile Scholar can appear  
 To nature, and but imitate her well ;  
 It over-rules, and is her Master here.

158 *Several discourses by way of Essays,*

It imitates her Makers Power Divine,  
And changes her sometimes, and sometimes does re-  
fine :

It does, like Grace, the Fallen Tree restore  
To its blest state of Paradise before :

Who would not joy to see his conquering hand  
Ore all the Vegetable World command ?

And the wild Giants of the Wood receive

What Laws he's pleas'd to give ?

He bids th'il-natur'd Crab produce

The gentler Apples Winy Juice ;

The golden fruit that worthy is.

Of *Galatea's* purple kifs ;

He does the savage Hawthorn teach

To bear the Medlar and the Pear,

He bids the rustick Plum to rear

A noble Trunk, and be a Peach.

Even *Daphnes* coynefs he does mock,

And weds the Cherry to her stock,

Though she refus'd *Apolloes* suit,

Even she, that chaste and Virgin Tree,

Now wonders at her self, to see

That she's a mother made, and blushes in her fruit,

II.

Methinks I see great *Dioclesian* walk

In the *Salonian* Gardens noble shade,

Which by his own Imperial hands was made :

I see him smile (methinks) as he does talk

With the Ambassadors, who come in vain,

T'entice him to a throne again.

If I, my Friends (said he) should to you show

All the delights, which in these Gardens grow ;

'Tis likelier much, that you should with me stay,

Than 'tis that you should carry me away :

And trust me not, my Friends, if every day,

I walk not here with more delight,

Than ever after the most happy fight,

In Triumph, to the Capitol, I rod,

To thank the gods, & to be thought, my self almost  
a god.

## 6. Of Greatness.

Since we cannot attain to Greatness, (saies the *Sieur de Montaign*) let's have our revenge by railing at it: this he spoke but in Jest. I believe he desired it no more than I do, and had less reason, for he enjoyed so plentiful and honourable a fortune in a most excellent Country, as allowed him all the real conveniences of it, separated and purged from the Incommodities. If I were but in his condition; I should think it hard measure, without being convinced of any crime, to be sequestred from it and made one of the Principal Officers of State. But the Reader may think that what I now say, is of small authority, because I never was, nor ever shall be put to the tryal: I can therefore only make my Protestation,

*If ever I more riches did desire  
Then Cleanliness and quiet do require.  
If e're Ambition did my Fancy cheat,  
With any wish, so mean as to be great,  
Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove  
The humble Blessings of that Life I love.*

I know very many men will despise, and some pity me, for this humour, as a poor spirited fellow; but I am content, and like *Horace* thank God for being so, *Dii bene fecerunt inopis me quodque pusillit Finxerunt animi.* I confess, I love Littleness almost in all things. A little convenient Estate, a little chearful House, a little Company, and a very little Feast, and if I were ever to fall in love again (which is a great Passion, and therefore, I hope, I have done with it) it would be, I think, with Prettiness, rather than with Majestical Beauty. I would neither wish that my Mistress, nor my Fortune,

should be a *Bona Roba*, nor as *Homer* uses to describe his Beauties, like a Daughter of great *Jupiter* for the stateliness and largeness of her person, but as *Lucretius* saies, *Parvula, pumilio, Xαειτων μιαι, tota merum sal.*

Where there is one man of this, I believe there are a thousand of *Senecio's* mind, whose ridiculous affectation of Grandeur, *Seneca* the Elder describes to this effect. *Senecio* was a man of a turbid and confused wit, who could not endure to speak any but mighty words and sentences, till this humour grew at last into so notorious a Habit, or rather Disease, as became the sport of the whole Town: He would have no servants, but huge, massy fellows; no plate or houshold-stuff, but thrice as big as the fashion: you may believe me, for I speak it without Rallery, his extravagancy came at last into such a madness, that he would not put on a pair of shooes, each of which was not big enough for both his feet: he would eat nothing but what was great; nor touch any Fruit but Horse-plums and Pound-pears: He kept a Concubine that was a very Gyantess, and made her walk too alwaies in *Chiopins*, till at last, he got the Surname of *Senecio Grandio*, which, *Messala* said, was not his *Cognomen*, but his *Cognomentum*: when he declaimed for the three hundred *Lacedaemonians*, who alone opposed *Xerxes* his Army of above three hundred thousand, he stretch'd out his armes, and stood optiptoes, that he might appear the taller, and cryed out, in a very loud voice; I rejoyce, I rejoyce --- VVe wondred, I remember, what new great fortune had befalln his Eminence. *Xerxes* (saies he) is All mine own. He who took away the sight of the Sea, with the Canvas Vailes of so many ships --- and then he goes on so, as I know not what to make of the rest, whether it be the fault of the Edition, or the Orators own burly way of Non-sence.

This is the character that *Seneca* gives of this *Hyperbolic* Fop whom we stand amazed at, and yet there are very few men who are not in some things, and to some degrees *Grandio's*. Is any thing more common, than to see our Ladies of quality wear such high

Shoöes as they cannot walk in, without one to lead them? and a Gown as long again as their Body, so that they cannot stir to the next room without a Page or two to hold it up? I may safely say, That all the Ostēration of our Grādees is just like a Train of no use in the world, but horribly cumbersome and incommodious. What is all this, but all spice of *Grandio*? how tedious would this be, if we were always bound to it? I do believe there is no King, who would not rather be disposed, than endure every day of his Reign all the Ceremonies of his Coronation. The mightiest Princes are glad to fly oftē frō these Majestique pleasures (which is, methinks, no small disparagement to them) as it were for refuge, to the most contemptible divertisements, and meanest recreations of the vulgar, nay, even of Children. One of the most powerful and fortunate Princes of the world of late, could finde out no delight so satisfactory, as the keeping of little singing Birds, and hearing of them, and whistling to them. What did the Emperours of the whole world? If ever any men had the free and full enjoyment of all humane Greatness (nay that would nor suffice, for they would be gods too) they certainly possess it: and yet, one of them who stiled himself Lord and God of the Earth; could not tell how to pass his whole day pleasantly, without spending constant two or three hours in catching of Flies, and killing them with a bodkin, as if his Godship had been *Beelzebub*. One of his Predecessors *Nero* (who never put any bounds, nor met with any stop to his Appetite) could divert himself with no pastime more agreeable, thā to run about the streets all night in a disguise, and abuse the women, and affront the men whom he met, and sometimes to beat them, and sometimes to be beaten by them: This was one of his Imperial nocturnal pleasures. His chiefest in the day, was to sing and play upon a Fiddle, in the habit of a Minstril, upō the publick stage: he was prouder of the Garlands that were given to his Divine voice (as they called it then) in those kind of Prizes, than all his Forefathers were, of their Triumphs over nations:

He did not at his death complain, that so mighty an Emperour and the last of all the *Cæsarian* race of Deities, should be brought to so shameful and miserable an end, but only cryed out, Alas, what pity 'tis that so excellent a Musician should perish in this manner! His Uncle *Claudius* spent half his time at playing at Dice, that was the main fruit of his Sovereignty. I omit the madneses of *Caligula's* delights, and the execrable sordidness of those of *Tiberius*. Would one think that *Augustus* himself, the highest and most fortunate of mankind, a person endowed too with many excellent parts of Nature, should be so hard put to it sometimes for want of recreations, as to be found playing at Nuts and bounding stones, with little *Syrian* and *Moorish* Boyes, whose company he took delight in, for their prating and their wantonness?

Was it for this, that *Romes* best blood he spilt,

With so much Falshood, so much guilt?

Was it for this that his Ambition strove,

To æqual *Cæsar* first, and after *Jove*?

Greatness is barren sure of solid joyes;

Her Merchandize (I fear) is all in toys;

She could not else sure so uncivil be,

To treat his universal Majesty,

His new-created Deity,

VVith Nuts and Bounding-stones and Boyes.

But we must excuse her for this meager entertainment, she has not really where withall to make such Feasts as we imagine, her Guests must be contented sometimes with but slender Cates, and with the same cold meats served over and over again, even till they become Nauseous. When you have pared away all the Vanity what solid and natural contentment does there remain which may not be had with five hundred pounds a year? not so many servants or horses; but a few good ones, which will do all the business as well: not so many choice dishes at every meal, but at several meals, all of them, which makes them both the more healthy, and the more pleasant.



pleasant : not so rich garments, nor so frequent changes, but as warm and as comely, and so frequent change too, as is every jot as good for the Master, though not for the Tailor, or *Valet de chambre*: not such a stately Palace, nor gault rooms, or the costliest sorts of Tapestry; but a convenient brick house, with decent Wainscot, and pretty Forest work hangings. Lastly, (for I omit all other particulars, and will end with that which I love most in both conditions) not whole Woods out in walks, nor vast Parks, nor Fountain, or Cascade-Gardens; but herb, and flower, and fruit-Gardens which are more useful, and the water every whit as clear and wholesome, as if it darted from the breasts of a marble Nymph, or the Urn of a River-God. If for all this, you like better the substance of that former estate of Life, do but consider the inseparable accidents of both; Servitude, Disquiet, Danger, and most commonly Guilt, Inherent in the one; in the other Liberty, Tranquility, Security and Innocence, and when you have thought upon this, you will confess that to be a truth which appeared to you before, but a ridiculous *Paradox*, that a low Fortune is better guarded and attended than an high one, If indeed we look only upon the flourishing Head of the Tree, it appears a most beautiful object,

----- *Sed quantum vertice ad auras*

*Ætherias, tantum radice ad Tartara tendit.*

As far up to'wards He'ven the Branches grow,  
So far the Root sinks down to Hell below.

Another horrible disgrace to greatness is, that is for the most part in pitiful want and distress: what a wonderful thing is this? unless it degenerate into Avarice, and so cease to be Greatness: It falls perpetually into such Necessities, as drive it into all the meanest and most sordid ways of Borrowing, Cousinage, and Robbery, *Mancipiiis locuples eget aris Cappadocum Rex*, This is the case of almost all Great men, as well as of the poor King of *Cappadocia*. They abound with slaves; but are indigent of Money.

The

The ancient Roman Emperours, who had the Riches of the whole world for their Revenue, had wherewithal to live (one would have thought) pretty well at ease, and to have been exempt from the pressures of extream Poverty. But yet with most of them, it was much otherwise, and they fell perpetually into such miserable penury, that they were forced to devour or squeeze most of their friends and servants, to cheat with infamous projects, to ransack and pillage all their Provinces. This fashion of Imperial Grandeur, is imitated by all inferiour and subordinate sorts of it, as if it were a point of Honour. They must be cheated of a third part of their Estates, two other thirds they must expend in Vanity, so that they remain Debtors for all the Necessary Provisions of Life, and have no way to satisfie those debts, but out of the succours and supplies of Rapine, as Riches encreases (says Solomon) so do the Mouths that devour it. The Master Mouth has no more than before, The Owner, methinks, is like *Oenus* in the Fable, who is perpetually winding a Rope of Hay and an Ass at the end perpetually eating it. Out of these inconveniences arises naturally one more, which is, that no Greatness can be satisfied or contented with it self: still if it could mount up a little higher, it would be Happy, if it could gain but that point, it would obtain all it's desires; but yet at last, when it is got up to the very top of the Pic of Tenarif, it is in very great danger of breaking its neck downwards, but in no possibility of ascending upwards, into the seat of Tranquility above the Moon. The first ambitious men in the world, the old Gyants are said to have made an Heroical attempt of scaling Heaven in despite of the gods, and they cast *Ossa* upon *Olympus* and *Pelion* upon *Ossa* two or three mountains more they thought would have done their Business, but the Thunder spoild all the work, when they were come up to the third story.

*And what a noble plot was cross'd;*

*And what a brave design was lost.*

A famous person of their Off-spring, the late Gyant of our Nation, when from the condition of a ry inconsiderable Captain, he had made himself Lieutenant General of an Army of little *Titans*, which was his first Mountain, and afterwards General, which was his second, and after that, absolute Tyrant of three Kingdoms, which was the third, and almost touch'd the Heaven which he affected, is believed to have dyed with grief and discontent, because he could not attain to the honest name of a King, and the old formality of a Crown, though he had before exceeded the power by a wicked Usurpation. If he could have compass'd that, he would perhaps have wanted something else that is necessary to felicity, and pined away for want of the Title of an Emperour or a God. The reason of this is, that Greatness has no reallity in Nature, but a creature of the Fancy, a Notion that consists onely in Relation and Comparison: It is indeed an Idol; but *St. Paul* teaches us, *That an Idol is nothing in the world.* There is in truth no Rising or Meridian of the Sun but onely in respect to several places: there is no Right or Left, no Upper-Hand in Nature; every thing is Little, and every thing is Great, according as it is diversly compared. There may be perhaps some Villages in *Scotland* or *Ireland* where I might be a Great Man; and in that case I should be like *Cesar*. [you would wonder how *Cesar* and I, should be like one another in any thing] and choose rather to be the first man of the Village, than Second at *Rome*. Our Countrey is called *Great Britany*, in regard onely of a Lesser of the same Name; it would be but a ridiculous Epithete for it, when we consider it together with the Kingdom of *China*. That too, is, but a pitiful Rood of ground in comparison of the whole Earth besides: and this whole Globe of Earth, which we account so immense a Body, is but one Point or Atome in relation to those numberless Worlds that are scattered up and down in the infinite Space of the Skie which we behold. The other many Inconvenien-

166 *Several Discourses by way of Essays*,  
niciencies of grandeur I have spoken of dispersly in several Chapters, and shall end this with an *Ode of Horace*, not exactly copyed, but rudely imitated.

*Horace. L. 3. Ode 1.*

*Odi profanum vulgus, &c.*

1.  
**H**ence, ye Profane; I hate ye all;  
Both the Great, Vulgar, and the small.  
To Virgin Minds, which yet their native whiteness hold,  
Not yet Discolour'd with the Love of Gold,  
(That Jaundice of the Soul,  
Which makes it look so Guilded and so Foul)  
To you, ye very Few, these truths I tell;  
The Muse inspires my Song, Heark, and observe it well

2.  
We look on Men, and wonder at such odds  
'T'wixt things that were the same by Birth;  
We look on Kings as Giants of the Earth,  
These Giants are but Pigmeys to the Gods.  
The humblest Blush and proudest Oak,  
Are but of equal proof against the Thunder-stroke.  
Beauty and Strength, and Wit, and Wealth, and Powe  
Have their short flourishing hour;  
And love to see themselves, and smile,  
And joy in their Preeminence a while;  
Even so in the same Land,  
Poor Weeds, rich Corn, gay Flowers together stand;  
Alas, Death Mowes down all with an impartial Hand.

3.  
And all you Men, whom greatness does so please,  
Ye feast (I fear) like *Damocles*.  
If you your eyes could upwards move,  
(But you (I fear) think nothing is above)  
You would perceive by what a little thread  
The Sword still hangs over your head.

No Tide of Wine would drown your cares ;  
 No Mirth or Musick over-noise your feares.  
 The fear of Death would you so watchfull keep,  
 As not t' admit the Image of it, sleep.

4.

sleep is a God too proud to wait in Palaces ;  
 And yet so humble too as not to scorn  
 The meanest Country Cottages ;  
 His Poppey grows among the Corn.  
 The Halcyon sleep will never build his nest  
 In any stormy breast.  
 'Tis not enough that he does find  
 Clouds and Darknes in their Mind ;  
 Darknes but half his work will do.  
 'Tis not enough ; he must find Quiet too.

5.

The man, who in all wishes he does make,  
 Does onely Natures Counsel take.  
 That wise and happy man will never fear  
 The evil Aspects of the Year ;  
 Nor tremble, though two Comets should appear ;  
 He does not look in Almanacks to see,  
 Whether he Fortunate shall be ;  
 Let *Mars* and *Saturn* in th' Heavens conjoyn,  
 And what they please against the World design,  
 So *Jupiter* within him shine.

6.

If of their pleasures and desires no end be found ;  
 God to their Cares and Fears will set no bound.  
 What would content you ? Who can tell ?  
 Ye fear so much to lose what you have got,  
 As if you lik'd it well.  
 Ye strive for more, as if ye lik'd it not.  
 Go, level Hills, and fill up Seas,  
 Spare nought that may your wanton Fancy please ;  
 But trust Me, when you 'have done all this,  
 Much will be Missing still, and much will be Amis.

7. *Of Avarice.*

There are two sorts of *Avarice*, the one is but a Bastard kind, and that is, the rapacious Appetite of Gain; not for its own sake, but for the pleasure of refunding it immediately through all the Channels of Pride and Luxury. The other is the true kind, and properly so called; which is a restless and unsatiabie desire of Riches, not for any farther end or use, but onely to hoard, and preserve, and perpetually encrease them. The Covetous Man, of the first kind, is like a greedy *Ostrich*, which devour any Metall, but 'tis with an intent to feed upon it, and in effect it makes a shift to digest and excrete. The second is like the foolish Chough, which loves to steal Money onely to hide it. The first does much harm to Mankind, and a little good too to some few. The second does good to none; no, not to himself. The first can make no excuse to God, or Angels, or Rational Men for his actions: The second can give no Reason or colour, not to the Devil Himself for what he does; He is a slave to Mammon without wages. The first makes a shift to be beloved; and envied too by some People: The second is the universal Object of Hatred and Contempt. There is no Vice has been so pelted with good Sentences, and especially by the Poets, who have pursued it with Stories and Fables, and Allegories, and Allusions; as moved, as we say, every Stone to sling at it: Amor all which, I do not remember a more fine and Gentleman-like Correction, than that which was given it by one Line of *Ovids*.

*Desunt Luxuria multa, Avaritia Omnia.*

Much is wanting to Luxury, All to Avarice.

To which saying, I have a mind to add one Member and render it thus,

Poverty wants some, Luxury Many, Avarice  
All Things.

Some body sayes of a virtuous and wise Man

Tha

hat having nothing, he has all: This is juſt his  
 tripod, VWho, having All things, yet has nothing.  
 e's a Guardian Eunuch to his beloved Gold; *Au-*  
*vi eos Amatores eſſe maximos ſed nil poteſſe.* They'r  
 e fondeſt Lovers, but impotent to Enjoy.  
 nd, oh, VWhat Mans condition can be worſe  
 han his, whom Plenty ſtarves, and Bleſſings curſe;  
 he Beggars but a common Fate deplore,  
 he Rick poor Man's Emphatically Poor.

I wonder how it comes to paſs, that there has ne-  
 er been any Law made againſt him: Againſt him,  
 o I ſay? I mean, For him; as there a publick Pro-  
 ſitions made for all other Madmen: It is very reaſo-  
 able that the King ſhould appoint ſome perſons  
 and I think the Courtiers would not be againſt this  
 ropoſition) to manage his Eſtate during his Life  
 for his Heires commonly need not that care and out  
 f it to make it their buſineſs to ſee, that he ſhould  
 or want Alimony be fitting his condition, which he  
 ould never get out of his own cruel fingers. VVe re-  
 lieve idle Vagants, and counterfeit Beggars, but ha-  
 e no care at all of theſe really Poor men, who are  
 rethinks) to be reſpectfully treated in regard of  
 heir quality. I might be endleſs againſt them, but  
 am almoſt choakt with the ſuper-abundance of the  
 matter; Too much Plenty impoveriſhes me as it  
 does Them. I will conclude this odious Subject with  
 part of *Horace's* firſt *Satyre*, which take in his own  
 familiar ſtile.

I'dmire, *Mecenas*, how it comes to paſs,  
 That no man ever yet contended was,  
 Nor is, nor perhaps will be with that ſtate  
 In which is own choice plants him or his Fate  
 Happy the Merchant, the old Soldier cries,  
 The Merchant beaten with tempeſtuous ſkies,  
 Happy the Soldier one half hour to thee  
 Gives ſpeedy Death or Glorious victory.  
 The Lawyer, knockt up early from his reſt  
 By reſtleſs Clyents, calls the Peaſant bleſt,  
 The Peaſant when his Labours ill ſucceed,

Envy's the Mouth which only Talk does feed,  
 'Tis not (I think you'll say) that I want store  
 Of Instances, if here I add no more,  
 They are enough to reach at least a mile  
 Beyond long *Orator Fabius* his Stile,  
 But, hold, you whom no Fortune e're endears  
 Gentlemen, Malecontents, and Mutineers,  
 Who bounteous *Jove* so often cruel call,  
 Behold, *Jove's* now resolv'd to please you all.  
 Thou Souldier be a Merchant, Merchant, Thou  
 A Souldier be; and, Lawyer, to the Plow.  
 Change all your stations strait, why do they stay?  
 The Devil a man will change, now when he may,  
 Were I in General *Jove's* abused case,  
 By *Jove* I'd cudgel this rebellious race:  
 But he's too good; Be all then as you were,  
 However make the best of what you are,  
 And in that state be chearful and rejoyce,  
 Which either was your Fate, as was your Choice.  
 No, they must labour yet, and sweat and toil,  
 And very miserable be a while.  
 But 'tis with a Design only to gain  
 What may their Age with plenteous ease maintain.  
 The prudent Pismire does this Lesson teach  
 And industry to Lazy Mankind preach.  
 The little Drudge does trot about and sweat,  
 Nor does he strait devour all he can get,  
 But in his temperate Mouth carries it home  
 A stock for Winter which he knows must come.  
 And when the rowling World to Creatures here  
 Turns up the deform'd wrong side of the Year,  
 And shuts him in, with storms, and cold and wet,  
 He chearfully does his past labours eat:  
 O, does he so? your wise example, th'Ant,  
 Does not at all times Rest, and Plenty want.  
 But weighing justly 'a mortal Ants condition  
 Divides his Life 'twixt Labour and Fruition.  
 Thee neither heat, nor storms, nor wet, nor col  
 From thy unnatural diligence can withhold,  
 To th'*Indies* thou wouldst run rather than see



another, though a Friend, Richer than Thee.  
 Good man! what Good or Beauty can be found  
 In heaps of Treasure buried under ground?  
 Which rather than diminish't e're to see  
 Thou wouldst thy self too buried with them be:  
 And what's the difference, is 't not quite as bad  
 Never to use, as never to have Had?  
 In thy vast Barns millions of Quarters store,  
 Thy Belly for all that will hold no more  
 Than mine does; every Bakers makes much Bread,  
 What then? He's with no more than others fed.  
 Do you within the bounds of Nature Live,  
 And to augment your own you need not strive,  
 One hundred Acres will no less for you  
 Your Life's whole business than ten thousand do.  
 But pleasant 'is to take from a great store;  
 What, Man? though you'r resolv'd to take no more  
 Than I do from a small one? if your Will  
 Be but a Pitcher or a Pot to fill,  
 To some great River for it must you go,  
 When a clear Spring just at your feet does flow?  
 Give me the Spring which does to humane use,  
 Safe, easie, and untroubled stores produce,  
 He who scorns these, and needs will drink at Nile.  
 Must run the danger of the Crocodile,  
 And of the rapid stream it self which may  
 At unwares bear him perhaps away.  
 In a full Flood *Tantalus* stands, his skin  
 Wash't o're in vain, for ever dry within;  
 He catches at the Stream with greedy lips,  
 From his toucht Mouth the wanton Torment slips:  
 You laugh now, and expand your careful borow;  
 'Tis finely said, but what's all this to you?  
 Change but the Name, this Fable is thy story,  
 Thou in a Flood of useles VVealth dost Glory,  
 Which thou canst only touch but never taste;  
 Th'abundance still, and still the want does last.  
 The Treasures of the Gods thou wouldst not spare,  
 But when they'r made thine own, they Sacred are,  
 And must be kept with reverence, as if thou

172 *Several discourses by way of Essays,*  
No other use of precious Gold didst know,  
But that of curious Pictures to delight  
With the fair stamp thy *Virtuoso* sight.  
The only true, and genuine use is this;  
To buy the things which *Nature* cannot miss  
Without discomfort, Oyl, and vital Bread,  
And Wine by which the Life of Life is fed.  
And all those few things else by which we live;  
All that remains is Giv'n for thee to Give;  
If Cares and Troubles, Envy, Grief and Fear;  
The bitter Fruits be, which fair Riches bear,  
If a new Poverty grow out of store;  
The old plain way, ye Gods, let me be Poor.

---

*A Paraphrase on an Ode in Horace's third  
Boock, beginning thus,*  
Inclusam Danaen turris ahenea.

**A** Tower of Brass, one would have said,  
And Locks, and Bolts, and Iron bars;  
And Guards, as strict as in the heat of wars,  
Might have preserv'd one Innocent Maiden-head.  
The jealous Father thought he well might spare,  
All further jealous Care,  
And as he walkt, t' himself alone he smil'd,  
To think how *Venus* Arts he had beguil'd;  
And when he slept, his rest was deep,  
But *Venus* laugh'd to see and hear him sleep.  
She taught the Amorous Love  
A Magical receipt in Love,  
Which arm'd him stronger, and which help'd him  
more,  
Than all his Thunder did, and his Almighty-ship  
before.

2.

She taught him Loves Elixar, by which Art;  
His Godhead into Gold he did convert,  
No Guards did then his passage stay,  
Ne pass'd with ease; Gold was the Word;  
Subtle

Subtle as Lightning, bright and quik and fierce,  
 Gold through Doors and Walls did pierce;  
 And as that works sometimes upon the sword,  
 Melted the Maiden - head away,  
 Even in the secret scabbard where it lay.

The Prudent *Macedonian* King,  
 To blow up Towns, a Golden Mine did spring.  
 He broke through Gates with this *Petar*,  
 'Tis the great Art of Peace, the Engine 'tis of War;  
 And Fleets and Armies follow it afar.  
 The Ensign 'tis at Land, and 'tis the Seaman's Star,

3.

Let all the World, slave to this Tyrant be,  
 Creature to this Disguis'd Deitie,  
 Yet it shall never conquer me.

A Guard of Virtues will not let it pass,  
 And wisdom is a Tower of stronger brass.  
 The Muses Lawrel round my Temples spread,  
 'T does from this Lightnings force secure my head,  
 Nor will I lift it up so high,  
 As in the violent Meteors way to lye.

Wealth for its power do we honour and adore?  
 The things we hate, ill Fate, and Death, have more.

4.

From Towns and Courts, Camps of the Rich and  
 Great,

The vast *Xerxean* Army I retreat,  
 And to the small *Laconick* forces fly;  
 Which hold the straights of Poverty.  
 Sellars and Granaries in vain we fill,  
 With all the bounteous Summers store,  
 If the Mind thirst and hunger still,  
 The poor rich Man's emphatically poor.  
 Slaves to the things we too much prize,  
 We Masters grow of all that we despise.

5.

A Field of Corn, a Fountain and a Wood;  
 Is all the Wealth by nature understood.  
 The Monarch on whom fertile *Nile* bestows  
 All which that grateful Earth can bear,

Deceives Himself, if he suppose  
 That more than this falls to his share.  
 Whatever an Estate does beyond this afford,  
 Is not a rent paid to the Lord;  
 But is a Tax illegal and unjust,  
 Exacted from it by the Tyrant Lust.  
 Much will always wanting be,  
 To him who much desires. Thrice happy He  
 To whom the wise indulgency of Heaven,  
 With sparing hand, but just enough has given.

---

*The dangers of an Honest man in  
 much Company.*

**I**F twenty thousand naked *Americans* were not able to resist the assaults of but twenty well-armed *Spaniards*, I see little possibility for one Honest man to defend himself against twenty thousand *Knaves*, who are all furnish *Cap a pe*, with the defensive arms of worldly prudence, and the offensive too of craft and malice. He will find no less odds than this against him, if he have much to do in humane affairs. The only advice therefore which I can give him, is, to be sure not to venture his person any longer in the open Campaign, to retreat and entrench himself, to stop up all Avenues, and draw up all bridges against so numerous an Enemy. The truth of it is, that a man in much business must either make himself a Knave, or else the world will make him a Fool: and if the injury went no farther than the being laught at, a wise man would content himself with the revenge of retaliation; but the case is much worse, for these civil *Cannibals* too, as well as the wild ones, not only dance about such a taken stranger, but at last devour him. A sober man cannot get too soon out of drunken company, though they be never so kind and merry among themselves, 't is not unpleasant only, but dangerous to him. Do ye wonder that a vertuous man should love to be alone?

It is

It is hard for him to be other-wise ; he is so , when he is among ten thousand ; neither is the Solitude so uncomfortable to be alone without any other creature , as it is to be alone , in the midst of wild Beasts. Man is to man all kind of Beasts , a fauning Dog , a roaring Lion , a thieving Fox , a robbing Wolf , a dissembling Crocodile , a treacherous Decoy , and a rapacious Vulture. The civilest , methinks , of all Nations , are those whom we account the most barbarous , there is some moderation and good Nature in the *Taupinambaltians* who eat no men but their Enemies , whilst we learned and polite and Christian *Europeans* , like so many Pikes and Sharks prey upon every thing that we can swallow. It is the great boast of Eloquence and Philosophy , that they first congregated men disperst , united them into Societies , and built up the Houses and the walls of Cities. I wish they could unravel all they had wooven ; that we might have our Woods and our Innocence again instead of our Castles and our Policies. They have assembled many thousands of scattered people into one body : 't is true , they have done so , they have brought them together into Cities , to cozen , and into Armies to murder one another ; They found them Hunters and Fishers of wild creatures , they have made them Hunters and Fishers of their Brethren ; they boast to have reduced them to a State of Peace , when the truth is , they have only taught them an Art of War ; they have framed , I must confess , wholesome laws for the restraint of Vice , but they rais'd first that Devil which now they Conjure and cannot Bind ; Though there were before no punishments for wickedness , yet there was less committed because there were no Rewards for it. But the men who praise Philosophy from this Topick are much deceived ; let Oratory answer for it self , the tinkling perhaps of that may unite a Swarm : it never was the work of Philosophy to assemble multitudes , but to regulate onely , and govern them when they were assembled , to make the best of an evil , and bring

them, as much as is possible, to Unity again. Avarice and Ambition only were the first Builders of Towns, and Founders of Empire; They said,

*Gen. 11. 4. Go to, let us build us a City and a Tower whose top may reach unto heaven, and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the Earth.*

What was the beginning of Rome, the Metropolis of all the World? what was it, but a concourse of Thieves, and a Sanctuary of Criminals? it was justly named by the *Augury* of no less than twelve Vultures, and the Founder cimented his walls with the blood of his Brother; not unlike to this was the beginning even of the first Town too in the world, and such is the Original sin of most Cities: their Actual encrease daily with their Age and growth; the more people, the more wicked all of them; every one brings in his part to enflame the contagion, which becomes at last so universal and so strong, that no Precepts can be sufficient Preservatives, nor any thing secure our safety, but flight from among the Infected. We ought in the choice of a Situation to regard above all things the healthfulness of the place, and the healthfulness of it for the Mind rather than for the Body. But suppose (which is hardly to be supposed) we had Antidote enough against this Poison, nay, suppose farther, we were alwaies and at all pieces armed and provided both against the Assaults of Hostility, and the Mines of Treachery, 'twill yet be but an uncomfortable life to be ever in Alarms, though we were compass'd round with Fire, to defend ourselves from wild Beasts, the Lodging would be unpleasant, because we must always be obliged to watch that fire, and to fear no less the defects of our Guard, than the diligences of our Enemy. The summe of this is, that a virtuous man is in danger to be trod upon and destroyed in the crowd of his Contraries, nay, which is worse, to be changed and corrupted by them, and that 'tis impossible to escape both these inconveniences

without

without so much caution, as will take away the whole Quiet, that is, the Happiness of his Life. Ye see then, what he may lose, but, I pray, What can he get there? *Quid Roma faciam? Mentiri nescio.* What should a man of truth and honesty do at Rome? he can neither understand, nor speak the Language of the place; a naked man may swim in the Sea, but 'tis not the way to catch Fish there; they are likelier to devour him, than he them, if he bring no Nets, and use no Deceits. I think therefore it was wise and friendly advice which *Martial* gave to *Fabian*, when he met him newly arrived at Rome,

Honest and Poor, faithful in word and thought; *Mart. L.*

What has thee, *Fabian*, to the City brought? 3.

Thou neither the Buffoon, nor bawd canst play,

Nor with false whispers th' Innocent betray:

Nor corrupt Wives, nor from rich Beldams get

A living by thy industry and sweat;

Nor with vain promises and projects cheat,

Nor Bribe or Flatter any of the Great.

But you'r a Man of Learning, prudent, just;

A Man of Courage, firm, and fit for trust.

Why you may stay, and live unenvy'd here;

But (faith) go back, and keep you where you were.

Nay, if nothing of all this were in the case, yet the very sight of Uncleanness 'is loathsome to the Cleanly; the sight of Folly and Impiety vexatious to the Wise and Pious.

*Lucretius*, by his favour, through a goot Poet; *Lucr.*  
was but an ill-natur'd Man, when he said, It was *Lib. 2.*  
delightful to see other Men in a great storm: And no  
less ill-natur'd should I think *Democritus*, who laugh'd  
at all the World, but that he retired himself so much  
out of it, that we may perceive he took no great plea-  
sure in that kind of Mirth. I have been drawn twice or  
thrice by cōpany to go to *Bedlam*, and have seen others  
very much delighted with the fantastical extravagâcie,  
of so many various madneses, which upō me wrought,  
so cōtrary an effect, that I alwayes return'd not onely

melancholy, but ev'n sick with the sight. My compassion there was perhaps too tender, for I meet a thousand Madmen abroad, without any perturbation; though, to weigh the matter justly, the total loss of Reason is less deplorable than the total depravation of it. An exact Judge of human blessings, of Riches, Honours, Beauty, even of Wit it self, should pity the abuse of them more than the want.

Briefly, though a wise man could pass never so securely through the great Roads of human Life, yet he will meet perpetually with so many objects and occasions of compassion, grief, shame, anger, hatred, indignation, and all passions but évy (for he will find nothing to deserve that) that he had better strike into some private path; nay, go so far, if he could, out of the common way. *Ut nec facta audiat Pelopidarum;* that he might not so much as hear of the actions of the Sons of *Adam*. But, Whither shall we flye then? into the Deserts, like the ancient Hermites?

*Quia terra patet fera regnat Erynnis.*

*In facinus jurasse putes.*

One would think that all Mankind had bound themselves by an Oath to do all the wickeness they can; that they had all (as the Scripture speaks) sold themselves to Sin: the difference onely is, that some are a little more crafty [and but a little God knows] in making of the bargain. I thought when I went first to dwell in the Countrey, that without doubt I should have met there with the simplicity of the old poetical Golden Age: I thought to have found no Inhabitans there, but such as the Shepherds of Sir *Phil. Sydney* in *Arcadia*, or of *Monsieur d'Urse* upon the Banks of *Lignon*; and began to consider with my self, which way I might recommend no less to Posterity the Happiness and Innocence of the Men of *Chertsea*: but to confess the truth. I perceived quickly, by infallible demonstrations, that I was still in old *England*, and not in *Arcadia*, or *La Forrest*; that if I could not content my self with any thing less than exact Fidelity in human conversation,



sation, I had almost as good go back and seek for it in the Court, or the Exchange, or Westminster-Hall. I ask again then Whither shall we fly, or what shall we do? The World may so come in a Mans way, that he cannot choose but Salute it, he must take heed though not to go a whoring after it. If by any lawful Vocation, or just necessity men happen to be Married to it, I can onely give them St. Pauls advice. *Brethren, the time is short, it remaines that they that have Wives be as though, they had none. But I would that all Men were even as I my self.* 1 Cor. 7.  
29.  
Vers. 76

In all cases they must be sure that they do *Mundum ducere*, and not *Mundo nubere*. They must retain the Superiority and Headship over it: Happy are they who can get out of the sight of this Deceitful Beauty, that they may not be led so much as into Temptation; who have not onely quitted the Metropolis, but can abstain from ever seeing the next Market Town of their Country.

### *Claudian's Old Man of Verona.*

**H**appy the Man, who his whole time doth  
bound  
Within th'enclosure of his little ground.  
Happy the Man, whom the same humble place,  
[Th'hereditary Cottage of his Race]  
From his first rising infancy has known,  
And by degrees sees gently bending down,  
With natural propension to that Earth  
Which both preserv'd his Life, and gave him birth.  
Him no false distant lights by fortune set,  
Could ever into foolish wandrings get.  
He never dangers either saw, or fear'd:  
The dreadful storms at Sea he never heard.  
He never heard the shrill alarms of War,  
Or the worse noises of the Lawyers Bar.  
No change of Consuls marks to him the year,  
The change of seasons is his Calendar.  
The Cold and Heat, Winter and Summer shows;

Autumn by Fruits, and Spring by Flow'rs he knows.  
 He measures Time by Land-marks, and has found  
 For the whole day the Dial of his ground.  
 A neighbouring Wood born with himself he sees,  
 And loves his old contemporary Trees.  
 H'as only heard of near *Verona's* Name,  
 And know's it like the *Indies*, but by Fame.  
 Does with a like concernment notice take  
 Of the Red-Sea, and of *Benacus* Lake.  
 Thus Health and Strength he to'a third age enjoys,  
 And sees a long Posterity of Boys.  
 About the spacious World let other roam,  
 The Voyage Life is longest made at home.

---

9. *The shortness of Life and uncertainty  
 of Riches.*

**I**F you should see a man who were to cros from *Dover* to *Calais*, run about very busie and sollicitous, and trouble himselfe many weeks before in making provisions for voyage, would you commend him for a cautious and discreet person, or laugh at him for a timorous and impertinent Coxcomb? A man who is excessive in his pains and diligence, and who consumes the greatest part of his time in furnishing the remainder with all conveniences and even superfluities, is to Angels and wise men no less ridiculous; he does as little consider the shortness of his passage that he might proportion his cares accordingly. It is, alas, so narrow a streight betwixt the Womb and the Grave, that it might be called the *Pas de vie*, as well as that the *Pas de Calai*. We are all *Ἐφήμεροι* as *Pinlar* calls us) Creatures of a day, and therefore our Saviour bounds our desires to that little space; as if it were very probable that every day should be our last, we are taught to demand even Bread for no longer a time. The Sun ought not to set upon our Covetousness no more than upon our Anger, but as to God Almighty a thousand years

years are as one day, so in direct opposition, one day to the covetous man is as a thousand years; *Tam brevis fortis jaculatur ævo multa*, so far he shoots beyond his Butt: One would think he were of the opinion of the *Millenaries*, and hoped for so long a Reign upon Earth. The Patriarchs before the Flood, who enjoy'd almost such a Life, made, we are sure, less stores for the maintaining of it, they who lived Nine hundred years scarcely provided for a few days; we who live but a few days, provide at least for Nine hundred years, what a strange alteration is this of Humane Life and Manners? and yet we see an imitation of it in every mans particular experience, for we begin not the cares of Life till it be half spent, and still encrease them as that decreases. What is there among the actions of Beasts so illogical and repugnant to Reason? when they do any thing which seems to proceed from that which we call Reason, we disdain to allow them that perfection, and attribute it only to a Natural Instinct; If we could but learn to number our days (as we are taught to pray that we might) we should adjust much better our other accounts, but whilst we never consider an end of them, it is no wonder if our cares for them be without end too. *Horace* advises very wisely, and in excellent good words, *spacio brevi spem longam refecet*, From a short Life cut off all Hopes that grow too long. They must be pruned away like suckers that choak the Mother-Plant, and hinder it from bearing fruit. And in another place to the same sence, *Vita Summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam*, which *Seneca* does not mend when he says, *Oh quanta dementia est spes longas inchoantium!* but he gives an example there of an acquaintanced of his named *Senecio*, who from a very mean beginning by great industry in turning about of Money through all ways of gain, had attained to extraordinary Riches but died on a suddain after having supped merrily, *In ipso actio bene cedentium rerum, in ipso procurrentis fortune im-*

*petu*, In the full course of his good Fortune, when she had a high Tide and a stiff Gale and all her Sails on; upon which occasion he cries, out of *Virgil*  
*Infero nunc Melibæe pyros, pone ordine vites:*

Go *Melibæus* now,

Go graff thy Orchards and thy Vineyards plant;  
 Behold the Fruit!

For this *Senecio* I have no compassion, because he was taken as we say, in *ipso facto*, still labouring in the work of Avarice, but the poor rich man in *St. Luke* (whose case was not like this) I could pity, methinks, if the Scripture would permit me, for he seems to have been satisfied at last, he confesses he had enough for many years he bids his soul take its ease, and yet for all that, God says to him. *Thou Fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee,* and the things thou hast laid up, whom shall they belong to? where shall we find the causes of this better Reproach and terrible Judgement? we may find, I think, Two, and God perhaps saw more. First, that he did not intend true Rest to his Soul, but only to change the employments of it from Avarice to Luxury, his design is to eat and to drink, and to be merry. Secondly, that he went on too long before he thought of resting; The fulness of his old Barns had not sufficed him, he would stay till he was forced to build new ones; and God meted out to him in the same measure; Since he would have more Riches than his Life could contain, God destroy'd his Life and gave the Fruits of it to another.

Thus God takes a way sometimes the Man from his Riches, and no less frequently Riches from the Man; what hope can there be of such a Marriage, where both parties are so fickle and uncertain? by what Bonds can such a couple be kept long together?

1.

Why dost Thou heap up Wealth, which thou must  
 Or, what is worse, be left by it? (quit)

Why dost thou load thy self, when thou'rt to flie,

Oh Man ordain'd to die?

2. Why

2.

Why dost thou build up stately Rooms on high,  
 Thou who art under Ground to lie?  
 Thou Sow'st and Plantest, but no Fruit must see;  
 For Death, alas! is sowing Thee.

3.

Suppose, thou Fortune could to tameness bring;  
 And clip or pinion her wing;  
 Suppose thou couldst on Fate so far prevail  
 As not to cut off thy Entail.

4.

Yet Death at all that subtilty will laugh,  
 Death will that foolish Gardener mock;  
 Who does a slight and annual Plant engraft,  
 Upon a lasting stock.

5.

Thou dost thy self Wise and Industrious deem;  
 A mighty Husband thou wouldst seem;  
 Fond Man! like a bought slave, thou all the while  
 Dost but for others Sweat and Toil.

6.

Officious Fool! that needs must meddling be  
 In business that concerns not thee!  
 For when to Future years thou' extendst thy cares  
 Thou deal'st in other mens affairs.

7.

Even aged men, as if they truly were  
 Children again, for Age prepare,  
 Provisions for long travail they design;  
 In the last point of their short Line.

8.

Wisely the Ant against poor Winter hoords  
 The stock which Summers wealth affords,  
 In Grasshoppers that must at Autumn die,  
 How vain were such an Industry?

9.

Of Power and Honour the deceitful Light  
 Might halfe excuse our cheated sight,  
 If it of Life the whole small time would stay,  
 And be our Sun-shine all the day,

184 *Several Discourses by way of Essays,*

10. Like Lightning that, begot but in a Cloud  
 [Though shining bright, and speaking loud]  
 Whilst it begins, concludes its violent Race,  
 And where it Guilds, it wounds the place.
11. Oh Scene of Fortune, which dost fair appear,  
 Only to men that stand not near!  
 Proud Poverty, that Tinsel brav'ry wears!  
 And, like a Rainbow, Painted Tears!
12. Be prudent, and the shore in prospect keep,  
 In a weak Boat trust not the deep.  
 Plac'd beneath Envy, above envying rise;  
 Pity Great Men, Great Things despise.
13. The wise example of the Heavenly Lark,  
 Thy Fellow-Poet, Cowley mark,  
 Above the Clouds let thy proud Musique sound,  
 Thy humble Nest build on the Ground.

10. The danger of Procrastination.

*A Letter to Mr. S. L.*

**I** Am glad that you approve and applaud my design,  
 of withdrawing my self from all tumult and busi-  
 ness of the world; and consecrating the little rest of  
 my time to those studies, to which Nature had so  
 Motherly inclined me, and from which Fortune, like  
 a Step-Mother has so long detained me. But never-  
 theless (you say, which, *But*, is *Ærugo mera*,  
 a rust which spoils the good Metal it grows upon.  
 But you say) you would advise me not to precipita-  
 te that resolution, but to stay a while longer with pa-  
 tience and complaisance, till I had gotten such an  
 Estate as might afford me (according to the saying  
 of that person whom you and I love very much, and  
 would believe as soon as another man) *Cum digni-  
 tate otium*. This were excellent advice to *Iosua*,  
 who could bid the Sun stay too. But there's no foo-  
 ling with Life when it is once turn'd beyond Forty.  
 The seeking for a Fortune then, is but a desperate  
 After-game, 't is a hundred to one, if a man fling  
 two Sixes and recover all; especially, if his hand  
 be

bē no luckier than mine. There is some help for all the defects of Fortune, for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his Remedy by cutting of them shorter. *Epicurus* writes a Letter to *Idomeneas* (who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and (it seems) bountiful person) to recommend to Him who had made so many men Rich, one *Pythocles*, a friend of his, whom he desired might be made a rich man too; But I intreat you that you would not do it just the same way as you have done to many less deserving persons, but in the most Gentlemanly manner of obliging him, which is not to adde any thing to his Estate, but to take something from his desires. The summ of this is, That for the uncertain hopes of some Conveniences we ought not to defer the execution of a work that is Necessary, especially, when the use of those things which we would stay for, may otherwise be supplied, but the loss of time, never recovered; Nāy, farther yet, though we were sure to obtain all that we had a mind to, though we were sure of getting never so much by continuing the Game, yet when the light of Life is so near going out, and ought to be so precious, *Le jeu ne vaut pas la Chandille*, The play is not worth the expence of the Candle: after having been long tost in a Tempest, if our Masts be standing, and we have still Sail and Tackling enough to carry us to our Port, it is no matter for the want of Streamers and Top-Gallants; *Utere velis, Totos pande sinus*. A Gentleman in our late Civil Wars, when his Quarters were beaten up by the Enemy, was taken Prisoner and lost his life afterwards, only by staying to put on a Band, and adjust his Periwig: He would escape like a person of quality, or not at all, and dyed the noble Martyr of Ceremony, and Gentility. I think your counsel of *Festina lente* is as ill to a man who is flying from the world, as it would have been to that unfortunate well bred Gentleman, who was so cautious as not to fly undecently from his Enemies, and therefore I prefer *Horace's* advice before yours.

----- *Sapere Aude, Incipe* -----Libr. 1.  
Agric.

Begin; the Getting out of doors is the greatest part of the Journey. *Varro* teaches us that *Latin* Proverb, *Portam itineri longissimam esse*: But to return to *Horace*,

----- *Sapere Aude,*

*Incipe, vivendi qui recte provogat horam  
Rusticus expectat dum labitur Annis, at ille  
Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis avum.*

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise;  
He who defers the work from day to day,  
Does on a RiversBank expecting stay, (be gon,  
Till the whole stream, which stopt him should  
That runs, and as it runs, forever will run on.

*Cæsar* (the man of Expedition above all others) was so far from this Folly, that whensoever, in a journey he was to cross any River, he never went one foot out of his way for a Bridge, or a Foord, or a Ferry; but flung himself into it immediately, and swam over; and this is the course we ought to imitate, if we meet with any stops in our way to Happiness. Stay till the waters are low, stay till some Boats come by to transport you, stay till a Bridge be built for you: You had even as good stay till the River be quite past. *Persius* (who, you use to say, you do not know whether he be a good Poet or no, because you cannot understand him, and whom therefore (I say) I know to be not a good Poet) has an odd expression of these Procrastinators, which, methinks, is full of Fancy.

Pers.  
Satyr. 5.

*Sum Cras Hesternum consumpsimus, Ecce aliud Cras  
Egerit hos annos.*

Our Yesterdays To morrow now is gone,  
And still a new To morrow does come on,  
We by To morrows draw up all our store,  
Till the exhausted Well can yield no more.

And now, I think, I am even with you, for your *Stium cum dignitate*, and *Festina lente*, and three or four other more of your New Latine Sentences: if I should



I should draw upon you all my forces out of *Seneca* and *Plutarch* upon this subject, I should overwhelm you, but I leave those as Triary for your next charges I shall only give you now a light skirmish out of an Epigrammatist, your special good Friend, and so, *Vale.*

*Mart. Lib. 5. Epigr. 59.*

To morrow you will Live, you always cry;  
 In what far Country does this morrow lye,  
 That'tis so mighty long'ere it arrive?  
 Beyond the *Indies* does this Morrow live?  
 'Tis so far fetcht this Morrow, that I fear  
 'T will be both very Old and very Dear.  
 To morrow I will live, the Fool does say;  
 To Day it self's too Late, the wise liv'd Yesterday.

*Mart. Lib. 2. Ep 90.*

Wonder not, Sir (you who instruct the Town  
 In the true Wisdom of the Sacred Gown)  
 That I make haste to live, and cannot hold  
 Patiently out, till I grow Rich and Old.  
 Life for Delays and Doubts no time does give,  
 None ever yet, made Haste enough to Live.  
 Let him defer it, whose preposterous care  
 Omits himself, and reaches to his Heir.  
 Who does his Fathers bounded stores despise;  
 And whom his own too never can suffice:  
 My humble thoughts no glittering roofs require;  
 Or Rooms that shine with ought be constant Fire:  
 we'll content the Avarice of my sight  
 With the fair guildings of reflected Light:  
 Pleasures abroad, the sport of Nature yields  
 Her living Fountains, and her smiling Fields:  
 And then at home, what pleasure is't to see  
 A little cleanly chearful Familie?  
 Which if a chaste Wife crown, no less in Her  
 Than Fortune, I the Golden Mean prefer.  
 Too noble, nor too wise, she should not be;  
 No, nor too Rich, too Fair, too fond of me.  
 Thus let my life slide silently away,  
 With Sleep all Night, and Quiet all the Day.

II. *Of My self.*

**I**T is a hard and nice Subject for a man to write of himself, it grates his own heart to say any thing of disparagement, and the Readers Eares to hear any thing of praise for him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my Mind, nor my Body, nor my Fortune, allow me any materials for that Vanity. It is sufficient, for my own contentment, that they have preserved me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of myself, only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contèpt, than rise up to the estimation of most people. As far as my Memory can return back into my past Life, before I knew, or was capable of guessing what the world, or glories, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an Antipathy imperceptible to themselves, and inscrutable to mans understanding. Even when I was a very young Boy at School, instead of running about on Holy-daies and playing with my fellows; I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a Book, or with some one Companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then too, so much an Enemy to all constraint, that my Masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn without Book the common rules of Grammar, in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which I confess, I wonder at my self) may appear by the latter end of an Ode, which I made when I was but thirteen years old) and which was then printed with many other Verses. The Beginning of it is Boyish, but of this part which I here

set down (if a very little were corrected) I should hardly now be much ashamed.

9.

This only grant me, that my means may lye  
Too low for Envy, for Contempt too high.

Some Honor I would have  
Not from great deeds, but good alone.  
The unknown are better than ill known.

Rumour can ope' the Grave,  
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends  
Not on the number, but the choice of Friends.

10.

Books should, not business entertain the Light,  
And sleep, as undisturb'd as Death, the Night

My House a Cottage, more  
Than Palace, and should fitting be  
For all my Use, no Luxury.

My Garden painted o're  
With Natures hand, not Arts; and pleasures yield,  
*Horace* might envy in his Sabine field.

11.

Thus would I double my Lifes fading space,  
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,  
These unbought sports, this happy State,  
I would not fear nor wish my fate,

But boldly say each night,  
To morrow let my Sun his beams display,  
Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd to Day.

You may see by it, I was even then acquainted with the Poets (for the Conclusion is taken out of *Horace*;) and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stamp'd first, or rather engraved these Characters in me: They were like Letters cut into the Bark of a young Tree, which with the Tree still grow proportionably. But, how this love came to be produced in me so early, is a hard question: I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such Chimes  
of

of Verse, as have never since left ringing there, For I remember when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my Mothers Parlour (I know not by what accident, for she her self never in her life read any Book but of Devotion) but there was wont to lie *Spencers Works*; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the Stories of the Knights, and Giants, and Monsters, and brave Houses, which I found every where there: (Though my understanding had little to do with all this) and by degrees with the tinkling of the Rhyme and Dance of the Numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a Poet as immediately as a Child is made an Eunuch. With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon Letters, I went to the University; But was soon torn from thence by that violent Publick storm which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every Plant, even from the Princely Cedarsto Me, the Hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a Tempest; for I was cast by it into the Family of one of the best Persons, and into the Court of one of the best Princesses of the World. Now though I was here engaged in wayes most contrary to the Original design of my life, that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of Greatness, both Militant and Triumphant for that was the state then of the *English* and *French* Courts, yet all this was so far from altering my Opinion, that it onely added the confirmation of Reason to that which was before but Natural Inclination. I saw plainly all the Paint of that kind of Life, the nearer I came to it; and that Beauty which I did not fall in Love with, when, for ought I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch, or intice me, when I saw that it was Adulterate. I met with several great Persons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their Greatness was to be liked or desired, no more

re than I would be glad, or content to be in a Storm, though I saw many Ships which rid safely and bravely in it: A storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my Courage. Though I was in a croud of as good company as could be found any where, though I was in business of great and honourable trust, though I ate at the best Table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and publick distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old School boys Wish in a Copy of Verses to the same effect.

Well then; I now do plainly see

This busie World and I shall ne're agree, &c.

And I never then proposed to my self any other advantage from His Majesties Happy Restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient Retreat in the Country, which I thought in that case I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, with no greater probabilities or pretences have arrived to extraordinary fortunes: But I had before written a shrewd Prophecie against my self, and I think *Apollo* inspired me in the Truth, though not in the Elegance of it.

Thou, neither great at Court nor in the War,  
Nor at th'Exchange shal't be, nor at the wrangling  
Barr;

*Pindar,  
Od. Des-  
tiny.*

Content thy self with the small barren praise  
Which neglected Verse does raise, &c.

However by the failing of the Forces which I had expected, I did not quit the Design which I had resolved on, I cast my self into it *A Corps perdu*, without making capitulations, or taking counsel of Fortune. But God laughs at a Man. who says to his Soul, *Take thy ease*: I met presently not onely with many little encumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoiled the happiness of an Emperour as well as Mine: Yet I do neither repent  
nor

192 *Several discourses by way of Essays,*  
nor alter my course. *Non ego perfidum Dixi Sacra-*  
*mentum* ; Nothing shall separate me from a Mistress,  
which I have loved so long, and have now at last  
married ; though she neither has brought me a rich  
Portion ; nor lived yet to quietly with me as I hoped  
from Her.

----- *Nec vos, dulcissima mundi*  
*Nomina, vos Musa, Libertas, Otia, Libri,*  
*Hortique Sylvaque anima remanente relinquam.*

Nor by me ere shall you,  
You of all Names the sweetest, and the best,  
You Muses, Books, and Liberty and Rest ;  
You Gardens, Fields, and Woods forsaken be ;  
As long as Life it self forsakes not Me.

But this is a very petty Ejaculation ; because I have  
concluded all the other Chapters with a Copy of  
Verses, I will maintain the Humour to the last.

---

Martial. L. 10. Ep. 47.

*Vitam qua faciunt beatiorem, &c.*

**S**ince, dearest Friend, 'tis your desire too see ;  
A true Receipt of Happiness from Me ;  
These are the chief Ingredients, if not all ;  
Take an Estate neither too great nor small,  
Which *Quantum Sufficit* the Doctors call  
Let this Estate from Parents care descend :  
The getting it too much of Lite does spend.  
Take such a Ground, whose gratitude may be  
A fair Encouragement for Industry.  
Let constant Fires the Winters fury tame,  
And let thy Kitchens be a Vestal Flame.  
Thee to the Town let never Suit at Law ;  
And rarely, very rarely Business draw.  
Thy active mind in equal Temper keep,  
In undisturbed Peace, yet not in sleep.  
Let exercise a vigorous health maintain,  
Without which all the Composition's vain.

In the same weight Frudence and Innocence take,  
And of each does the just mixture make.  
But a few Friendships wear, and let them be  
By Nature and by Fortune fit for thee.  
In stead of Art and Luxury in food.  
Let Mirth and Freedome make thy Table good.  
If any cares into thy Day-time creep,  
At night, without Wines Opium, let them sleep.  
Let rest, which Nature does to Darkness wed,  
And not Lust, recommend to thee thy Bed,  
Be satisfi'd, and pleas'd with what thou art;  
Act chearfully and well th'allotted part,  
Enjoy the present Hour, be thankful for the Past,  
And neither fear, nor wish th'approaches of the last.

---

*Martial Book 10. Epigram. 96.*

**M**E who have liv'd so long among the great,  
You wonder to hear talk of a Retreat:  
And a retreat to distant, as may show  
No thoughts of a return when once I go.  
Give me a Country, how remote so e're,  
Where Happiness a mod'rate rate does bear,  
Where poverty it self in plenty flowes,  
And all the solid use of Riches knowes.  
The ground about the house maintains it there,  
The House maintains the ground about it here.  
Here even Hunger's dear, and a full board,  
Devours the vital substance of the Lord.  
The Land it self does there the feast bestow,  
The Land it self must here to Market go.  
Three or four suits one Winter here does wast;  
One suit does there three or four winters last.  
Here every frugal Man must oft be cold,  
And little Luke-warm-fires are to you sold.  
There Fire's an Element as cheap and free.  
Almost as any of the other Three.  
Stay you then here, and live among the Great;  
Attend

Attend their sports, and at their tables eat.  
 When all the bounties here of Men you score:  
 The Places bounty there, shall give me more.

---

## Epitaphium Vivi Auctoris.

**H**IC, O Viator, sub Lare parvulo  
 Couleius Hic est Conditus, Hic Facet;  
 Defunctus humani Laboris  
 Sorte, supervacuâque vitâ.

Non Indecora pauperie Nitens,  
 Et Non inerti notilis otio,  
 Vanoque dilectis popello  
 Divitiis animosus Hostis.

Possis ut illum dicere mortuum;  
 En Terra jam nunc Quantula sufficit?  
 Exempta sit Curis, viator;  
 Terra sit illa Levis, precare.

Hic sparge Flores, sparge breves Rosas,  
 Nam vita gaudet Mortua Floribus,  
 Herbisque Odoratis Corona  
 Vatis adhuc Cinerem Calentem.

---

F I N I S.



Mary C. Baker

C.



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